THE GALAXY.

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SUSAN FIELDING.*

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CHAPTER XL.

GRAY walls, draped by the sodden skeletons of last summer's roses: dank and untended flower-beds: a snow-charged sky:—such is the winter prospect from the back windows of the Petit Tambour. In front, the narrow street, along which the solitary figure of a priest or sister from the neighboring convent may be seen to pass at lengthened intervals during the day; the silent colza-mill, the tall, gaunt block of barrack, shutting out for four months of the year, whatever southern light or warmth heaven, in this Breton climate, may vouchsafe to send, from the mouldy, death-still precincts of the Rue de la Guerre!

Silence, lifelessness, grayness, outside the house: silence, lifelessness, grayness within. No fire, no inmates, in any room but one, the dining-room; and there a few smouldering logs, carefully kept below blazing-point, and two joyless women, stitching with heads downbent, without the interchange of a word or look, at their needle. Joyless, I say, both of them; yet is the heart of the elder one the least heavy. In losing poor old Adam, Mrs. Byng had lost much; a diligent servitor and companion, a patient sharer of her toils, a meek participator in her profits. But she has not lost the closest, sweetest interest of her life: her money is safe. She is thinking of money at this moment. A faint additional warmth circulates in her veins as she listens to the drifting sleet against the window, and reflects that her house-keeping is now reduced to a positively fractional item; the straw a day, the visionary ideal of economy attained; and yet her own body and soul kept together! The charges she makes to Susan Fielding are strictly fair ones. Half a century's battle with her kind has taught this woman that probity in the long run pays a steady dividend, and she respects it, as she would respect any other safe investment. But the coffee, the cider, the pumpkin-soup, that will keep one will keep two: this is a mere natural elasticity of matter over which Mrs. Byng has no control. The menial work of the household is, at this season, nominal; but, mindful of the world's respect, Mrs. Byng still goes through the form of a servant (without nourishment), and Susan's money not only defrays the market outgoings but pays the servant's wages, twopence-half-penny a day. The woman is joyless. What has a life like hers to do

with joy? Can joy be hoarded and put out at interest, or rented, with chance of profitable breakage, to summer visitors? But in her soul is the solid satisfaction of a passion gratified. She is existing, and costing herself nothing. Never in the nighest point to starvation through which she and Adam had passed together has she before drawn breath in December on terms so cheap as these.

December: yes, the year is on his death-bed. Autumn has come and gone, sweeping the leaves from the beech-trees, and hope and youth out of Susan Fielding's heart, since that night when she and Blake walked together in paradise upon the hill-side, the night before Adam Byng's death. She knows very well what sort of a paradise the hill-side is now. Every afternoon when the day's task is over, she goes up there alone, rain or shine, stands with her arm round the tree beneath which Blake rested when he made his sketch, looks at the colorless, sunless landscape; listens to the beat of the wintry sea, and tells herself that all is over: summer, love, happiness—all.

I have read that there is only room in the heart for one profound sorrow at a time. Is this practically true? Susan's master-sorrow was, assuredly, the shipwreck of her love. Of the impossibility of being Blake's wife she thought when she awoke, thought during the day, thought till dreams bore her back to the canal-bank and to the time when she was a girl, catching minnows, chasing dragon flies, hiding torn frocks from Miss Collinson. But blent with this, heightening every tender memory, sharpening every present pain, was her grief for her father; the grief held in abeyance only during the past months, and which now, like a stream swollen by accidental obstruction, was having its course.

This little creature, so devoid of sentiment in speech and action, could, in truth, live only in the life of the feelings. Love, and its attendant jealousy; despair when what she loved was gone from her: these were the very fabric of Susan Fielding's nature: the coquetries, the vanities you have seen in her, lights and shadows on the surface only. To hear Blake say again that he loved her, to know that he had loved no other woman since he left St. Sauveur, to feel his arms round her once more, and then die and be carried home and laid under the chancel yew beside her father—this was the nearest approach to a hope she could have felt now. And from Blake she had long ago ceased to hear. He wrote her one long letter in answer to the promised announcement, in which she told him that she was "quite alone in the world," her Uncle Adam dead. And she had had the strength of will not to write to him again. And there was no chance at all of her dying! Her life was to be passed in sewing, and silence, and grayness: in listening to the hopeless convent bell: in walking (her nearest approach to pleasure) for fresh draughts of poisonous, regretful memories to the beech knoll. And by-and-by Tom Collinson would return, and she would marry him, and—no, at this point Susan invariably thought no further! Her interest, her desire, her life was over. Whether her remaining twenty or sixty years of existence were to be spent in the Petit Tambour or with Tom Collinson she did not speculate. There had been better prospect of her cure could she have roused herself sufficiently from the apathy of present despair to picture trouble beyond. On the day when we begin to look forward to the future we begin, little as we may know it, to hope again.

The mixture of snow and rain which the Bretons call the *verglas*—the distinctive feature of their climate in winter—continues to beat against the window. Though it is only three o'clock, twilight already is deepening the shadows in the garden. The great bell of the convent sounds, and gives a last Dantesque

touch to the gloom of Susan's spirit by reminding her of the two hundred frozen hearts; women's hearts to whom human love and human joy are accursed things; waiting for death within its walls.

"Three o'clock," she remarks, not because the hour of the day interests her, but because change, even the change of hearing her own voice, seems all at once an imperative necessity.

"Three o'clock," repeats Mrs. Byng, without looking up from her work, "and nearly too dark to sew. In these short days it might be well if you got up an hour earlier. We had the oil burning yesterday by four in the afternoon, and oil is rising."

Get up earlier! make the days longer than they were already! With a sinking heart Susan folded her work, with weary, patient neatness, and laid it down on the table. "May I go out a bit, Aunt Adam? My eyes ache. I shall work faster this evening if I have an hour's walk now."

"My eyes never ache," said the widow, "and I am fifty-five and have been working all my life. Go out, of course, when you choose. I can get your seam done for you in your absence."

On this grudging permission Susan rose, went upstairs for her hat and cloak, and started. It was biting cold; the north-west wind drove the cutting *verglas* full on her face as she opened the front door; the road leading toward the beech knoll was ancle-deep in half-melted show and mud; and suddenly a kind of inspiration bade her give up her pilgrimage for to-day and walk down to the post to inquire for letters. If the factor came as far out of his beat as the Petit Tambour during the bad season, he expected a handsome gift at the new year. By Mrs. Byng's orders all letters for the household were therefore, from November till February, left at the office until called for.

The usual tide of life was flowing along the cheerful high street of St. Sauveur; two old market-women on donkeys riding back toward the country; a crippled street-sweeper extending his palsied hand for alms at the principal crossing; detachments of the unhappy ragged regiment of English taking grim exercise by pacing up and down the only piece of pavement the town could boast, a space just opposite the second-floor room wherein our countrymen played whist for glasses of gin and water, and which they called "the club." Susan passed through these people, with none of whom had she acquaintance, and made her way into the post-office, where other English, poorly-clad, depressed looking like the rest, were waiting for letters. (It amazed you to think how people so obviously forgotten by heaven and man could look for communication from their fellows; and, of a truth, they rarely received any. But in a life as near petrifaction as theirs, even to pretend to one's self to have an expectation may be something.)

"Any letters for the Petit Tambour?" asked Susan, when her turn came, and hearing beforehand the "No letters for Mademoiselle" she knew so well.

The civil little clerk searched through his row of pigeon-holes, and handed her two; one from Eliza Collinson, the other—. How did she get over the uphill length of street? Where was the cruel *verglas?* Where was the bitter wind? She reached the Petit Tambour in about a third of the time the distance had taken her in coming. The servant chanced to open the door at the moment when her hand was on the bell, and, without encountering Mrs. Byng, Susan put off her sabots, ran softly up to her own room, locked the door and gave herself up to the pleasure—pleasure! the very word sounds unnatural connected with her life now—of reading George Blake's letter.

Her window, the one from whence she watched the steamer that bore him away, faces the west. There is a strip of pale primrose light on the horizon; enough, if she loses no time, to enable her yet to read. Which letter shall she keep to the last. Through conscientiousness (or epicureanism) she puts Blake's aside—holds it passionately tight, I mean, between her numbed little red fingers —and opens that of her lover's sister first.

101 RED LION STREET, LONDON.

MY DEAR SUSAN,—The melancholy demise of your respected uncle—though who shall doubt that *your* loss is *his* gain?—has, I fear, by the tone and shortness of your letters, cast a lasting gloom over your spirits. It is therefore with lively satisfaction that I take pen in hand to be the harbinger to you of welcome tidings. My beloved brother is now on his way to England, having completed business in the Colony earlier than expected, and looking forward to our being ready for the wedding immediately on his arrival. You will, I doubt not, under these happily-altered circumstances, see the propriety of at once returning to England. My dear brother has inadvertently mislaid your address, and begs me to communicate. He also asks me to take an inexpensive temporary apartment in London, which, as you see, I have done, so that you may be quietly married at once. I will leave all important subjects till we meet; but if Tom's business calls him to live in the metropolis you had better see to furnishing without delay. I looked at some sweet chintzes to-day in the Edgware Road, slightly soiled, but would not show when made up, and two pence a yard cheaper than at Hounslow. However, more of this when we meet. I saw old Miss Ffrench and Miss Portia just before leaving home, and told them the news of Tom's return, and how your marriage would take place immediately. They were on their way to London, and they stopped the carriage most *civilly* to speak. Old Lady Erroll is feared to be on her deathbed, and strange stories are afloat as to Miss Portia. Expecting so soon to see you, and with seasonable compliments—though, I fear, *but* compliments—to your bereaved aunt, I remain, your affectionate friend,

ELIZA COLLINSON.

P. S.—Tom may be here before you. I mention this to avoid giving you a turn if you should find him on your arrival. In due course his letter ought to have reached its destination more than a month ago, but fortuitously, through the poor fellow's indistinctly writing the word "Hounslow," it went first to *Halifax*.

And this is what Blake wrote:

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—I have just seen Josselin, and he tells me some news very bitter for me to hear. Mr. Collinson is on his way home, and you are coming to England to be married directly. Will you let me see you once before your wedding-day? You are to be married in London, I hear. Well, write a line and give your address, and tell me when I may come and wish you good-by? Do you remember my telling you once that you and I would not see the last of each other for the next forty or fifty years? I'm afraid we shall have to see the last of each other now. Don't think I am asking you to do anything wrong or to deceive Mr. Collinson. Tell him everything about me, and ask his permission for me to come, as an old friend, and offer you my good wishes. Are you well? are you better in spirits, my poor little Susan? Write to me, and believe always in the affection of your friend,

GEORGE BLAKE.

Susan went down straight to the dining-room, her letters in her hand. The nearest approach to a fire that Mrs. Byng ever permitted herself was at this hour when the shutters were still unclosed and ghostly shadows glimmered in the dark garden outside. As Susan opened the door the draught caught up the carefully-piled embers; they flickered into a blaze, and showed the girl's face distinctly. It was white and tired-looking, as usual; but a lustre they had not worn for months past was in her eyes.

"I am to go to England at once; yes, by the next boat from St. Maur," she exclaimed. "I have got a letter that calls me back."

"You must pay your quarter's board just the same," said Mrs. Byng. "I stipulated at the time that you should pay in advance. What necessity can there be for you to travel at a time of year like this?"

"I have got to be married," said Susan, hanging her head. "You know what I have told you about Tom Collinson? Well, I have heard from his sister, and he is coming back sooner, a year sooner, than he expected. Don't talk about my quarter's board, Aunt Adam! I hope you will take all the money I have to give, for your kindness to me and for Uncle Adam's sake."

A sudden, softening gleam came over Mrs. Byng's face, then it hardened; her eyes sank, and shifted about uneasily under the blazing fire-light. Money, money—the very thought of touching money roused, for one minute, all the slumbering giant desires of her narrow soul. But avarice has almost as many delicate shades of superstition as her half-sister, gambling! Susan's offer was the first disinterested one Mrs. Byng had received during her fifty-five years' cold experience of life, and she shrank from it, that momentary instinctive impulse over, absolutely as one shrinks from a thing of evil omen. What profit could accrue, what luck come home to *her* with money gotten through such unwonted channels as another human being's generosity?

"You are liberal, Susan: in time you will grow wise. I shall receive the remainder of your quarter's board as a right; not a sou besides. I never take more, I never take less, if I can help it, than is due to me, and you will find other uses for your money than alms-giving! If you light the lamp and begin at once, you may finish your seam before dinner."

By the post that night Susan dispatched two letters. One was to Miss Collinson—neither expressing pleasure nor the reverse at the prospect of Tom's return; but simply stating that she would be in London, and would drive to the address given on such a date, a few days hence. The other letter bore no signature. It consisted of three lines in the centre of a page; an ominous blister in their midst.

The address is 101 Red Lion Street, Holborn. I shall be there on January the second. Yes, I *should* (three times understroked) like to see you once more.

And this was directed to "Mr. George Blake, the Treasury, London."

CHAPTER XLI.

ELIZA, but no Tom Collinson, stood waiting for Susan on the cold January night when she arrived at the door of One Hundred and One, Red Lion Street, Holborn.

"He's not here, my dear," were Eliza's first words. "Don't be disappointed—my foolish mistake. Tom can't be here before to-morrow afternoon at earliest. In one way I'm glad, for we can go together to see after the chintzes and things. Dear, dear," as the white-faced little traveller came into the light of the parlor, "you are looking much older; Susan, you have grown very thin. I'm sure I hope Tom won't be shocked when he sees you! Tom, who used to think so much of your good looks!"

Susan took off her travelling wraps, and began to warm her frozen hands; and Miss Collinson, as she bustled about preparing tea, descanted more and

more upon her changed appearance. "You have grown two inches, your face has got quite pointed—you who used to have dimples! I'm sure I hope you'll make a good tea. I'd have had something substantial, only I knew what a poor hand you are at meat. Yes, you had dimples, you looked a girl of fifteen when you left Halfont, and yet—I don't say Tom will think you uglier for the change."

Then Susan took sudden courage. If plainest truth-telling could yet save her, she did not mean to be Tom Collinson's wife. So much, during her long journey from St. Sauveur to London, she had resolved.

"It would be just as well Tom *should* think me uglier, Eliza. If he only asked me to marry him because I had dimples, I hope he'll see at a glance that my dimples are gone."

"Susan, what are you talking about? You can never mean—"

"I mean that Tom and I had both lost our senses when we got engaged that night. What did we know of each other? What was there in me, that Tom should want to have me at his side for his whole life?"

"And your promise to him? and the poor boy returning (overland, too) to marry you? and the cake as good as ordered at Webb's—for the only thing I left open was the number of pounds. If your papa could hear you, Susan!"

Miss Collinson was at this moment on her knees toasting a muffin, and looked up with piteous supplication at Susan's face.

"Ah, if papa could hear me!" said the girl. "If papa could know all! Well, he would'nt blame me, perhaps, for what I'm going to do now. Don't think I ever mean to break my word to Tom, to deceive him in any way. If he likes to marry me still, I will marry him—yes, the day after he returns. I only mean to tell him the truth, and—and—" she began to stammer a little, "the truth is, we both of us were in too great a hurry from the first."

"Oh, is that all!" cried Miss Collinson, looking relieved. "I declare you quite frightened me for a moment. Of course, you will tell Tom that he was in too great a hurry, and of course, Tom will only like you the better for saying so. Ah, Susan, my dear"—and now Eliza rose, the muffins toasted, and with a melancholy little air of sentiment, took her place at the table—"*I* was a young girl, *I* had a lover once. Well do I know what hopes, what fears, beset the female soul in such a position as yours."

"But perhaps you loved your lover?" remarked Susan, crimsoning.

"A modest girl does not talk of loving a man till she is married to him, replied Miss Collinson. "It is quite enough that I have been in your position and can enter into your feelings."

So the first opportunity for confession was slurred over; and Susan had not strength of mind, to-night at least, to seek another. After all, the confession she had to make belonged to Tom Collinson himself. Let Tom first hear the black story of her infidelity; hear how, promised to him, wearing his ring upon her hand, she had listened guiltily to words of love from another man; and let him pronounce the fate of both. She was silent: and Eliza, her momentary misgivings over, fell at once to babbling of wedding cakes, and wreaths, and dresses. She had seen a sweet worked muslin for forty-eight shillings, in Oxford street this morning; and, talking of weddings, Susan would never believe it, but report said Portia Ffrench had refused a *lord*, and after travelling half over Europe in his yacht, too! The Misses Ffrench, aunt and niece, were staying at the Langham Hotel, daily expecting Lady Erroll's death, but Lady Erroll—after putting them to the expense of coming to town—had not, as yet, consented to see her granddaughter. "All this I know from a gentleman who was here this

afternoon," finished Miss Collinson. "A Mr. Lake or Drake—stay, his card is somewhere about—ah, here it is under the tea-tray. 'Mr. George Blake.' He must be a friend of the Ffrenches, I suppose, for he called here to see if you had come, and—bless my heart, child, what a wretched appetite! and after a journey, too! Done your tea already?"

Susan had started up at Blake's name, and was standing before the fire, leaning her tell-tale face down against the mantel-shelf. "Mr. Blake? Yes, he is a friend of the Ffrenches—and of mine—I'll come back in a minute when I'm warmer—don't you remember I met him at the Manor on my birthday? You told him I should not be here to-night. Was he—disappointed at not finding me?"

"Really, my dear, I did not remark the young man very closely. He just asked if you had come, and I said no; and then, after a little gossip about the Ffrenches and old Lady Erroll, he told me of this terrible accident in the park—fifteen people under the ice at once!"

Half through the night Susan lay awake in a fever of dread, lest Blake, having missed her once, should not take the trouble to call in Red Lion street again. Next morning she was too weak and languid to get up for breakfast; and, when at length she managed to creep into the parlor, looked such a poor little shadow of her former self, that all hope of seeing about wedding dresses today died in Miss Collinson's heart.

"You want good nourishing things, instead of wishy-washy soup, Susan. All your French water-souchy and stuff don't suit English constitutions. A pity you didn't stop quietly at home with me, while Tom was away."

"Yes, a great pity," said Susan, absently.

"It was my wish, as you know, but Tom talked such nonsense about the cavalry barracks! What harm have the cavalry barracks ever done *me?* And then your head was so full of change and seeing fresh places. Do you remember the evening before you left? I was cross with you; I couldn't help it, because you took everything so easily. Don't you remember you said you felt as if you were in a dream?"

"I remember," said Susan. "Ah well, Eliza, you needn't be cross with me any more. I've awakened from dreams of all kinds now."

When their two o'clock dinner was over, Eliza prepared herself to go out. After the Misses Ffrench's kindness in sending to inquire for Susan, it would be only civil for her to take a 'bus as far as the West End, and tell them she had arrived. "And do you try to sleep, and get up your good looks while I am gone," was her last injunction, as she wheeled round the one arm-chair the room possessed to the fire. "Your eyes seem bigger, and your face smaller, every time I look at you. Just suppose Tom was to walk in, and see you as you are now!"

Suppose Tom were to walk in, indeed, Susan thinks, when she is alone! and it is possible: the New Zealand mail is already due, Tom Collinson walk in, take her in his arms, kiss her, bid her prepare for their instant marriage! And all the time her heart passionately yearning to see the face of another man; her hands turning cold, the blood rushing to her cheeks, if she only hears the rattle of a cab down the street, at the thought that it must be *he.* Ah, how great is the gain of people who haven't got to live life out—how she wishes she had died when she was twelve years old, and had the fever! Little Polly Dawes of the shop died—they ran in the fields together and made a big cowslip ball, the evening before Polly was taken ill. She can smell the cowslips—she can see the green oaks waving above the path where they played. "Susan, Susan, I can

toss higher than you!" says Polly's voice. She runs to snatch the ball from her companion—her companion is Blake—his arm is round her—he is whispering in her ear. The tired eyes close: the flushed face has drooped. For once more, at least, in her life, the poor little girl is in paradise.

Sweet is her sleep and deep: so deep that she never hears a cabman's thundering knock at the house door, nor the entrance into the parlor of a visitor, vaguely announced by the small maid-of-all-work as "a gentleman." The well-piled fire is blazing high, and there is a street lamp just outside the window; so, although it is between four and five o'clock, the room is full of light, the picture of the small figure curled up in the arm-chair distinct. Susan's face looks younger than ever as she lies asleep; her lips are parted; her breath comes soft and noiseless like infant's; two little white hands are clasped upon her breast. The visitor bends, gazes at her long and sorrowfully: and under the gaze she gives a start, and wakes.

"Mr. Blake—" she was dreaming of him: quite naturally, his is the first name she utters; "it is time to go. Uncle Adam—ah, where am I?" pushing back her hair from her forehead. "Eliza—I am very sorry, sir, that you should have found Eliza out."

She doesn't know what she is saying. She has started up frightened, both her hands in Blake's. She was with him, they were lovers, a minute ago, in the happy sunset, on the Breton hill-side. She must have time before she can realize that he is here, in this London lodging, to bid her good-by, to offer his congratulations upon her marriage with Tom Collinson.

"You were resting—tired after your journey," says Blake, "and I have disturbed you. My poor little friend, how grown you are—and how thin!"

He holds up her hand—very loosely Tom Collinson's ring fits her finger now—and looks at it with grave tenderness, never offering to raise it to his lips.

"Every one says I'm grown," answers Susan. "At least Miss Collinson says so; that is my 'every one.' It used to be the dearest wish I had, to be two inches taller."

She tries to laugh, to be at her ease; she moves away from him. They look at each other a moment in the fire-light; a mist swims before Susan's eyes, her head droops. "Wishes don't bring much happiness, when they come true," she remarks.

After this a silence. Then, as people do when their hearts are full to overflowing, they try to begin a conversation on indifferent subjects. "Is there any news from Brittany, Susan?" Blake asks. "What have the St. Sauveur people been doing since I saw them last?"

"They have been burying each other, sir. At least that was their chief employment till late in autumn. The sickness got better just after Uncle Adam died, and when the visitors went away, but in another month it was as bad as ever again. Nothing but the bell tolling, the priest's voice chanting down in the cemetery. I was glad they took my Uncle Adam away. They buried him in Guernsey, by his first wife. I like to think of him lying in the quiet graveyard, by the sea he used to talk of."

"Do you remember your Uncle Adam's last words to me, Susan? Do you remember his standing at the door of the house, and how he bid me—"

"Yes, yes, I remember," interrupted Susan swiftly. What need to recall that last vain injunction! Who but Tom Collinson would she want to take care of her now, and till her life's end! "I don't know why it is," she went on, "but everything to do with France, seems farther away to me than leaving Hal-

font. I only left St. Sauveur thirty-six hours ago, and already the place, and everything belonging to it, seems like a dream."

"A good or a bad dream?"

"Oh a bad—bad one!" cried Susan; thinking of the lone gray house, with the *verglas* beating on the pane, and the convent bell marking the dragging length of the sad hours.

"What," said Blake, "was the summer bad? How warm the sun used to shine—how full the little garden was of flowers! Do you remember the last duet we sang, and how silent the house was—only you and me alone together? Do you remember the hill-side? Susan, whatever comes of it, I won't let you say that all your recollections of St. Sauveur are bad ones."

She clasped her hands with bitter eagerness. "I wish there was no such thing as recollecting! If I could only begin afresh from this moment, and recollect nothing, I might be happy, perhaps!"

She meant (I believe she meant): "If I could only forget you, I might be happy with Tom Collinson." But Blake's heart gave another interpretation to her words.

"And what is there to hinder your beginning afresh?" he asked, his eyes intently reading her down-bent face." Why should you and I go on talking polite insincerities to each other? You have come back to marry Collinson, and you are miserable at the prospect. Don't marry him. You have a day—an hour of freedom left you yet. Use it well. To keep such a promise as you have given, is perjury. What sort of life do you look forward to spending at this man's side?"

The moment of fiercest temptation had come at length. The past dark months of suffering, the tender pleading of her lover's voice, the casuistry that passion only too promptly awakened in her heart, all conspired against Susan Fielding's honor. "If I was dead!" broke from her lips with a sort of sob. "If I was at rest with papa! There's nothing more in the world for me to live for!"

"Nothing?" exclaimed Blake, and in a second his arm was round her waist. "Susan, do you call the warmest love a man's heart can give you—nothing?"

She faltered, trembled, broke away from his touch. "Better to die miserable as I am, than live and win your love through—falsehood," she cried. "I'm bound to Tom Collinson, so that nothing but his word can set me free. He wanted me to swear—and I told him yes or no was the same to me as an oath—and then I said yes, I *would* hold faithful to him."

"And have you done so? Have you kept true to the spirit of your promise?"

"No, I have broken it, shamefully, because my heart—my heart was stronger than myself! You are cruel to make me say such things."

"Susan, my dear, your principles are beyond all praise. If you had ever loved—no, I won't use the word—if you had liked me even, as I once thought, you would not have your feelings under such fine control."

"*If* I had liked you!" her great, dilating eyes looked up to his full. "*If!*"—a sudden passion swept over Susan's Fielding's girlish face, she clasped her hands with a gesture, almost of bodily pain. "And you doubt me after all, then! Why, but for this promise, do you think there's anything would hold me from you? Wouldn't I follow you to the end of the world? You have made me say this—you shall hear the truth now—for this last time while we live, that we shall talk together. I liked you from the first evening I met you at the Manor, and when I knew you had never a look or thought, but for Portia

Ffrench. Oh, sir, but I will show you, in my own writing, that what I say is true!"

And quitting him abruptly, she walked into the adjoining bed-room, and came back a minute later with a book (her old Halfont journal) in her hand.

"I was a child in those days—who'd think it was so few months ago? I wrote very sillily, because I wrote what I thought, but you must take it for what it is worth. I knew no better."

And she opened the book at the part containing her account of the first evening spent at the Manor, and put it into Blake's hands. He stooped till the fire-light rested full upon the page, and read it through: the school-girl raptures on Teddy's embroidered linen and blue eyes, the discriminating remark that he, on the other hand, had "a dark, serious face, but no pretty ways like Mr. Josselin;" the confession, evidently written with extra care in the cramped, childish hand, "*I like Mr. Blake.*" He read it though, and as his eyes still rested on the avowal contained in those four last words—avowal, more pathetic, it seemed to him, than any spoken one to which he could have listened—some small object rolled out from the pocket of the book, and fell to the ground. Blake picked it up—'twas only a three-inch end of pencil—and examined it with the sort of mechanical interest the eye sometimes bestows on external things when the thoughts are far away. It was one of his own: a little square cross, that he had an idle trick of carving on the top of his pencils, arrested his attention.

"Give it to me—it is nothing?" exclaimed Susan, betraying her secret by her vehemence. "I—I found it! Mr. Blake, give me that pencil. I found it on our river-bank. I never meant—it has nothing to do with what we spoke of. Pray give it me!" She held out her hand with humble entreaty to his.

"And you have kept this, Susan—through all these long months you have cared to keep this bit of worthless pencil?"

"Worthless!" She had got it safely back in her own possession now. "Ah, if you knew what it is to be alone, as I have been—without a companion, without a hope—you would not talk so. Why, during all these months what have I had, but—"

Rat-a-tat, went the knocker; an apologetic little feminine knock: they started guiltily asunder.

"It is Eliza," said Susan. "Go away when you have spoken to her. This must be your last visit."

"Susan, do you mean to do Collinson the gross injustice of marrying him?'

"I know nothing about injustice. I shall I tell him the truth, just as plainly as I have told it you. It will be for him to decide the rest."

The door opened and in came Eliza Collinson, looking more like a frightened little bird than ever, with the snow resting on her small, gray-clad figure. She gave a twittering start of astonishment at seeing the tall male figure on the hearth-rug; Blake moved forward, and, with as good a grace as he could command, made his bow to Tom Collinson's sister.

"You must really excuse me? Mr. Blake—oh, of course—Mr. Blake, for not recognizing you at first, sir; but coming in out of the dark—and such a night as it is!" And then Miss Collinson paused, looking a little curiously at George Blake's face, then at Susan.

"I called," said Blake, feeling an excuse was needful, "to inquire if—if Miss Fielding had recovered from her journey. Your brother has not arrived, I hear, Miss Collinson."

"No, sir, but for certain he will be in England in the course of to-morrow.

I called round at his agents—Susan, my dear, I called at Tom's agents—and they have had a telegram from Marseilles. By dinner-time to-morrow our dear boy may be with us."

Susan's heart turned sick. "How will your brother know where to find you?" she stammered.

"Oh, he will go straight to Messrs. Cox and Braddell, and they will give him our address. He settled that in his letter at the same time he bid us be in town to meet him. You can understand our anxiety, I'm sure, sir?" added Eliza, turning round, with a flutter of girlish diffidence, to Blake. "But *under* the circumstances—"

"Oh, certainly," said Blake, taking up his hat, and moving across the hearth-rug to say good-by to Susan.

"We shall be a very small party, and everything quite quiet, by my brother's desire, but if, as a well-wisher of Miss Fielding, you would join us at the church? Tom has few friends in London, we shall want a best—gentleman." Miss Collinson's delicacy would not allow her to use so common a word as "man."

"Eliza," broke out Susan, her face crimsoning, "what are you talking of? You know things are not settled. You know—"

"Oh, my dear, I said nothing about the day, did I? I was telling Miss Ffrench about it, an hour ago—old Miss Ffrench; Miss Portia has been sent for to her grandmamma's, whose last hour they fear has arrived. (Most painfully anxious their situation is, Mr. Blake! Lady Erroll, it appears, has been in the habit, all her life, of making at least two new codicils a year). Well, I was telling Miss Ffrench that everything but the day is settled, and how *that*, of course, must be left till after Tom's arrival. I hope you will do my brother the honor of making his acquaintance, sir?"

"You are extremely kind," observed Blake.

"We might try and get up a little party to the British Museum, or somewhere of the sort. Miss Fielding is rather low-spirited, Mr. Blake, and my dear brother is always so fond of pleasure. Susan, my dear, we should have much pleasure if Mr. Blake would join us in a cheerful party to some of the Metropolitan sights?"

"I think everything had better be left till Tom's arrival," repeated Susan, ready to sink with shame.

And upon this George Blake shook hands with her, and bade them both good night. When he had got to the parlor door, he turned. "If I might be allowed to call at about this hour to-morrow, Miss Collinson, to inquire if your brother has arrived?"

"Most delighted, sir. You will, I hope, at the same time, do Tom the honor of making his acquaintance," said Eliza, with her best company curtsy.

"A very elegant young man," she remarked, the moment the house-door had shut—Susan standing, with quivering lips, with downcast eyes, before the fire. "It was a good thought of mine to ask him to the wedding, particularly as a friend of the Manor family. I wish"—plaintively—"poor Tom had a little more of that style, Susan!"

"Yes?"

"So considerate of him to call again; but I fancied"— Eliza glanced at herself in the glass above the mantle-piece—"I fancied, from the little I saw of him yesterday, that Mr. Blake was anxious to become better acquainted with our family."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE snow-fall that had just begun when Eliza Collinson entered, grew thicker and thicker, and long before midnight all the miry length of Red Lion street was pure and white, the distant roar of Holborn hushed.

Looking out through the dingy lodging window, something in this altered silent world struck tenderer chords in Susan Fielding's memory, and for the first time to-day, brought tears into her eyes. "I like the snow: it makes me think of Halfont churchyard," she said to Eliza, almost in her old voice. "At this minute I think I see the old peacock yews, each with its topknot of soft snow outside the chancel."

"Like the ice on a bride-cake," said Eliza, whose thoughts could never at the present time, stray far from nuptial subjects. "Ah, my dear Susan, such are the chances of our transitory life! You and I thinking of bride-cake, and our friend Miss Portia watching beside a deathbed—and such a fever of excitement, too, as she must be in about her grandmamma's intentions!"

A fever of excitement! Aye, in all her tolerably chequered existence, never had Portia Ffrench really known the meaning of the word *excitement* till to-night. Here, at length, was the genuine, concentrated, overmastering emotion, at which, through cards and other mimic warfare of society, she had hitherto sought in vain to arrive; life, or all that to her constituted life, the stake.

She had been summoned, late in the afternoon, to her grandmother's house; but by the time she reached Eaton Square, Lady Erroll had grown rapidly weaker—or so Miss Condy sent word by the lady's-maid—and could not see her granddaughter. And now, midnight coming on, Portia Ffrench is still on the watch, still alone in the drawing-room.

About all the house is the faint, chill impress, indefinable by words, of coming death. The door stands open; Portia, unobserved herself, can watch the figures of those who pass, can tell, without asking, all that is going on. She knows that the family apothecary, and the family physician, came down-stairs a couple of hours or more ago, grave, like men who feel that their patient's last earthly fees have been paid. She knows that a messenger has been dispatched in haste for Teddy Josselin, that Mr. Bloxam, the family lawyer, has been in the house for hours. She knows what visitor is with the dying woman now; can guess what that visitor's errand, in such an hour, is likely to be!

Her hands are cold, though blazing fires are burning in both drawing-rooms. She has taken nothing but a glass of Lady Erroll's sherry for hours, yet is unconscious of hunger. Every fibre of her nature, moral and physical, is strained to one tensest point of agonized doubt. What—what will be the latest act of the woman who lies adying overhead? Will pitiful rancor, will sordid care, survive to life's last gasp? If Lady Erroll learn the truth (and some instinct of Portia tells her that it will be so) will no premonition from a world into which money and ambition may not follow, tempt her, in these her last hours of mortality, to be generous and to forgive?

Her thoughts are interrupted by the stealthy rustle of a silk dress. The visitor who has been spending the last half-hour in the sick chamber is descending the stairs. The visitor's face changes color; her eyes sink; she tries to hide under her shawl a morocco box that is in her hand—in vain. Portia saw it at the first glance, and guesses only too well the meaning of its being in the

other's possession. 'Tis an old-fashioned box, of somewhat singular shape, the case of one of Lady Erroll's finest diamond necklaces.

"You here, Laura? A wild night to be abroad." And now the visitor has no choice but to look up. The friends stand before each other, face to face.

"I was sent for—at such a time I could not refuse to come."

"And have broken faith with me? But that I need not ask."

"I—I could speak nothing but truth beside a deathbed," stammers Laura Wynne.

"I see, and have received your reward. From the time of Judas when has not betrayal fetched a good price!"

"Portia, you have no right to speak to me like this. I don't know what you mean by using such words as reward and betrayal. Poor dear Lady Erroll insisted upon my taking a little parting remembrance from her hands. There has not been too good a feeling between us lately. I was glad that things at the last should be made smooth?"

"Made smooth! Mrs. Wynne, have you been trying to make things smooth for me?"

"I have answered a direct question. What else could you expect me to do? Ask yourself if, in everything, you have been a true friend to me? Oh, Portia, I have always cared more for you than you for me? You—you will be too generous to betray any poor little folly of mine?"

"Can you ask me," returns Portia, with icy coldness; "knowing me even as you do, do you think I have so little self-respect, so little worldly wisdom, as to criminate a woman I once called an associate?"

And then—Mrs. Wynne gladly making her escape down the stairs—she walked back, with her grandest air, with a bursting heart, to the companionship of her own thoughts. She paced up and down the room: she chafed over her own powerlessness. Oh, fool that she had been, to *risk* an hour like this! fool, with so many possibilities yet open to her had she remained free, to cast the die of her own life beyond recall! If only she and Teddy could live the past again, from the hour in which Macbean found them together in the conservatory! If only—she turned, hearing her own name softly spoken, and saw Teddy himself.

He came up to her side, took her hands tenderly, and kissed her. "'Tia love, I've a notion things are going rather badly for you and me."

"Just as badly as they can," said Portia. "Laura Wynne has been upstairs for the last half-hour, and went out just now, with a jewel-case in her hands. What secret but one could Mrs. Wynne have had to sell, or Lady Erroll to buy? Bloxam is here; Miss Condy does not leave grandmamma's room. Nothing but hard swearing of yours can save us now."

"Hard swearing!" cried Teddy, drawing back; "and what have I got to swear but the truth. Money is not worth a solitary falsehood, Portia! Let grandmamma cut both of us off with a shilling. We shall have each other still."

"We shall," said Portia, with a hard smile: where was her youth gone? she looked thirty years old. "Each other, and starvation. Teddy," she went on, after a minute, "if you have ever loved me, if you would not see me the most miserable woman living, put away all these copy-book platitudes, do your best to be sensible. Grandmamma, I am positive, is altering her will—meaning mischief of some kind—or why should Laura Wynne have been sent for, why should that horrible old Bloxam have been all these hours in the house? If she should require you to take an impossible oath, and by so doing, you could make her death-bed easier—"

"—You would advise me to perjure myself!" interrupted Teddy Josselin. Thank you, my love! I have invented facts enough. The invention of facts at a time like this would be, my dear child, something unpleasantly like—dishonesty."

"Dishonesty! dishonesty means defeat," said Portia, turning from him coldly. "Act as you choose. When we are beggars, perhaps you will see how highly the world will rate your delicate sense of rectitude."

"I don't believe I'm thinking of the world at all," said Teddy, looking foolish, but in a singularly firm voice.

Portia answered him not a word; and in two or three minutes' time, Miss Condy, her eyes swollen with weeping, entered the room. She gave a chill little nod of recognition to Portia Ffrench; then came to Teddy's side, and, with real feeling in her voice, told him that Lady Erroll felt herself somewhat stronger and was asking for him.

"And for me too, Miss Condy?" said Portia, with admirable self-command. "Does not grandmamma wish to say a parting word to me?"

"Yes, Miss Ffrench," answered the old woman, still keeping close to Teddy Josselin. "It is her ladyship's desire to see you, also, and in Mr. Josselin's presence."

And so together, Miss Condy stealing on first to marshal the way, the two cousins went up to hear their fate decided. They caught a glimpse of Mr. Bloxam, the solicitor, on their way. He was sitting in a small room between the drawing-room and the second floor; some open parchments on the table before him; his head resting on his hand. Not altogether an exhilarating sight this, of a lawyer with parchments, in the eyes of heirs-expectant, when a rich relation, wont to make new codicils twice a year at least, lies in extremity!

A disease of many syllables had been assigned by the physicians, as a justification for the Countess of Erroll's having done with life at fourscore; and to alleviate its symptoms, Miss Condy was ordered to give a spoonful of some restorative ether draught every half-hour. Never while she lives, will Portia encounter the smell of ether without the overpowering atmosphere of that chamber of death, and the pinched face of the dying woman, and the misery of her own eager, despairing heart coming back upon her vividly!

A low snarl met her as she entered: it came from Arno, who, shivering in his scarlet coat, and with a wistful sapience on his bleared dark eyes, sat at the foot of his mistress's bed. The old dog showed his fangs with unabated animosity at Portia, as she passed; raised his ears and gave his tail a melancholy wag, as Teddy followed.

"Dear grandmamma," said Portia, approaching and stooping over Lady Erroll's pillow. "I am so glad to hear that you are feeling rather stronger now."

The dying woman raised her hand with just sufficient strength to make Portia know that she was waved back. "Teddy," she murmured, indistinctly, "where's Teddy?"

Teddy Josselin on this came forward, and a slight sidelong movement of the little white old face upon the pillow told him that Lady Erroll expected to be kissed. He kissed her; then knelt down, took her shrivelled, nerveless hand in his and held it. The tears stood in Ted's blue eyes.

"You've been a good boy," whispered Lady Erroll, "till of late—and that hasn't been your fault. You were ten years old when I took you—Miss Condy?"

Condy, in a second, was leaning over from the other side of the bed.

"—He was ten years old when I took him?"

"Ten in the August, that he came to your ladyship in the October," said Miss Condy. "His dear papa and mamma both no more, and—"

"Child," turning her sick eyes—the fatal, fixed look of death already in them—to Teddy's face, "you'll not disobey me, now that I've come to this? I've done what I could for you."

Teddy Josselin made no answer. Portia moved a step nearer the bed. "Teddy," said she, very low, "you will surely not refuse to follow out all dearest grandmamma's wishes now?"

Her tone, but not her words, arrested the dying woman's ear. "Miss Condy," she called again: Condy knelt upon the bed, and bowed her ear down to the pillow. "Tell my granddaughter Portia what I wish her to hear. All that I have strength to say, I will say to *him*."

Then Portia knew that her doom was about to be spoken. She folded her arms across her breast; and, with uplifted head, stood and listened to it.

"It is a most painful office, I am sure," said Miss Condy, "most painful indeed—ahem! but duty is duty."

"Go on. Be brief," said Lady Erroll, almost in her old imperative voice.

"A good many months ago, Miss Ffrench, you promised—"

"—Swore," interrupted Lady Erroll, impatiently. "Let me speak! You swore never to renew your engagement with your cousin Josselin, save by my consent. How did you keep your oath?"

"To the letter," answered Portia, firmly. "I have renewed no old engagement, I have formed no new one, from that hour to this."

"And where," said Miss Condy, "her ladyship, if she had strength, would ask—where did you go on the evening when you and your cousin dined here, the following day to that on which this oath of yours had been taken?"

"Do you readily require me to answer, grandmamma? Laura Wynne has been here. Has she not exposed my folly sufficiently, without my being forced to expose it myself?"

"Mrs. Wynne has been here," exclaimed Miss Condy: a cubit seemed to be added to her shrunken stature in the intense, culminating triumph of this moment: "but we were convinced—her ladyship was convinced of the truth, without Mrs. Wynne's testimony. I saw you with my own eyes, Miss Ffrench, descend at a place of impious resort! I had my suspicions; and anxious to carry out her ladyship's wishes—"

"You set a watch upon my actions," said Portia, perfectly cold and unmoved of manner. "So I half suspected at the time. Grandmamma, in going where I went that night, in associating with Laura Wynne, in asking Teddy Josselin to meet me, I sinned against good taste—well, if you choose, against propriety. I did not break my word to you. And Teddy Josselin—yes, you must let me say it, was not to blame. You have always loved him. Don't let your feelings toward him be changed, now that you are so ill, by any folly, past or present, of mine!"

Portia Ffrench, as you know, was an actress by nature. At this moment she acted so well as entirely to carry away Teddy Josselin, very nearly herself, somewhat her implacable enemy Miss Condy, into believing that she was ready to sacrifice her own prospects from unselfish, generous motives. But dim though the senses of the dying woman might be, not for one moment was *she* so deceived.

"Forgive! Aye, you care so much whether I forgive!" she said, with the faintest little ghost of a laugh. "Portia Ffrench, come nearer."

Portia obeyed in an instant; a flutter, that could scarcely be called one of hope, at her heart.

"I am going to do something better than forgive you. I've altered my will, and I'm going to leave you what you would have had if you had married Macbean—Teddy will be well enough off to spare it—and I want to give you the best chance I can of settling reputably yet. I've thought a great deal of it all during the last few days—I don't want to be harsh to you, badly though you have behaved—I remember whose child you are."

She stopped, exhausted. Miss Condy held a spoonful of wine to her lips, and after swallowing it and resting quiet a minute, she went on.

"But you—you shall never marry Teddy Josselin! Never. You are both here to learn that."

"Grandmamma!" cried Teddy, raising his head.

"Oh, I know what you would say, child. Portia has compromised herself by her intimacy with you. Has she not done the same with other men? Condy—' she looked round faintly towards her attendant.

"Yes, my lady—I entreat your ladyship to spare yourself the fatigue of talking. I am in a most distressingly-delicate position, Mr. Josselin, but her ladyship would allude to the rumors that were afloat in the autumn about my Lord Dormer in France. Also—we could not avoid hearing them—about Mr. John Dysart. A married gentleman, too!"

The color flamed up over Teddy Josselin's cheek. "And all these rumors," he cried, looking full into the dying woman's face, "all these rumors I know have been scandal of the vilest kind. *I* was at St. Maur. *I* countenanced, *I* allowed whatever Portia did."

"Teddy, I implore you—" began Portia.

"No. Let him speak," said Lady Erroll. "This is conclusive. I have—I have no time to lose! Bloxam must have finished?" looking anxiously towards Miss Condy.

"Mr. Bloxam, I am sure, only awaits your ladyship's pleasure."

"Bloxam has drawn out a fresh codicil to my will. I am making you a poorer man, Ted—by this codicil I leave my granddaughter, Portia, the sum of ten thousand pounds, and also to my faithful attendant, Miss Condy, an annuity of one hundred a year—"

"Oh, my dear, dear lady!" sobbed Condy, bursting into tears.

"To you—to you, child, will belong this house and every remaining shilling that I have—upon one condition. You will take your oath, here in Miss Condy's presence and in Bloxam's, never to make Portia Ffrench your wife."

Portia moved a few steps towards the door: she hid down her face between her hands. Before the thought of all that she was losing, before the prospect of all the blank to-morrows which, as far as she could look on, must constitute her life, her fortitude at length gave way.

"It is an oath I can never take, grandmamma," said Teddy: his voice was low, but quite firm. "You have given me enough already. You took me home here, you showed me kindness when I was a small boy, and had no one to look to but you. Do with your money as you choose. I don't suppose I'm such a fool but that I could earn my own bread—yes, and hers, too."

"*Hers!*" cried Lady Erroll, with a sudden start of energy: an expression, horrible to see at such a moment, sweeping across her face.

"Yes, hers," repeated Teddy, with quiet deliberation. And he bent forward, and whispered a word or two in the dying woman's ear.

"Leave my presence, both of you. I will never look at your faces again Let Bloxam be called. I—must set my house in order—this—this is the bitterness of death—"

She sank back upon her pillows.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE New Zealand mail has arrived; an open letter from Tom Collinson is in Susan's hand as she waits at dusk next day for George Blake's promised visit.

I have read in some advertisement a description of the toys called Magical Flowers: flowers dead to the eye, and yet so chemically prepared that a breath will bring back life and odor to their withered petals. Surely some magic has been wrought on Susan Fielding now! There is color in her pallid cheeks, hope once more lights up her eyes, as she reads over again some passages in Tom Collinson's closely-scrawled letter; she smiles—the dimples have got back to her cheeks!

A knock she knows comes at the door: quickly she hides the letter in her pocket; lectures herself stoutly on the impropriety of allowing her happiness to be so legible on her face; when Blake enters, a minute later, runs joyfully across the room, both little hands outstretched, to meet him. "The New Zealand mail is in, sir!"

Blake glanced suspiciously round, expectant of Eliza Collinson, of Eliza Collinson's brother. "I congratulate you, Miss Fielding," he remarked, stiffly. "I congratulate you upon your anxiety being happily ended at last."

They moved together to the fire-side, and stood there, as they stood yesterday evening: Susan's eyes fixed diligently upon the pattern of the hearth-rug, and Blake's upon her face.

"I wonder at my own good luck in finding you alone," he went on, after a time.

"Eliza has gone down to Halfont, Mr. Blake. She had a letter from the next-door neighbor this morning, to say something had gone wrong with the roof. Eliza was very sorry to miss the chance of seeing Tom on his arrival, still she had to think of the roof—oh, how silly I am to laugh! it was very natural she shouldn't like the thought of melted snow on the stair-carpets."

And out aloud Susan laughed, the most light-hearted, merry little laugh conceivable.

"I can really only stay a minute longer," remarked Mr. Blake, growing stiffer and stiffer. "No doubt"—looking round him again, as though Tom Collinson must be hidden behind the window curtains—"no doubt your time is fully taken up. I came, as I promised, to offer my last words of congratulation, and now I must hasten off to visit the Misses Ffrench. They return home to-morrow, and I am anxious to be the first to see Portia under her altered circumstances."

Straight went the keen, cold knife of jealousy to Susan's heart. "Good evening to you, sir:" holding out her hand frigidly. "Don't let me detain you. I had not heard of any alteration in Miss Portia's circumstances."

"Lady Erroll died last night. Didn't you know it? It was in to-day's papers—and I have a notion has cut her granddaughter out of her inheritance. I had a note from Portia Ffrench this morning, asking me to visit them in the course of the afternoon, and from its tone I guess the truth. Poor Portia," he added, throwing the utmost expression of sentiment of which he was capable into his face, "now the true nobility of her character will show itself."

"Now," remarked Susan, emphatically, "she will marry Teddy Josselin."

"Well, no. I fancy the last act of Lady Erroll's life was to extract a promise from Josselin that such a marriage should never take place."

"And he was selfish, wicked enough to make it?" Susan asked this question with a sort of gasp.

"You call all promises wicked that are made against the inclination of one's own heart?"

The answer died on Susan's lips: with sudden, cruel clearness the whole future shaped itself before her sight. Portia (abandoned by faithless Teddy Josselin) in poverty: Blake offering the love that in reality had belonged to her all along; and *she* left desolate, to live an old maid's life at Miss Collinson's side! This was the reward to which the narrow, uphill path of honor and duty had brought her. The tears rose heavily into Susan's eyes—brimmed over.

"Susan, my dear little child," said Blake, quite with his old tender manner, "what are you crying for? Surely you and Mr. Collinson have not had a lover's quarrel already?"

"Mr. Collinson is in New Zealand. I don't care where he is. If—if you had had any thought but of other people I would have shown you his letter. I shall never see Tom Collinson again while I live."

Upon this Blake threw his arm round the small, shrinking figure, and clasped it in a sort of bewilderment. "Collinson in New Zealand! And you have been unkind enough to keep me in misery all these minutes?"

"In misery? Will you please to let me go, sir. You have your visit to pay to the Misses Ffrench."

"I have no visit to pay to pay to any one, and I will not let you go. I can't realize this news. Is Miss Collinson's invitation a sham? Am I not to be best man at the wedding after all."

"You will be best man I dare say—'best' in the real sense—at another wedding before long! For me, I will never marry. I'm glad to think I've done with engagements, and lovers, and all *that wretchedness* forever.

"Susan, will you show me Collinson's letter? I want confirmation of this good news. I can't look round without expecting to see your lover! coming forward to claim you."

Susan drew the letter from her pocket. "It is for Eliza, as you will see, but there are no secrets you may not read. It was settled that if a letter, instead of Tom himself, should arrive at the agents, it was to be sent here by a messenger; and before leaving this morning Eliza gave me leave, in case such a letter came, to read it. He—he writes rather badly," added Susan, not even yet without a blush of shame for Tom's deficiencies, "but I think you may make it out."

And this was what Blake read: his arm round Susan still, her little curly head pressing round his shoulder as she read her lover's letter with him.

DEAR ELIZA,—When you see this shaky scrawl you will not be surprised to hear of my sickness. I suppose you have got my last letter and are expecting me, and when I wrote it meant, as true as a man ever meant anything, to come by the next mail, but '*Lumb proposé*,' as you used to say. My dear sister, you must prepare your mind for a sad blow. I wish I could say I thought it would be the same to S. F.; but in her heart, it's my belief, she never cared for me, and that's a comfort—not to me, but to my conscience. I was never much of a hand, as you know, at a letter, and so must say my say in few words. I've got a wife here and a little daughter; you must make the best you can of that. From the first day I saw S. F., I was sweet upon her, but I could say it on my deathbed—and this has been pretty near me—I should never have got into the mess I did

but for you. That night you spoke to me on the heath—and the day Susan dined with us—well, well, let bygones be bygones, but this I do say, it's often along of religious people, and their tantalizing ways, that fellows like me get drove to their worst actions. This is duty, and that is duty; till a man, who hasn't too much *steadiness* at starting, don't know which way to turn to get out of it at all. I never meant to injure the girl, and I love her—to this day I love her. I think that little face of hers will go with me to my grave. If I had married S. F., she would have been my lawful wife—I trust to you to make her believe so much good of me—the injury would have been to—well, I see I must write the story plain, if I ever want to have done with it.

You remember the time, long ago, when I first wrote to you that I was meaning to get married to that blackguard Scotchman's sister! My dear sister, I deceived you, for we were married then, in a fashion. You know what the Scotch are, about marriage. Well, Matty (that was my sweetheart) held the same notions as the rest, and one day a Methodist parson chap came along by our station, and we said we were man and wife in his presence; and Matty thought it as true a marriage as if we had been to church and had a couple of bishops to pray over us. I looked upon it of course as a marriage, too—*but I knew it wasn't one*—and by-and-by came that villain Phil's smash, and everything in the colony going to the dogs—what was there for me to do, but try my chance in England again, and leave Matty to shift the best she could for herself and the child? It's all very fine for lucky men to talk about "principle." I've never been lucky, and consequently, nothing I've done has been "principled." I don't know that I ever deliberately harmed man or woman in my life, but I've got into more scrapes than most, and generally managed to drag some one else down with me. I was never one of your cold-blooded, long-headed fellows, who can see from the first what line of conduct will turn out profitablest to themselves, and stick to it. I did what looked like best for the moment, and let the future take care of itself. And it didn't—there's the truth—and there's no accounting for anything.

I came back, and you know all that followed. I did honestly mean at that time to turn over a new leaf. I felt sure poor Matty would get on better without me than with me, and I thought I'd take some place under government, and make you a home against your old age. And then one morning came a letter—Susan Fielding knows the day it came—and my fine intentions were upset. I suppose no man was ever on the horns of such a *dilemmer* as me that day. If Susan had been a little kinder about my going, I believe at the last I would have stopped. But she wasn't kind, although she pretended all she could. I dare say you'll say she saved me from committing a great crime. I'm sure I don't know about that. I came back and found Matty pretty well off in the world—three thousand pounds or so left her by her uncle. And I told her the truth—that'll show you if I meant to act dishonorable, and said it might be better to leave her and the child where they were, for the present, and how I saw a good prospect of my getting on in England, *et cetera*, and all I asked was, she should pay me out of her fortune an equal sum to what her family had robbed me of. It was then I wrote you word to expect me by the next mail. Matty took things easy for one of her high temper, (it strikes me sometimes she had other plans than I knew of) and it just seemed to me, matters might be squared off comfortable to all parties, when—for my paper tells me I must cut it short—I was struck down by my old enemy, the nervous fever. Well, Matty, she nursed me through it, poor girl; and in the *d. t.* I believe I let fall more than I ought. At all events when I got better, the first thing I saw by my pillow was a parson—a *real one*, you may be sworn, this time—and between them they made me see what my duty was; and we were married, you may say, before I had strength to know what I was doing. Dear sister, I leave it to you to break this to Susan, I could not bring my hand to write to her; and ask her at the same time to let me have back my ring—I shall want you to send us out a chest of things soon—and I know *she* won't care to keep anything belonging to me. My dear Eliza, I brought your diamond ring away by mistake, and will take care of it till we meet, as I hope we shall again in this life; for I hope, if ever you want a home, you'll come and make it here, with me and Matty. The young one's a fine child, a great look of poor father about the eyes. I'm sure, dear sister, you'll always remember me and the baby as the

nearest you have belonging to you in the world. Let me down as gently as you can with S. F., and in the neighborhood, and believe me, your affectionate brother,

TOM COLLINSON.

Does Susan (who, I conclude, is in England) keep company still with Portia Ffrench and her fine London friends?

"Poor Tom Collinson—jealous to the last!" said Susan.

"'Poor Tom Collinson,' indeed! And it was for your promise to a man like this—a scoundrel who only did *his* duty by accident, after a bout of delirium tremens—that you were going to sacrifice everything?"

"I am not sure that he is a scoundrel. He confesses, you must remember, that he didn't know what was right and what was wrong. I should have known quite well that it was wrong to break my word to him. My guilt would have been greater than his."

"That is right. Stand up hotly for Collinson now that you are sure he did his best to injure you! I wonder whether it would be possible for a woman really to love a man who had never shown a disposition to behave badly to her?"

"I never loved Tom Collinson at all," said Susan, appositely.

The whole of this time Blake's arms had held her close. "Susan, my love," he remarked presently, "what are we trying so hard to quarrel about?"

"I am not trying to quarrel, sir, and—and I don't wish to keep you from visiting the Misses Ffrench."

"Miss Collinson has set her heart upon having a wedding-feast. Don't let us disappoint her. What reason is there that you and I should not be married at once."

"The best of all reasons," said Susan, in a faltering tone. "Portia Ffrench is free, is in poverty, and in your heart you care about her still. If you married me, it would be from pity."

"It is not your place to analyze motives—Will you have me for your husband?"

"If I was quite sure you didn't care about Portia!"—

And in this wide city of London there were two happy hearts at least.

After an hour or so they began to think of other people. "Eliza will be back by tea-time," said Susan, "I shall never have the face to tell her all this."

"Well, I should think not," said Blake. "Even a hardened coquette like Susan Fielding would find it difficult to announce that she had got off with an old love and on with a new in the same day. Such things are not to be told by word of mouth. Write Miss Collinson a line confessing what you have done. Inclose it and Mr. Collinson's letter in an envelope, and come away with me to see the Misses Ffrench."

"I should certainly find it easier to meet Eliza if she was prepared first—if you would tell me how to word it?"

"I don't think there need be much difficulty about that," said Blake.

And upon this Susan got writing materials, sat down at the table and wrote: but without Blake's assistance. It was the easiest note she had ever composed in her life!

DEAR ELIZA,—Tom's letter explains everything. Don't be angry with him, for I am not. I am quite sure he never meant to injure me. I have gone to see the Misses French, so don't wait for tea for me. Yours affectionately,

SUSAN.

"Go on," said Blake, looking over her shoulder. "The subject of the let-

ter comes, of course, in the postscript. 'I am going to marry that worthless fellow Blake!'"

"Indeed I won't say 'worthless.' Eliza might not know I was joking. Do you think really, I ought to tell her at once?"

"It will show how little you concern yourself in the matter if you don't."

And down went the postscript, carefully understroked: "I am going to marry George Blake."

The note and Tom's letter were inclosed in an envelope and laid in a conspicuous position on the mantel-shelf; then Susan ran to put on her hat and cloak, and they started forth into the night.

It was dismally wet and cold, Holborn a river of black mud, the sleet falling fast; but Susan insisted pertinaciously upon having a Hansom cab. As soon as they were on their road: "Every wish I had has came true at last," she cried. "That night at the Chelsea Gardens in summer, I thought the greatest happiness the world could give, would be to ride in a Hansom by moonlight, us two. And it all has come true."

—"Except the moonlight," Blake remarked.

"Oh how I wish, for *one* day, I could be sure you were not laughing at me!" said Susan.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A DRAWING-ROOM—warm, curtained, wax-lit—on the first floor of the Langham: two figures, a young man's and a girl's, in two easy chairs drawn up luxuriously close to the fender, at either end of the hearth-rug. The man's eyes are closed, his hands clasped with lazy listlessness above his head. The face of the girl is keen with eager thought: animation, unrest, are in every line of her graceful figure as she sits upright, her cheek resting on her hand, and builds castle after castle while she gazes in the red depths of the fire!

Castles not in Spain, but London: guests of the kind that shall amuse herself; little dinners; little round games, such as those at which she and Jack Dysart used in old days to bank together; the most perfect pony carriage the town can show; the most artistic dresses! Surely the cup of existence sparkles to the brim at last. She likes Teddy Josselin: his character suits her own better than that of all the men the world has shown her: she likes Teddy Josselin's fortune. And yet, and yet—"incomplete" nature, dissatisfied heart, that she possesses! Portia sighs bitterly in this, the crowning, long-coveted moment, when every desire, every ambition of her life has come to fruition.

"Teddy, dear, do you think you could manage to keep awake for five minutes?"

Teddy's eyes unclosed, he turned his head round slowly. "I wasn't asleep, my love. I was listening to the cinders falling from the fire."

"The house in Eaton Square is too big. It was very well for grandmamma, who could live on a cutlet a day, and had her jointure to depend upon. We could never keep it up. Besides, no nice people live in big houses. We'll let it and get a nutshell in Park Lane; spend our money on ourselves, not on a great, useless house and servants."

"Money. Ah, that reminds me of poor Condy," said Teddy Josselin. "I'd write the poor old soul a line to-night, if I wasn't so done up. We must let Condy have the annuity just the same as though that last codicil had been signed, Portia."

"For doing her best to ruin us! Hadn't you better pension Laura Wynne, at the same time? I am going to cut her; but that is beside the question."

"I don't suppose Condy wanted to ruin anybody. Grandmamma made her follow people about—'twas one of her duties, likelier than not. At all events, some one will have to take care of Arno. We'll make them comfortable together, and old Sam, too. And I think Condy has got a sister."

"What an interesting menagerie! Fortunately we shall each be able to have a private allowance to spend on our hobbies. Ah, Teddy, a number of things will have to be altered. You are not going to have anything more to say to Nelly Rawdon, for instance."

"Nor you to Dormer?"

"Don't be absurd. Lord Dormer's position is a very different one to the Rawdons'."

"And Jack Dysart?"

"Oh, poor, dear old Jack!" but a blush forced itself into Portia's cheek. "The next time we meet, how I shall laugh at him! There's not a doubt in the world that he did really see us both in Paris. And yet, how thoroughly I succeeded in hoodwinking him!"

"And a good many other people with him," observed Teddy, a little drily. "Thank heaven," he added, "we shan't have to hoodwink any one again. You can't imagine what a relief it is to me, 'Tia, to think I told the truth to the last!"

"I can quite imagine it. If one was always sure of such a result to truth-telling, who would be at the trouble of another falsehood?"

Teddy's eyes closed again: the proposition required mental exertion: and after a minute or two of silence, a door communicating with another room opened and Miss Jemima came in. She walked up the room, the roar of Regent street without deadening her footstep, and looked long and earnestly at the two young figures beside the fire.

"Aunt Jem!" cried Portia, suddenly catching sight of her. "And with red eyes, too?" She rose and put her arm round Miss Jemima. "Confess now, slenderly though you loved each other, that you have been crying for grandmamma."

"No, Portia," answered Miss Jemima, "I have been crying for you."

"A little for me, too, I hope, Aunt Jem?" said Teddy, looking up.

"Yes, a little for you, too. I trust they are the last tears you will either of you make me shed."

"*Trust!*" repeated Portia, "I don't know, aunt, that you need put such a stinging emphasis on the word. I shall make a better wife to Teddy Josselin, depend upon it, than I should have made to a better man."

"And *vice versa*," said Teddy, sleepily. "Stay, is it *vice versa?* 'a better husband to so-and-so than I should have made to a better—never mind, Portia. You may laugh, but I know what I mean myself."

Portia, on this, laughed aloud; then, stooping down, she patted Ted Josselin's shoulder encouragingly. But Miss Jemima's face kept grave as ever. "I would give all the little I am worth," said she, "that you hadn't entered upon life together with a falsehood."

"And was not falsehood forced upon us?" cried Portia. "I knew that I liked this poor little foolish Teddy better than I could ever like any one else, and I had heard the story of the past too clearly from your lips, Aunt Jem, not to be very sure my one chance of life was to marry him. If I had told this openly, acted honestly with grandmamma, what would have been the result? Star-

vation to both of us. Will grandpapa, will anybody living, blame me now for having acted as I did? Does not the end," she glanced at Teddy, "more than justify the means?"

"We ought to have told Aunt Jem," said Teddy, rousing himself, "I always said that. We ought to have told Aunt Jem."

"Not a bit of it," said Portia. "Aunt's honest heart would have been sure to ruin us. No honest-hearted people can be trusted with a secret. Do you think, if Aunt Jem had known the truth, she would not have spoken at St. Sauveur?"

"Do you think if Aunt Jem had known the truth she would ever have been at St. Sauveur?" said old Miss Jemima. "Oh, Portia, be a good child now, if only to make amends to me for what I suffered—"

"The night when Ted and I were shipwrecked, and when you thought I had run away with Jack Dysart! Aunt, if we had been shipwrecked, and our bodies found, you would have guessed something of the truth, for my ring was tied, as it has been since last July, round my neck. My poor little ring—" she began to falter.

Teddy at once rose and closed her lips with a kiss!

"All these months have been a mistake," said he. "Let us forget them. Where is the ring, Portia?" He turned to her with a flush of genuine feeling on his face. "Let Aunt Jemima be the witness while I put it on for good."

And Portia was just drawing a hidden bit of ribbon from her throat, when a knock came at the door: a waiter appeared. "A lady and gentleman are below, waiting to see if they might be admitted?"

"Certainly not. We can see nobody," said Miss Jemima, in a voice of choked emotion, and without looking round. "Say there has been a bereavement in the family."

"The gentleman wished me to give his name. Mr. George Blake."

"Show him up at once," cried Portia, pushing the ring hastily out of sight again.

"Now Teddy," as the servant left the room, "you must be the one to tell mind."

"Perhaps there is to be a double surprise," remarked Teddy. "We hear of a lady. Is Blake also going to impose a wife—"

The door opened and Blake appeared, with Susan Fielding on his arm; her face, either from the wintry night air, or happiness, or both, blooming as a rose.

The usual salutations passed: the ladies kissing each other, the two young men shaking hands with more of the thorough heartiness of their old schoolboy days than they had felt for months past. And then the four young people stood and looked at each other a little awkwardly; Miss Jemima holding aloof.

"It snows very fast," observed Susan, at last; the only time on record when she attempted to begin conversation. "But we came in a Hansom cab," she went on, coloring up furiously as she made the confession.

"You have come to us, my dear, in a time of great family—." Honest Miss Jemima paused for a word. Could Lady Erroll's death be called an affliction?

"A time," exclaimed Portia, "when every one is speaking the truth. I will speak it, too. Mr. Blake," turning to him full, "grandmamma is dead. That you know from my note; and she has left me nothing; that, also, you know. My name was not mentioned in her will."

"Portia, my dear—"

"Oh, of course, Aunt Jem. The will has not been read, but Bloxam, Condy, everybody, knows perfectly well what is in it. Poor grandmamma, at the last, died somewhat suddenly, Mr. Blake. Had she lived a quarter of an hour longer, we have reason to fear her money would have been left away from us all; but—she died, and everything she possessed in the world goes to my cousin. Congratulate him on his good fortune."

"Money, by itself, is a thing scarcely worth congratulating a man about," said Blake, looking doubtfully at Teddy Josselin's face.

"Money is the only thing, it seems to me, that a married man can be congratulated about," said Teddy. "Oh, I was forgetting; we have not mentioned it sooner, but my cousin Portia and I were married last July. The ceremony took place here in London, but quietly, (Portia says we were married from her grandmamma's house), and we spent our honeymoon in Paris. So, you see, whoever congratulates one congratulates the other." He smiled, and looked contented.

Married! Married months ago! The slightest spasm of disappointment crossed Blake's heart at the news. The one supreme touch of felicity was given to Susan's. Not even in imagination could Portia be a rival any more.

"It would be a long story to tell all the *pros* and *cons*," said Portia: never had she looked fairer in Blake's eyes than at this moment, as she stood, with downcast, blushing face at her husband's side; "but there were, unhappily, good reasons for our deceiving even our dearest friends. Ah, Mr. Blake," and for an instant she raised her dark eyes reproachfully to his, "you need not have been so terribly hard on me that evening in the summer. Teddy was with me all the time."

"Have I ever been hard on you in my life, Miss—Mrs. Josselin?"

Blake stammered over Portia's new name, then got red, and every one laughed. If there had been just the slightest element of tragedy in the situation hitherto, it was dispelled now.

"It sounds so funny to hear people called 'Mrs.,'" remarked Susan.

"Ah, very funny," said Ted Josselin. "Wait awhile, Susan! See if the fun strikes you in the same light by and by! What news from Otago?"

The poor little girl's face grew hot with confusion: Jemima Ffrench came to her assistance. "There is nothing for you to be ashamed of, my dear Susan; we are all friends here. I know from Miss Collinson that her brother is expected daily, and—"

"He's not coming—he'll never come again!" exclaimed Susan, with all the courage she possessed.

"Mr. Collinson not coming back!" said Portia, and in a moment her eyes were reading Blake's face. "This seems destined to be an evening of congratulations."

"But I call such conduct infamous—infamous!" cried Jemima Ffrench. "I've known a man cut by his whole regiment for less cause. My poor little friend—"

"Oh, ma'am, don't pity me!" Susan hastened to interrupt. "Indeed, everything has turned out for the best. We were both very foolish—we didn't know our own minds. And Tom Collinson has married Matty, and I am so delighted."

Old Miss Jemima lifted her hands and eyes in bewilderment. "Tom Collinson has married Matty, and you are delighted! The times are beyond me!' she said. "Fidelity, love, honor: nothing is as it once was!"

"But I was never really in—I mean, I never really cared for—" then Susan broke down, and stole an appealing look up at Blake.

"Susan gave her word but not her heart," said he, and moving to her side, he took her hand, before them all, and held it in his. "Considering her age, we must not judge her too harshly."

"Particularly when we reflect on her manner of keeping her word," suggested Teddy.

"Oh, but I did keep it," said Susan. "Mr. Blake knows if Tom Collinson had returned I would never have broken my promise to him."

"But Tom Collinson has not returned," said Blake; "and Susan is able to be true to herself, and to make me the happiest fellow in existence."

Congratulations from every one.

"And so the curtain descends on universal felicity," said Portia. Was there the slightest tinge of bitterness in her voice? "The money is left to the rightful heir; stern old parent (you, dear Aunt Jem) reconciled; the good and the wicked heroine both marry and live at peace forever after, as the people do in novels."

"'Marry and live at peace forever after!'" repeated Teddy, thoughtfully. "And the fellows who write novels would make us believe they take their pictures from life."

"Mrs. Josselin has omitted one important detail of the closing scene," said Blake—"the inequality in fortune between the two heroines. Susan has only a life of poverty before her, while—"

"Poverty!" cried Susan. "I don't think we shall be at all poor, and if we were, would it matter? Can we be more than happy?" looking up, with a smile of the most absolute contentment, into her lover's face.

Once again Portia sighed in the spirit. She had won much: ease, position, a London life, with its attendant ever-changing round of pleasures, were before her. She had not won all. The commonplace heart of Susan Fielding was satisfied: the life barren of riches, excitement, ambition, of all save love, would be complete.

THE END.

MY LIGHT-HOUSES.

AT westward window of a palace gray,
Which its own secret still so safely keeps
That no man now its builder's name can say,
I lie, and idly sun myself to-day,
Dreaming, awake, far more than one who sleeps,
Serenely glad, although my gladness weeps.

I look across the harbor's misty blue,
And find and lose the magic shifting line
Where sky, one shade less blue, meets sea, and through
The air I catch one flush, as if it knew
Some secret of that meeting, which no sign
Can show to eyes so far and dim as mine.

More ships than I can count, build, mast by mast,
Gay lattice work with waving green and red
Across my window panes. The voyage past,
They crowd to anchorage, so glad, so fast,
Gliding like ghosts, with noiseless breath and tread,
Dropping like ghosts their noiseless iron and lead.

"Oh ships and patient men who fare by sea,"
I stretch my hands, and, vainly questioning, cry,
"Sailed ye from west? How many nights could ye
Tell, by the lights, just where my dear, and free,
And lovely land lay sleeping? Passed ye by
Some danger, safe, because her fires were nigh?"

Ah me, my selfish, yearning thoughts forget
How darkness, but a handsbreadth from the coast,
With danger, in an evil league, is set.
Ah! helpless ships, and men more helpless yet,
Who trust the land light's short and empty boast:
The lights aloft and prayers avail ye most!

But I—Ah, patient men who fare by sea,
Ye would but smile to hear this idle speech—
I have such beacon lights to burn for me,
In that dear west, so beautiful and free,
That evil league by day by night can teach
No spell whose harm my little bark can reach.

No towers of stone uphold those beacon lights:
No distance dims them, and no storm can shake;
In valleys they light up the darkest nights;
They outshine sunny days on sunny heights:
They blaze from every house, where sleep, or wake,
My own, who love me, for my own poor sake.

Each thought they think of me lights road of flame
Across the seas: no travel on it tires
My heart: I go, if they but speak my name;
From Heaven I should come and go the same,
And find this glow forestalling my desires:
My darlings, do you hear me? Trim the fires!

H. H.

GENOA, Nov. 30, 1868.

SCIENCE AND ORTHODOXY IN ENGLAND.

"THE old God is dead above, and the old Devil is dead below!" So sang Heinrich Heine in one of his peculiarly cheerful moods; and I do not know that any words could paint a more complete picture of the utter collapse and ruin of old theologies and time-honored faiths and superstitions. Irreverent and even impious as the words will perhaps appear to most minds, it is probable that not a few of those who would be most likely to shudder at their audacity are beginning to think with horror that the condition of things described by the cynical poet is being rapidly brought about by the doings of modern science. Many an English country clergyman, many an earnest and pious Dissenter, must have felt that a new and awful era had arrived—that a modern war of Titans against Heaven was going on, when such discourses as Professor Huxley's famous Protoplasm lecture could be delivered by a man of the highest reputation, and could be received by nearly all the world with, at least, a respectful consideration. In fact, the delivery of such discourses does indicate a quite new ordeal for old-fashioned orthodoxy, and an ordeal which seems to me far severer than any through which it has yet passed. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the struggle which is now openly carried on between Science and Orthodox Theology. I need hardly say perhaps that I utterly repudiate the use of any such absurd and unmeaning language as that which speaks of a controversy between science and religion. One might as well talk of a conflict between fact and truth; or between truth and virtue. But orthodox theology in England, whether it be right or wrong, is certainly a very different thing from religion. Were it wholly and eternally true it could still only bear the same relation to religion that geography bears to the earth, astronomy to the sidereal system, the words describing to the thing described. I may therefore hope not to be at once set down as an irreligious person, merely because I venture to describe the war indirectly waged against orthodox theology, by a new school of English scientific men, as the severest trial that system has ever yet had to encounter, and one through which it can hardly by any possibility pass wholly unscathed.

In describing briefly and generally this new school of English science, and some of its leading scholars, I should say that I do so merely from the outside. I am not a scientific man professionally; and, even as an amateur, can only pretend to very slight attainment. But I have been on the scene of controversy, have looked over the field, and studied the bearing of the leading combatants. When Cressida had seen the chiefs of the Trojan army pass before her and had each pointed out to her and described, she could probably have told a stranger something worth his listening to, although she knew nothing of the great art of war. Only on something of the same ground do I venture to ask for any attention from American readers, when I say something about the class of scientific men who have recently sprung up in England, and of whom one of the most distinguished and one of the most aggressive has just been elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

This school is peculiarly English. So far as I know, it owes nothing directly and distinctly to the intellectual initiative of any other country. Both in metaphysical and in practical science there has been a sudden and powerful awaken-

ing, or perhaps I should say *renaissance*, in England lately. Three or four years ago Stuart Mill wrote that the sceptre of psychology had again passed over to England; and it seems to me not too much to say that England now likewise holds the sceptre of natural science. It is evident to every one that the leaders of this new school stand in antagonism which is decided, if not direct, to the teachings of orthodox theology.

The recent election of Professor Huxley as President of the British Association was accepted universally as a triumph over the orthodox party. Professor Owen, who undoubtedly possesses one of the broadest and keenest scientific intellects of the age, has lately been pushed aside and has fallen into something like comparative obscurity because he could not, or would not, see his way into the dangerous fields opened up by his younger and bolder rivals. Professor Owen held on as long as ever he could to orthodoxy. He made heavy intellectual sacrifices at its altar. I do not quite know whether in the end it was he who first gave the cold shoulder to orthodoxy, or orthodoxy which first repudiated him. But it is certain that he no longer stands out conspicuous and ardent as the great opponent of Darwin and Huxley. He has, in fact, receded so much from his old ground that one finds it difficult now to know where to place him; and perhaps it will be better to regard him as out of the controversy altogether. If he had done less for orthodoxy, where his labors were vain, he might have done much more for science, where his toil would always have been fruitful. Undoubtedly, he is one of the greatest naturalists since Cuvier; his contributions toward the facts and data of science have been valuable beyond all estimation; his practical labors in the British Museum would alone earn for him the gratitude of all students. Owen is, or was, to my mind, the very perfection of a scientific lecturer. The easy flow of simple, expressive language, the luminous arrangement and style which made the profoundest exposition intelligible, the captivating variety of illustration, the clear, well-modulated voice, the self-possessed and graceful manner—all these were attributes which made Owen a delightful lecturer, although he put forward no pretensions to rhetorical skill or to eloquence of any very high order. But while there can hardly have been any recent falling off in Owen's intellectual powers, yet it is certain that he was more thought of, that he occupied a higher place in the public esteem, some half dozen years ago than he now does. I think there has been a general impression of late years that in the controversy between theology and science, Owen was not to be relied upon implicitly. People thought that he was trying to sit on the two stools; to run with the theological hare, and hold with the scientific hounds. Indeed, Owen is eminently a respectable, a courtly *savant*. He does not love to run tilt against the prevailing opinion of the influential classes, or to forfeit the confidence and esteem of "society.' He loves—so people say—the company of the titled and the great, and prefers, perhaps, to walk with Sir Duke than with humble Sir Scholar. All things considered, we may regard him as out of the present controversy, and, perhaps, as left behind by it and by the opinions which have created it. The orthodox do not seem much beholden to him. Only two or three years ago an orthodox association for which Owen had delivered a scientific lecture, refused on theological grounds to print the discourse in their regular volume. On the other hand, the younger and more ardent *savans* and scholars sneer at him, and refuse to give him credit for sincerity at the expense of his intelligence. They believe that if he chose to speak out, if he had the courage of his opinions, he would say as they do. He has ceased to be their opponent, but he is not upon their side; he is no longer the champion of pure orthodoxy, but he has never pronounced openly against it.

Flippant people allude to him as an old fogy; let us say more decently that Richard Owen already belongs to the past.

"Free-thinking" has never been in England a very formidable rival of orthodox theology. Perhaps there is something in the practical nature of the average English mind which makes it indifferent and apathetic to mere speculation. The ordinary Englishmen understands being a Churchman or a Dissenter, a Roman Catholic or a no-Popery man; but he hardly understands how people can be got to concern themselves with mere sceptical speculation. Writings like those of Rousseau, for example, never could have produced in England anything like the effect they wrought in France. Of late years the effects of "free-thinking" (I am using the phrase merely in the vulgar sense) have been poor, feeble and uninfluential—wholly indeed without influence over the educated classes of society. A certain limited and transient influence was once maintained over a small surface of society by the speeches and the writings of George Jacob Holyoake. Holyoake avowed himself an Atheist, conducted a paper called (I think) "The Reasoner," was prosecuted under the terms of a foolish and discreditable act of Parliament, and had for a time something of notoriety and popular power. But Holyoake, a man of pure character and gentle manners, is devoid of anything like commanding ability, has no gleam of oratorical power, and is intellectually unreliable and vacillating. Under no conceivable circumstances could he exercise any strong or permanent control over the mind or the heart of an age: and he has of late somewhat modified his opinions, and has greatly altered his sphere of action, preferring to be a political and social reformer in a small and modest way to the barren task of endeavoring to uproot religious belief by arguments evolved from the depth of the moral consciousness. Holyoake, the Atheist, may therefore be said to have faded away.

His old place has lately been taken by a noisier, more egotistic and robust sort of person, a young man named Bradlaugh, who at one time dubbed himself "Iconoclast," and, bearing that ambitious title, used to harangue knots of working men in the North of England with the most audacious of free-thinking rhetoric. Bradlaugh has a certain kind of brassy, stentorian eloquence and a degree of reckless self conceit which almost amount to a conquering quality. But he has no intellectual capacity sufficient to make a deep mark on the mind of any section of society and he never attempts, so far as I know, any other than the old, time-worn arguments against orthodoxy with which the world has been wearily familiar since the days of Voltaire. Indeed, a man who gravely undertakes to prove by argument that there is no God, places himself at once in so anomalous, paradoxical and ridiculous a position that it is a marvel the absurdity of the situation does not strike his own mind. A man who starts with the reasonable assumption that belief is a matter of evidence and then goes on to argue that a Being does not exist of whose non-existence he can upon his own ground and pleading know absolutely nothing, is not likely to be very formidable to any of his antagonists. Orthodox theologians, therefore, are little concerned about men like Bradlaugh—very often perhaps are ignorant of the existence of any such.

I only mention Holyoake and Bradlaugh at all because they are the only prominent agitators of this kind who have appeared in England during my time. I do not mean to speak disparagingly of either man. Both have considerable abilities; both are, I am sure, sincere and honest. I have never heard anything to the disparagement of Bradlaugh's character. Holyoake I know personally, and esteem highly. But their influence has been insignificant, and cannot have any long duration. I only speak of it here to show how feeble has been the head made

against orthodoxy in England by professed infidelity in our time. There was, indeed, a book written some years ago by a man of higher culture than Holyoake or Bradlaugh, and which made a bubble or two of sensation at the time. I mean "The Creed of Christendom," by William Rathbone Greg, a well-known political and philosophical essayist, who wrote largely for the "Edinburgh Review" and the "Westminster Review" and more lately for the "Pall Mall Gazette," and has now a comfortable place under government. But the "Creed of Christendom," though a clever book in its way, made no abiding mark. It was read and liked by those whose opinions it expressed, but I question if it ever made one single convert or suggested a doubt to a truly orthodox mind. I mention it because it was the only work of what is called a directly infidel character, not pretending to a scientific basis, which was contributed to the literature of English philosophy by a man of high culture and literary reputation during my memory. It will be understood that I am speaking now of works modeled after the old fashion of sceptical controversy, in which the authors make it their avowed and main purpose to assail the logical coherence and reasonableness of the Christian faith by arguments which, sound or unsound, can be brought to no practical test and settled by no possible decision. Such works may be influential among nations which are addicted to or tolerant of mere religious speculation; it is only a calling aloud to solitude to address them to the English public. Even books of a very high intellectual class, such for example as Strauss's "Life of Jesus," are translated into English in vain. They are read and admired by those already prepared to admire and eager to read them—the general public takes no heed of them.

I have ventured into this digression in order to show the more clearly how important must be the influence of that new school of science which has aroused such a commotion among the devotees of English orthodoxy. There is not, so far as I know, among the leading scientific men of the new school one single professed infidel in the old fashioned sense. The fundamental difference between them and the orthodox is that they insist upon regarding all subjects coming within the scope of human knowledge as open to inquiry and to be settled only upon evidence. I suppose a day will come when people will wonder that a scientific man, living in the England of the nineteenth century, could have been denounced from pulpits because he claimed the right and the duty to follow out his scientific investigations whithersoever they should lead him. Yet I am not aware that anything more desperately infidel than this has ever been urged by our modern English *savans*.

Michel Chevalier tells a story of a French iconoclast of our own time who devoted himself to a perpetual war against what he considered the two worst superstitions of the age—belief in God and dislike of spiders. This aggressive sage always carried about with him a golden box filled with the pretty and favorite insects I have mentioned; and whenever he happened to be introduced to any new acquaintance he invariably plunged at once into the questions—"Do you believe in a God, and are you afraid of spiders?"—and without waiting for an answer, he instantly demonstrated his own superiority to at least one conventional weakness by opening his box, taking out a spider, and swallowing it. I think a good deal of the old-fashioned warfare against orthodoxy had something of this spider-bolting aggressiveness about it. It assailed men's dearest beliefs in the coarsest manner, and it had commonly only horror and disgust for its reward. There is nothing of this spirit among the leaders of English scientific philosophy to-day. Not merely are the practically scientific men free from it, but even the

men who are called in a sort of a contemptuous tone "philosophers" are not to be accused of it. Mill and Herbert Spencer have as little of it as Huxley and Grove. Indeed the scientific men are nothing more or less than earnest, patient, devoted inquirers, seeking out the truth fearlessly, and resolute to follow wherever she invites. Whenever they have come into open conflict with orthodoxy, it may be safely assumed that orthodoxy threw the first stone. For orthodoxy, with a keen and just instinct, detests these scientific men. The Low Church party, the great mass of the Dissenting body (excluding, of course, Unitarians) have been their uncompromising opponents. The High Church party, which, with all its mediæval weaknesses and its spiritual reaction, does assuredly boast among its leaders some high and noble intellects, and among all its classes earnest, courageous minds, has, on the contrary, given, for the most part, its confidence and its attention to the teachings of the *savans*. We have the testimony of Professor Huxley himself to the fact that the leading minds of the Roman Catholic Church do at least take care that the teachings of the *savans* shall be understood, and that they shall be combated, if at all, on scientific and not on theological grounds.

No man is more disliked and dreaded by the orthodox than Thomas Huxley. Darwin, who is really the *fons et origo* of the present agitation, is hardly more than a name to the outer world. He has written a book, and that is all the public know about him. He never descends into the arena of open controversy; we never read of him in the newspapers. I know of no instance of a book so famous with an author so little known. Even curiosity does not seem to concern itself about the individuality of Darwin, whose book opened up a new era of controversy, spreading all over the world, and was the sensation in England of many successive seasons. Herbert Spencer, indeed, has lived for a long time hardly noticed or known by the average English public. But then none of Spencer's books ever created the slightest sensation among that public, and three out of every four Englishmen never heard of the man or the books. Herbert Spencer is infinitely better known in the United States than he is in England, although I am far from admitting that he is better appreciated even here than by those of his countrymen who are at all acquainted with his masterly, his unsurpassed, contributions to the philosophy of the world. The singular fact about Darwin is that his book was absolutely the rage in England; everybody was bound to read it or at least to talk about it and pretend to have understood it. More excitement was aroused by it than even by Buckle's "History of Civilization;" it fluttered the petticoats in the drawing-room as much as the surplices in the pulpit; it occupied alike the attention of the scholar and the fribble, the divine and the schoolgirl. Yet the author kept himself in complete seclusion, and, for some mysterious reason or other, public curiosity never seemed disposed to persecute him. Therefore the theologians seem to have regarded him as the poet does the cuckoo, rather as a voice in the air than as a living creature; and they have not poured out much of their anger upon him personally. But Huxley comes down into the arena of public controversy and is a familiar and formidable figure there. Wherever there is strife there is Huxley. Years ago he came into the field almost unknown like the Disinherited Knight in Scott's immortal romance; and, while the good-natured spectators were urging him to turn the blunt end of the lance against the shield of the least formidable opponent, he dashed with splendid recklessness, and with spearpoint forward, against the buckler of Richard Owen himself, the most renowned of the naturalists of England. Indeed Huxley has the soul and spirit of a gallant controversialist. He has many times warned the

orthodox champions that if they play at bowls they must expect rubbers; and once in the fight he never spares. He has a happy gift of shrewd sense and sarcasm combined; and, indeed, I know no man who can exhibit a sophism as a sophism and hold it up to contempt and laughter more clearly and effectively in a single sentence of exhaustive satire.

It would be wrong to regard Huxley merely as a scientific man. He is likewise a literary man, a writer. What he writes would be worth reading for its style and its expression alone, were it of no scientific authority; whereas we all know perfectly well that scientific men generally are read only for the sake of what they teach, and not at all because of their manner of teaching it—rather indeed despite of their manner of teaching it. Huxley is a fascinating writer, and has a happy way of pressing continually into the service of strictly scientific exposition illustrations caught from literature and art—even from popular and light literature. He has a gift in this way which somewhat resembles that possessed by a very different man belonging to a very different class—I mean Robert Lowe, the present English Chancellor of the Exchequer, who owes the greater part of his rhetorical success to the prodigality of varied illustration with which he illumines his speeches, and which catches, at this point or that, the attention of every kind of listener. Huxley seems to understand clearly that you can never make scientific doctrines really powerful while you are content with the ear of strictly scientific men. He cultivates, therefore, sedulously and successfully, the literary art of expression. A London friend of mine, who has had long experience in the editing of high-class periodicals, is in the habit of affirming humorously that the teachers of the public are divided into two classes: those who know something and cannot write, and those who know nothing and can write. Every literary man, especially every editor, will cordially agree with me that at the heart of this humorous extravagance is a solid kernel of truth. Now, scientific men very often belong to the class of those who know something, but cannot write. No one, however, could possibly confound Thomas Huxley with the band of those to whom the gift of expression is denied. He is a vivid, forcible, fascinating writer. His style as a lecturer is one which, for me at least, has a special charm. It is, indeed, devoid of any effort at rhetorical eloquence; but it has all the eloquence which is born of the union of profound thought with simple expression and luminous diction. There is not much of the poetic, certainly, about him; only the occasional dramatic vividness of his illustrations suggests the existence in him of any of the higher imaginative qualities. I think there was something like a gleam of the poetic in the half melancholy half humorous introduction of Balzac's famous "Peau de Chagrin," into the Protoplasm lecture. But Huxley as a rule treads only the firm earth, and deliberately, perhaps scornfully, rejects any attempts and aspirings after the clouds. His mind is in this way far more rigidly practical than that even of Richard Owen. He is never eloquent in the sense in which Humboldt for example was so often eloquent. Being a politician, I may be excused for borrowing an illustration from the political arena, and saying that Huxley's eloquence is like that of Cobden; it is eloquence only because it is so simply and tersely truthful. The whole tone of his mind, the whole tendency of his philosophy, may be observed to have this character of quiet, fearless, and practical truthfulness. No seeker after truth could be more earnest, more patient, more disinterested. "Dry light," as Bacon calls it—light uncolored by prejudice, undimmed by illusion, undistorted by interposing obstacle—is all that Huxley desires to have. He puts no bound to the range of human inquiry. Wherever man may look, there let him look earnestly

and without fear. Truth is always naked and not ashamed. The modest, self-denying profession of Lessing that he wanted not the whole truth, and only asked to be allowed the pleasing toil of investigation, must be almost unintelligible to a student like Huxley; and indeed is only to be understood by any active inquirer, on condition that he bears in mind the healthy and racy delight which the mere labor of intellectual research gave to Lessing's vigorous and elastic mind. No subject is sacred to Huxley; because with him truth is more sacred than any sphere of inquiry. I suppose the true and pure knight would have fearlessly penetrated any shrine in his quest of the Holy Grail.

Professor Huxley's nature seems to me to have been cast in a finer mould than that of Professor Tyndall, for example. Decidedly, Tyndall is a man of great ability and earnestness. He has done, perhaps, more practical work in science than Huxley has; he has written more; he sometimes writes more eloquently. But he wants, to my thinking, that pure and colorless impartiality of inquiry and judgment which is Huxley's distinguishing characteristic. There is a certain coarseness of materialism about Tyndall; there is a vehement and almost an arrogant aggressiveness in him which must interfere with the clearness of his views. He assails the orthodox with the temper of a Hot Gospeller. Perhaps his Irish nature is partly accountable for this warm and eager combativeness: perhaps his having sat so devotedly at the feet of his friend, the great apostle of force, Thomas Carlyle, may help to explain the unsparing vigor of his controversial style. However that may be, Tyndall is assuredly one of the most impatient of sages, one of the most intolerant of philosophers. If I have compared Huxley to the pure devoted knight riding patiently in search of the Holy Grail, I may, perhaps, liken Tyndall to the ardent champion who ranges the world, fiercely defying to mortal combat any and every one who will not instantly admit that the warrior's lady-love is the most beautiful and perfect of created beings. His temper does unquestionably tend to weaken Tyndall's authority. You may trust him implicitly where it is only a question of a glacial theory or an atmospheric condition; but you must follow the Carlylean philosopher very cautiously indeed where he undertakes to instruct you on the subject of races. The negro, for example, conquers Tyndall altogether. The philosopher loses his temper and forgets his science the moment he comes to examine poor black Sambo's woolly skull, and remembers that there are sane and educated white people who maintain that the owner of the skull is a man and a brother. In debates which cannot be settled by dry science, Huxley's sympathies almost invariably guide him right: Tyndall's almost invariably set him wrong. During the American Civil war, Huxley, like Sir Charles Lyell and some other eminent scientific men, sympathized with the cause of the North: Tyndall, on the other hand, was an eager partisan of the South. A still more decisive test severed the two men more widely apart. The story of the Jamaica massacre divided all England into two fierce and hostile camps. I am not going to weary my readers with any repetition of this often-told and horrible story. Enough to say that the whole question at issue in England in relation to the Jamaica tragedies was whether the belief that a negro insurrection is impending justifies white residents in flogging and hanging as many negro men and women, unarmed and unresisting, as they can find time to flog and hang, without any ceremony of trial, evidence, or even inquiry. I do not exaggerate or misstate. The ground taken by the advocates of the Jamaica military measures was that although no insurrection was going on yet there was reasonable ground to believe an insurrection impending; and that therefore the white residents were justified in anticipating and crushing the

movement by the putting to death of every person, man or woman, who could be supposed likely to have any part in it. Of course I need hardly tell the student of history that this is exactly the ground which was taken up, and with far greater plausibility and better excuse, by the promoters of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. They said: "We have evidence, and are convinced, that these Huguenots are plotting against us. If we do not put them down, they will put us down. Let us be first at the work and crush them." The Jamaica question then raised a bitter controversy in England. Naturally, John Bright and Stuart Mill and Goldwin Smith took one side of it: Thomas Carlyle and Charles Kingsley and John Ruskin the other. That was to be expected: any one could have told it beforehand. But the occasion brought out men who had never taken part in political controversy before: and then you saw at once what kind of hearts and sympathies these new agitators had. Herbert Spencer emerged for the first time in his life, so far as I know, from the rigid seclusion of a silent student's career, and appeared in public as an active, hard-working member of a political organization. The American Civil War had drawn Mill for the first time into the public arena of politics; the Jamaica massacre made a political agitator of Herbert Spencer. The noble human sympathies of Spencer, his austere and uncompromising love of justice, his instinctive detestation of brute, blind, despotic force, compelled him to come out from his seclusion and join those who protested against the lawless and senseless massacre of the wretched blacks of Jamaica. So, too, with Huxley, who, if he did not take part in a political organization, yet lent the weight of his influence and the vigor of his pen to add to the force of the protest. During the whole of that prolonged season of incessant and active controversy, with the keenest intellects and the sharpest tongues in England employing themselves eagerly on either side, I can recall to mind nothing which, for justice, sound sense, high principle, and exquisite briefness of pungent sarcasm, equaled one of Huxley's letters on the subject to the "Pall Mall Gazette." The mind which was not touched by the force of that incomparable mixture of satire and sense would surely have remained untouched though one rose from the dead. The delicious gravity with which Huxley accepted all the positions of his opponents, assumed the propositions about the high character of the Jamaica governor and the white residents, and the immorality of poor Gordon and the negroes, and then reduced the case of the advocates of the massacre to "the right of all virtuous persons, as such, to put to death all vicious persons, as such," was almost worthy of Swift himself.

On the other hand, Professor Tyndall plunged eagerly into the controversy as a defender of the policy and the people by whose authority the massacre was carried on. I do not suppose he made any inquiry into the facts—nothing of his that I read or heard of led me to suppose that he had; but he went off on his Carlylean theory about governing minds, and superior races, and the right of strong men, and all the rest of the nonsense which Carlyle once made fascinating, and his imitators have lately made vulgar. I think I am not doing Tyndall an injustice when I regard him as a less austere and trustworthy follower of the pure truth than Huxley. In fact Tyndall is a born controversialist. Some orthodox person once extracted from Huxley, or from some of his writings, the admission that "the truth of the miracles was all a question of evidence," and seemed to think he had got hold of a great concession therein. Possibly the admission was made in the spirit of sarcasm, but it none the less expressed a belief and illustrated a temper profoundly characteristic of Thomas Huxley. With him everything is a question of evidence; nothing is to be settled by faith or by

preliminary assumption. I am convinced that if you could prove by sufficient evidence the truth of every miracle recorded in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Professor Huxley would bow resignedly, and accept the truth—wanting only the truth, whatever it might be. But I think Tyndall would rage and chafe a great deal, and I suspect that he would use a good many hard words against his opponents before he submitted to acknowledge aloud the defeat which his inner consciousness already admitted. And yet I think it would be at least as difficult to convince Huxley as it would be to convince Tyndall that Saint Denis walked with his head under his arm, or that Saint Januarius (was it not he?) crossed the sea on his cloak for a raft.

I do not know whether it comes strictly within the scope of this essay to say much about Herbert Spencer, who is rather what people call a philosopher than a professionally scientific man. But assuredly no living thinker has done more to undermine orthodoxy than the author of "First Principles." I have already said that Spencer is much more widely known in this country than in England. During the first few weeks of my sojourn in the United States I heard more inquiries and more talk about Spencer than about almost any other Englishman living. Spencer's whole life, his pure, rigorous, anchorite-like devotion to knowledge, is indeed a wonderful phenomenon in an age like the present. He has labored for the love of labor and for the good it does to the world, almost absolutely without reward. I presume that as paying speculations Herbert Spencer's works would be hopeless failures; and yet they have influenced the thought of the whole thinking world, and will probably grow and grow in power as the years go on. It is, I suppose, no new or unseemly revelation to say that Spencer has lived for the most part a life of poverty as well as of seclusion. He is a sensitive, silent, self-reliant man, endowed with a pure passion for knowledge, and the quickest, keenest love of justice and right. There is something indeed quite Quixotic, in the better sense, about the utterly disinterested and self-forgetting eagerness with which Herbert Spencer will set himself to see right done, even in the most trivial of cases. Little, commonplace, trifling instances of unfairness or injustice, such as most of us may observe every day, and which even the most benevolent of us will think himself warranted in passing by, on his way to his own work, without interference, will summon into activity—into positively unresting eagerness—all the sympathies and energies of Herbert Spencer, nor will the great student of life's ultimate principles return to his own high pursuits until he has obtained for the poor sempstress restitution of the over-fare exacted by the extortionate omnibus-conductor, or seen that the policeman on duty is not too rough in his entreatment of the little captured pickpocket. As one man has an unappeasable passion for pictures, and another for horses, so Herbert Spencer has a passion for justice. All this does not appear on first, or casual, acquaintance; but I have heard many striking, and some very whimsical, illustrations of it given by friends who know Spencer far better than I do. Indeed I should say that there are few men of great intellect and character who reveal themselves so little to the ordinary observer as Herbert Spencer does. His face is, above all things, commonplace. There is nothing whatever remarkable, nothing attractive, nothing repelling, nothing particularly unattractive, about him. Honest, homespun, prosaic respectability seems to be his principal characteristic. In casual and ordinary conversation he does not impress one in the least. Almost all men of well-earned distinction seem to have, above all things, a strongly-marked individuality. You meet a man of this class casually; you have no idea who he is; perhaps you do not even discover, have not an opportunity of discovering,

that he is a man of genius or intellect; but you do almost invariably find yourself impressed with a strong individual influence—the man seems to be somebody—he is not just like any other man. To take illustrations familiar to most of us—observe what a strongly-marked individuality Charles Dickens, John Bright, Disraeli, Carlyle, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Salisbury have; what a strongly-marked individuality Nathaniel Hawthorne had, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley have. Now, Herbert Spencer is the very opposite of all this. All that Dr. Johnson said of Burke might be conveniently reversed in the case of Spencer. The person sheltering under the hedge, the ostler in the yard, might talk long enough with him and never feel tempted to say when he had gone, "There has been a remarkable man here." A London *litterateur*, who had long been a devotee of Herbert Spencer, was induced some year or two back to go to a large dinner-party by the assurance that Spencer was to be there and was actually to have the chair next to his own at table. Our friend went, was a little late, and found himself disappointed. Next to him on one side was a man whom he knew and did not care about; on the other side, a humdrum, elderly, respectable, commonplace personage. With this latter, for want of a better, he talked. It was dull, commonplace, conventional talk, good for nothing, meaning nothing. The dinner was nearly over when our friend heard some one address his right-hand neighbor as "Spencer." Amazed out of all decorum, he turned to the commonplace, dull-looking individual, and broke out with the words "Why, you don't mean to say that you are Herbert Spencer?" "Oh, yes," the other replied, as quietly as ever, "I am Herbert Spencer."

I have wandered a little from my path; let me return to it. My object is to illustrate the remarkable and fundamental difference between the nature of the antagonism which old-fashioned orthodoxy has to encounter to-day, and that which used to be its principal assailant. The sceptic, the metaphysician, the "infidel" have given way to the professional *savant*. Nobody now-a-days would trouble himself to read Tom Paine; hardly could even the scepticism of Hume or Gibbon attract much public attention. Auguste Comte has been an influence because he endeavored to construct as well as to destroy. I cannot speak of Comte without saying that Professor Huxley seems to me grievously, and almost perversely, to underrate the value of what Comte has done. Huxley has not, I fancy, given much attention to historical study, and is therefore not so well qualified to appreciate Comte as a much inferior man of a different school might be. Moreover, Huxley appears to have a certain professional, and I had almost said pedantic, contempt for anything calling itself science which cannot be rated and registered in the regular and practical way. To me Comte's one grand theory or discovery, call it what you will, seems, whether true or untrue, as strictly a question of science as anything coming under Huxley's own professional cognizance. But I have already intimated that the character of Huxley's intellect seems to me acute and penetrating, rather than broad and comprehensive. Perhaps he is all the better fitted for the work he and his compeers have undertaken to do. They have taken, in this regard, the place of the Rousseaus and Diderots; of the much smaller Paines and Carliles (please don't suppose I am alluding to Thomas Carlyle); of the yet smaller Holyoakes and Bradlaughs. Those only attempted to destroy: these seek to construct. Huxley and his brethren follow the advice which is the moral and the sum of Goethe's "Faust"—they "grasp into the present," and refuse to "send their thoughts wandering over eternities." They honestly and fearlessly seek the pure truth, which surely must be always saving. Let me say something more.

This advance-guard of scientific scholars alone express the common opinion of the educated and free Englishmen of to-day. The English journals, I wish distinctly to say, do not express it. They do not venture to express it. There is a tacit understanding that although it would be too much to expect an intelligent journalist to write up old-fashioned orthodoxy, yet at least he is never to be allowed to write it down. It is not very long since one of the most popular, successful and influential of London journals sneered at the Parliamentary candidature of my friend, Professor Fawcett, M. P., on the ground that he was a man who, as an advocate of the Darwinian theory, admitted that his great-grandfather was a frog. Yet I know that the journal which indulged in this vapid and vulgar buffoonery is written for by scholars and men of ability. Now, this is indeed an extreme and unusual instance of journalism, well cognizant of better things, condescending to pander to the lowest and stupidest prejudices. But the same kind of thing, although not the same thing, is done by London journals every day. You cannot hope to get at the religious views of cultivated and liberal-minded Englishmen through the London papers. "The right sort of thing to say," is what the journalists commit to print, whatever they may think, or know, or say as individuals and in private. But the scientific men speak out. They, and I might almost say they alone, have the courage of their opinions. What educated people venture to believe, they venture to express. Nor do they keep themselves to audiences of *savans* and professors and the British Association. Huxley delivers lectures to the working men of Southwark; Carpenter undertook Sunday evening discourses in Bloomsbury; Tyndall, with all the pugnacity of his country, is ready for a controversy anywhere. Sometimes the duty and honor of maintaining the right of free speech have been claimed by the journalists alone; sometimes, when even the journals were silent, by the pulpit, by the bar, or by the stage. In England to-day all men say aloud what they think on all great subjects save one—and on that neither pulpit, press, bar nor stage cares to speak the whole truth. The scientific men alone are bold enough to declare it, as they are resolute to seek it. I think history will hereafter contemplate this moral triumph as no less admirable, and no less remarkable, than any of their mere material conquests.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

TEN YEARS IN ROME.

THE PROPAGANDA—PRIVATE LIFE OF THE POPE.

WHEN I first beheld the lofty dome of St. Peter's across the Campagna, there came over me something of the enthusiasm of the pilgrim who first beholds the minarets of the Mosque of Omar on Zion. All that my youthful fancy had pictured of splendor and sanctity was, I imagined, to be found here. My companions in the *diligenza* did not seem so enthusiastic, and half commiserated my excitement by saying "He's very young."

The miseries to which travellers were subjected at this period (1855–6) on entering Rome, were more grievous, though less systematic, than at present. There was quite a race among the customs' officers at the Dogana to see who should first succeed in spoliation. The usual way was by pretending that the passport was not *en règle*. The miserable traveller, who was ill from want of rest and food, having been pent up three days and nights in a *coupé*, regarded this hesitation with horror. This was the cue for extra pressure. One or two ferocious-looking *gens d'armes* were called, who subjected the victim to a rigid and terrifying scrutiny. They compared the loose *signalement* of the passport with the portrait in flesh and blood before them. They produced photographs of miscreants, and tried to trace a resemblance. And when the traveller had been sufficiently terrified to be willing to make any sacrifice to get out of their clutches, he was taken aside and told that, although the plain duty of the speaker was to detain him for further investigation, yet, for a consideration, he would run the risk of letting him go. Then up came the *gens d'armes* for their share, and the traveller found himself lightened of several gold pieces.

For myself I was saved from this extortion by possessing a passport of the Papal Nuncio at Brussels, and being consigned to the Propaganda. A *fiacre* speedily deposited me in the Piazza di Spagna at the famous Missionary College. The porter, who was used to the arrival of foreigners from all parts of the world, merely received me in silence, addressing me after a close and deliberate scrutiny with the interrogatory, "German?" "No." "English?" "Yes." He then referred to a small note-book in which the students were entered by nationalities. Having added a one to the English total, he remarked, "Nine," which I found was the number of Irish, Scotch, and English students combined. This proceeding, which was scarcely less pleasant than the scrutiny at the Dogana, impressed me as cold and inhospitable. Alas! it was genial compared to what I have seen there. Poor youth fresh from loving homes, looking around for one glance of kindness from those who are learning the cheerless task of being as unlike nature as possible; ashamed of the tears which their sense of desolation called up involuntarily, and cruelly stung by the gibes of those who had gone through the process and learned to despise the agony they witnessed with keen enjoyment: these were the frequent experiences at the Propaganda.

I was left nearly an hour in a small, sparely-furnished room, containing a coarse wood-cut of St. Aloysius, the patron saint of Roman youth, an equally unskilful likeness of Pius VII., and a *prie-Dieu* with a crucifix and a violet stole upon it, showing it was used as a confessional. It was growing dark, and, under the gloom and loneliness, I felt my sanguine dreams of greatness sensibly dissipating into a consciousness of fatigue and hunger. I was beginning to re-

flect whether it would be rude to ring for a lamp, when the door opened and an English student entered. He proceeded to question me with the greatest rapidity, and seemed somewhat disappointed that I had no particular information to impart respecting his native place. He excused his inquisitiveness by informing me that no newspapers were allowed, and items of general intelligence were excised from all private letters. "Do they read your letters here, then?" I asked, in some surprise, for I imagined that sort of surveillance was peculiar to religious houses. "O yes," he replied: "it isn't pleasant, but it's good for humility." At this juncture supper was announced. It was eaten in silence, an extra plate being allowed me, as a guest. I was not permitted to see the famous missionary organiser, Monsignor, now Cardinal, Barnabo, until next day. We retired after supper to the chapel where *complin* was said, and a quarter of an hour allowed for examination of conscience. I was then conducted to a scantily-furnished bed-chamber just vacated by a young priest gone to Australia. There was little attempt to hide the ghastly and staring whiteness of the walls. Over the little truckle-bed was a holy-water stoup and a remnant of the last Palm Sunday in the shape of a little twig of olive. "*Iddio ci vede*"—"God seeth"—was inscribed in huge, fat, black letters on one side of the wall; three or four little religious pictures hung over the *prie-Dieu*, further adorned with a real skull. A tiny table, one chair, and a very primitive wash-stand completed the furniture. The brick floor, badly cemented, promised fleas, a prognostication amply realized. These industrious companions of my solitude were undoubtedly glad of a new occupant, for the Australian missionary had been too lean and wiry to furnish them much nutriment. I sat down to read my Breviary by the dim light of the oil lamp, in spite of my religious enthusiasm feeling somewhat dissatisfied with this first night in Rome.

Next morning I saw the Secretary. His Eminence, Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide (as he is *now*), is a short, firmly-built man, whose address impresses you at first very unfavorably. He is abrupt to his inferiors, and seemingly impatient of the time he bestows upon them. He once apologized for this to a bishop who mildly hinted that his manner was unpleasant, by saying—"A million of souls may be ruined while I am talking to you." No doubt the vast mission field directly under his supervision is so varying and important, that it must be a constant source of anxiety to him. I am sure he conscient ously acquits himself of his multifarious duties. He is bigoted, and by no means learned, but his organizing talent and business capacity are astonishing. He is a warm friend of the Jesuits, and coöperates with them in missionary enterprises. This experienced ecclesiastic soon satisfied himself as to my capabilities, and finding me likely to be useful proceeded to assign me an office. My joy was unbounded when I found that it was to be in the Vatican itself. To live under the same roof with His Holiness, within sound of the bells of St. Peter's, and among books and MSS., quite revived my dreaming. The Secretary was not averse to making others happy provided it cost nothing, and seemed gratified at my very hearty expressions of thankfulness. The clerical reader may wonder at this lack of what is called "proper spirit" in a priest. Let him be thankful if he is esteemed for his office, education, and manners. The days when priests carried her ladyship's lap dog, and were not permitted, as in the case of Bishop Hall, to sit above the salt, are again seen in Rome. A priest gain respect in Rome! Why, even a *bishop* is very small fry in the Holy City, and is scarcely noticed, as diocesans, used to every honor in their own country, find out speedily, to their great humiliation. Happy the prelate

who gets the distinction of "Assistant of the Pontifical throne." He may escape being ignored if he chances to carry the Pope's train. The *why* of all this is, there are too many unemployed priests, who win and deserve no respect whatever. The sacred office is easily entered, frequently by most unworthy persons, who appreciate nothing of its dignity and duties, and too frequently disgrace both. "Only a priest," might shock a devout Irishman, but it is a common expression of half contempt in Rome.

The latter part of the day was devoted to seeing St. Peter's. It would be superfluous to attempt to delineate the impressions created by a first sight of "this unrivalled ark of worship undefiled." The ecstasy of "Childe Harold" and "Corinne" are even tame to the glow of poetic rapture the devout Catholic feels. It is to him "a home of prayer and love, and full, harmonious praise," the enshrining of a presence too awful for description. Yet, I was shocked at the loathsome beggars, at the flippant priests, at the people who had evidently made it a rendezvous, and, above all, at the careless manner in which the canons were reciting vespers. They chatted, read a newspaper, took snuff, and seemed indescribably bored by the whole affair. We issued forth into the open air, and came upon a procession of the dead. The confraternity of the dead, in their black masks, with white skull and cross bones embroidered on their breasts, looked especially hideous. There were six large torches carried beside the bier, and small urchins were collecting the dripping wax in pieces of paper, for what purpose I never learned. The "de profundis" was chanted in a singularly lugubrious tone, and altogether I never experienced a greater horror of death than at this sight. How unlike is this to the spirit breathed from the memories of the Catacombs, where death is spoken of as a blissful repose, and the grave as a "bed." There the gloom of the grave is swallowed up in the glory of immortality.

Next morning I was introduced to the major-domo of the Apostolical Palace. Monsignor, now Cardinal, Borromeo was then a very handsome personage. With the loftiness characteristic of the clerical dignitaries of Rome, he yet possesses a magnanimity of disposition which has made the name of his sainted ancestor, St. Charles Borromeo, distinguished in the records of philanthropy. My work lay in the library of the Sacred Congregation of the Index Expurgatorius, a body, as the reader well knows, which decides on the moral and theological character of books, and exercises a veto upon such as are considered to be directly hurtful to the Catholic faith, or, being inoffensive in themselves, are written by those who are declared or presumed enemies of the Church.

But other duties introduced me directly to the Holy Father, who takes the liveliest interest in everything English. The first time I was thus introduced was quite accidental. I had been translating passages from English journals for the perusal of His Holiness, and was allowed to carry my work to him in person, in case he should desire to ask any questions.

And here let me tell what I learned then and afterward of the life of the Pope.

Those who see the Pope in state can form very little idea of the simplicity in which the Pontiff lives. The "King of Italy" lives worse than a denizen of a third-rate boarding house in New York. The furniture of the Pitti Palace would be despised by a Canal-street broker, and a dry-goods clerk would disdain the horrible Milanese cigars which his Majesty is eternally smoking. All of which is not generally known, and is very commendable, because it is done for economy and to save the impoverished exchequer. Yet there is no reason why the Pope should not live in style becoming a king, but his own dislike of pomp and naturally simple tastes. Leaving the gilded saloons of the show part of the

palace, you pass through a door carefully guarded by two of the noble guard with drawn swords. A small passage conducts to the guards' waiting room, where orderlies and officers in waiting attend. Another room is allotted to the groom of the chambers, a prelate in his violet robes. The next is the antechamber where the Monsignori, private chamberlains of his Holiness, are in attendance. You tap at the next door, and it is opened by another Monsignor, who, assured of your right of *entrée*, lifts a silk curtain and you are in the presence. The room strikes you as singularly bare. There is no carpet on the stone floor, the articles of furniture are few and by no means costly. There is a large bookcase filled with works mostly bound in parchment. A *prie-Dieu* with a velvet cushion, an exquisite little Madonna by Canova, in alabaster, on a bracket, stands over the *prie-Dieu*, and a well-worn, commonly-bound book of hours lies on the ledge of the *prie-Dieu*, together with a crucifix and reliquary, and a common rosary. There is a little china holy-water stoup at the door; an exceedingly fine portrait of the Pope hangs over the mantle shelf, on which there is a time-piece of the Louis Quinze period, in ormolu, and two statuettes, of St. Joseph and the Good Shepherd. There are no curtains to the windows, which overlook the Vatican garden. In the centre of the apartment is a large writing desk such as stands in the private cabinet of Louis XIV. at Versailles. It has two large compartments, filled with pigeon-holes, in which are bundles of papers. A crucifix stands between these compartments, with the wounds and agony of the Redeemer finely painted and awfully real. The inkstand is a very common one of china, with a pouncet box to match; a bundle of quills lies near it, and a piece of soiled rag, on which pens have been wiped this many a day. A few books of devotion are also there. They are "The Imitation," Scupoli's "Spiritual Combat," "Devotions of St. Francis de Sales," a Breviary, a Bible, Rodriguez's "Spiritual Perfection," Signori's "Glories of Mary," "Life of St. Theresa," etc. There is a pile of French journals, the "Revue des Duex Mondes," the "Civilta Cattolico," and other Italian papers. His Holiness sits in an arm chair, not meriting the title of *easy*, for it cruelly terminates in the middle of his back, and is rigidly constructed without regard to comfort. He is attired in a simple cassock of white flannel, with no insignia of rank about it except his episcopal ring. His head is covered with a white skull cap. He has been reading, and beside his open book is a common metal snuff-box and—let not my lady readers be horrified—a common red cotton handkerchief. Having made the usual reverences on my knees, he motioned me to approach. As I recall now the effect produced upon me by that interview, I do not wonder that half-fanatical young men, fresh from college, should yearn to die in his defense, as of old the Christian panted for the crown of martyrdom. You feel, if a Catholic, that you are in the presence of a saintly person, into which the jarring discords of the world do not enter. Childlike in his innocence of its vileness, and diffusing an atmosphere of benignity wherever he comes, the venerable Pope cannot fail to impress any one who enters his presence, be he Catholic or Protestant. The large, fair face is less furrowed than that of men of half his years, yet his pontificate has been most eventful. He speaks, and you at once perceive that innate refinement which makes him try to remove diffidence by condescension untinged by patronage, and paternal gentleness that removes restraint. Like many another sovereign, he takes interest in seemingly trifling objects. Numerous instances of this are told in Rome. He was once accosted by a poor woman who, at the risk of being run through, thrust herself into his presence. She was a laundress, and in great distress. The Pope inquired into all her details, and

then asked if she had prayed to the Blessed Virgin for help. "That I have," said she, "night and day to send me clothes to wash." "Well," said the Pope, smiling, "it will come, my child, and when it comes you'll want soap; there's a scudi to buy some." Then, to stop the woman's boisterous thanks, he asked a Monsignor if he had ever been aware how much soap was required to wash a shirt. When some laborers implored him to help them, saying the Cardinal P—— had refused them, he ordered money to be given them out of his privy purse, and told them to go again to the Cardinal, who would reconsider his decision. When his biography is written, a story known well in Rome by both friends and foes will find a place. When he was Cardinal Ferretti, he was deeply interested in the career of a young man who had got involved in republican politics and was imprisoned. Those who remember Count Mastai Ferretti as a military officer, recall a certain spice of wildness, which might have ended in rakishness in others, but in him has sobered down to a fondness for quiet joking, and a mild judgment of this foible in others. Perhaps he felt a kindred feeling for the prisoner. Even then he used to put on the ordinary black cassock and cloak of a common priest and visit prisons and hospitals. He did this long after he became Pope. He visited the young man in his apparently hopeless captivity. The Pope, Gregory XVI., was inflexible, and his minister, Lambruschini, was an utter unbeliever in clemency. All the visitor could do was to extend consolation, which even to him seemed hollow. Suddenly, ere the death knells had scarce died away for Gregory, the cannon of St. Angelo announced the election of his successor. It was Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, whose first use of his new power was to carry in person, dressed as of yore like a simple priest, a full pardon for the prisoner. The man is attached to the Pope's suite now.

No one has ever seen the Pope angry, they say; if he feels a disposition that way (and very likely, being mortal, he has his passions), he requests to be left alone. His idea of these things is very severe. "What is ungentlemanly in a layman is indecorous in a priest; what is indecorous in a priest is a mortal sin in a pope." In the same spirit, no light conversation could be indulged in before him. Queen Mary II. of England reproved scandal-mongers by asking them if they had read her favorite sermon by Archbishop Tillotson on "Evil Speaking." The Pope would silence such persons by a look. A prince of sovereign rank once indulged in the usual court conversation on men and things, in his accustomed satirical strain, when suddenly the Pope exclaimed, "Monsignor, let us say three Ave Marias." The Prince took the hint at once.

The Holy Father attributes all his success in life to the especial patronage of the Blessed Virgin. He therefore considers himself bound to honor her in a signal way. He habitually speaks of her as "my mother," and kisses her picture with the utmost devoutness. In health the Pope is generally sound. His physician prescribed billiards, some time ago, but the illustrious patient presented a table to one of the colleges and let the students use it, archly remarking, "Their young legs can get round it better." The Pope rises between six and seven. He is assisted in his toilet by one of his chamberlains and then left to his private devotions. He then says Mass, or attends it, generally the former. Then he spends half an hour at his thanksgiving, and subsequently breakfasts on what the Romans call "mistio," that is, half coffee, half chocolate, and French rolls, with a glass of lemonade. He then gives private audience to the Cabinet, or goes out to some church in state. He dines at one, when his bill of fare is not very *recherché*. Soup, an *entrée*, plate of vegetables, a roast—generally the young lambs peculiar to Rome and about the size of hares—a salad, occasionally

a little game, sweets, of which he is very fond, especially clotted cream—and a cup of coffee. His beverage is a light Italian wine. He takes his *siesta* after dinner, then rides, sometimes stopping the carriage to walk a little. He invariably calls at some church on his way, to visit the sacrament. He takes a slight collation at eight, and retires before ten. He always has a drawer full of mementoes, such as rosaries and medals, to distribute to visitors. He goes to confession once every week; keeps Lent stricter than one half the ordinary clergy; observes all festivals, and is bountiful in alms. He does not interfere in the least in secular matters. And the Cardinal Minister leaves all religious matters to him, as he observed respecting the declaration of the Immaculate Conception, "*pour s'amuser.*'

Only those who have had frequent opportunities of closely observing the Pope can distinguish his real character from that attributed to him by obsequious flatterers. Moreover, the Holy Father has himself no mean opinion of his merits. A journalist of the "Univers" once received from him a portrait accompanied by his autograph. The Holy Father had read a rather fulsome laudation of his character written by this gentleman, and, alluding to it, said, "I have no reason to thank you, yet I do commend you *for speaking the truth.*" He honestly believes all that is written in his praise. Courtly persons flatter him egregiously, as, for instance, a recent writer in the "Weekly Register," who proposed to style the Pope, "*Pius the Great,*" a proposition improved upon by another Roman Catholic writer, in New York, who remarked that, since "*Great*" was a title frequently bestowed in history upon individuals who were really great in evil only, the Pope should be called "*Pius the Seraphic.*" This is in allusion to the cordon of St. Francis of Assisi, called "the seraphic," which the Holy Father wears next the skin. This cord, which resembles that worn outside their brown frocks by the Franciscans, but of finer quality, is woven of three strands, emblematical of faith, hope and charity, and has three knots at its end, indicative of poverty, charity and obedience. Its possession entails some little mortifications and alms deeds, and is supposed by the pious Catholic to preserve the wearer from impure thoughts and sins that defile the body: he is under the special protection of St. Francis. Doubtless his Holiness does not consider himself less blessed by it than much inferior persons, who attribute the greatest virtues to it. If the Pope said it had made him as holy as St. Francis is reported to have been, would any devout Roman Catholic venture to deny it? Certainly not the Franciscans.

It might be inferred by a close reasoner that the very little pains he takes to conceal the fact, proves that his vanity is unwitting. It may arise indeed from a conscientious conviction that what would be vanity in one less exalted is proper dignity in himself. But little things are great indications of character. The late Duke de Morny augured most important things from the way Napoleon twirled his mustache. Numerous persons remember the remark of the Pope when a late celebrated painter presented him an outline of a full-length portrait, "O the hands, my son! they are monstrous; see how well-made and small mine are really." Now a man may be pronounced vain of anything he is particularly fond of showing off. With some it is the hair, or mustache; with others boots; while another class glory in hats or trowsers. With the Pope it is the hand. His certainly indicates good blood, according to the Belgravian standard, for it is small, plump, and very white. A superb Episcopal ring (not the famous "Fisherman's ring" under which all official bulls must be signed to be in form), but composed of a large round hoop of diamonds and a very large and brilliant

ruby, further sets it off. He uses it most gracefully and (without being conscious) with an eye to effect. These trifling indications of vanity would not be worth our notice but for the fact that, proving that the Holy Father has this foible, a great many things are thereby explained.

He is fond of comparing his reign with that of previous pontiffs. Yet the state of Rome under his rule has deteriorated far more than at any previous period. The political condition of Rome is very little understood, even by those who reside there, and almost always misrepresented in foreign journals. The London "Times" is represented by a pervert from the English Church devoted to the Jesuit interest. The leading London Romanist journal, the "Weekly Register," is edited by the brother of an Anglican bishop, also a pervert, and fiercely devoted to Papal interests. In New York, the "Freeman's Journal," also edited by a pervert, is preëminently bitter and acrimonious. The "Ami de Religion," in Paris, the "Civilta Cattolico," in Italy, are edited by Jesuits. Thus it is extremely easy to regulate the quality of public information on Roman matters. To believe these papers is to ignore palpable facts. The visitor to Rome, absorbed in sight-seeing, forms very inadequate ideas of society. He is introduced, perhaps, to a few eminent ecclesiastics and noble families, from whom he learns to regard the populace as really content, but occasionally goaded to resentment by demagogues. He is wholly unacquainted with the cause of all the squalor and filth he sees, the depravity and vice that shock him. He is told that natural laziness, the love of the *far niente*, is the cause of all.

What are the facts? The constantly-recurring wants of a needy and luxurious court, compel the Minister to increase taxation. Every article of native manufacture is exorbitantly taxed. Some trades are abandoned because they cannot afford to pay the imposts. A salt-works on the Tiber, below the Ponte Rolto, was thus abandoned. Mosaics, cameos, *objets de vertu*, silk scarfs, and embroidery, religious trinkets, and vestments are the staple commodities of Rome. All these, with every kind of foreign importation, are amazingly dear. The struggle for existence is very sharp. It is extremely doubtful whether large numbers could carry it on at all, but for the visitors. Fifty thousand persons, on an average, annually visit Rome. They are mostly of the wealthy class, and prices run up enormously on their arrival. A miserable, ill-furnished cupboard lets at a higher rental than a handsome pair of rooms in Pall Mall. It is calculated by hotel-keepers, lodging-houses, ciceroni, modistes, etc., that enough will be made from Christmas to Easter to keep them comfortably for the rest of the year.

Then as to education, it is exclusively in the hands of the Jesuits. They rule all the classes in the Collegio Romano and the Sapienza, beside smaller schools. The quality of their teaching gives them preëminence. But along with secular education, a Jesuit never loses sight of one grand duty, the same that led his founder to originate free schools—the enlargement of the influence of his order. The Roman men have become, for years past, open infidels. Distrusting the influence of the confessional and the morality of priests, they quarrel with their wives who frequent it, and finally distrust them as dangerous. The disregard of the sacredness of the marriage tie, the prevalence of abominable crimes, the frequency of assassinations, are sufficient indications of the state of society. There is, also, an unwillingness on the part of many to do anything while the present *régime* lasts. They believe it to be but temporary. The presence of the French and the fanatical Zouaves is a constant reminder of their secret

pledge to free Rome. In the heart of the city there exists a body of men more powerful than Antonelli, the French commandant, and the entire police of Monte Citorio. These latter know of its existence, know that it alone sways the *wills* of the people, and yet they cannot reach it. When the Minister wished to give the lie to reports that stated how depressed the Romans were, and got up extensive preparations for the Carnival—in the night, placards (by whom written, printed and posted no one knew) appeared on the walls of Rome, calling on the citizens to refrain. And the mirth-loving *contadini*, and the citizens also, gave up their *fête* in silent obedience. Worse than all, the authorities are in constant doubt of each other. Who is it reveals this carefully-guarded State secret! Who reveals such accurate information of the Privy Council? Where is the traitor?

It is plain, therefore, to every one who knows Rome intimately, that the complacency with which the Pope regards his reign is due to self-deceit, and is another evidence of his ignorance of affairs and his sublime faith in himself.

The Pope, considering himself under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin, glories in the fact that the "Immaculate Conception" will ever be associated with his reign. There is a marble tablet erected on your right hand as you enter St. Peter's, near the chair of St. Peter, in the sacrarium proper, bearing the names of the prelates who coöperated in the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception. Once the Pontiff pointed to this when speaking to Francis II., ex-King of Naples, and said, "present generations point to this" (meaning St. Peters) "as the monument of Leo Magnus, but future ones will point to that stone as mine." He has a reliquary with an exquisite painting of the Madonna of the Rosary on the reverse side, which he believes has special virtues. He presents it for the reverential kiss of intimate friends, and lays it on their foreheads, in much the same way as a peasant lays his forehead on the bronze toes of the statue of St. Peter. He calls the Virgin "*madre mia*," and, in the public services of the Sistine Chapel, the most gorgeous selection of music is made for the *Salve Regina*, for which he has special devotion. It is recorded that once, when the Minister went to him with a most momentous financial question, he replied, "let us say a *Salve Regina*." When on his rare walks, the suite is obliged to group round and uncover to say a *Salve Regina* before every image of the Madonna they pass.

He never fails to show on all occasions that he considers *himself* as sole judge of what is right in things ecclesiastical. A trifling incident once proved this, which I myself saw. The German College presented him with a most elaborate stole of cloth of silver, richly embroidered in gold and pearls, with his arms in colors. It was Paschal time, during which the rubric prescribes that the Pope must, *de rigeur*, wear white. The prevailing hue of the stole was red, manufactured of that gorgeous tissue I have seen nowhere else but at Rome, where colors are blended with silver and gold. Consequently the collegians were deprived of the pleasure of seeing him bless the stole and put it on. He quickly perceived their chagrin and said, "I'll dispense the Pope," and put it on forthwith. When the Holy Father is in doubt as to a course of action, he prays to his patron, the Virgin. Then whatever comes into his mind afterward, that appears at all equal to the occasion, he regards as inspiration.

The *non possumus* reveals another human trait in the Pope's character. Even those who knew him before he ever dreamt of the tiara have always spoken of him as self-willed. The late Cardinal d'Andrea used to say, "A less obstinate man would yield for the good of his country." Cardinal Antonelli has said,

"The Pope's firmness is our safety." It is true, the *non possumus* may be the refuge of an *entêté* superstition and wilful blindness to good. But in this case it is the enunciation of a conviction. The Pope's idea of his prerogative is most exalted. He never loses sight of it, and the prestige of it influences his lightest actions. What might be arrogancy in a mere prince of second rank he considers as more than proper in the Vicar of Jesus Christ. This accounts for his rigid observance of etiquette. The Grand Llama of Thibet is not more carefully guarded from intrusion. The three prostrations, the kissing of the feet, are all rigidly exacted. But it is in greater matters still that the obstinacy of the Pope's character is most seen. The principle of the Papacy is *immutability*. No text is so frequently quoted there as that which forms the inscription of Michael Angelo's dome. The Pontiff glories in this immutability. Every prelate and preacher of note eulogizes it. They point to the shifting centuries, with their constant changes and novelties, and say, "The church remains." There is no elasticity or adaptability in her. It is the nations that must yield, not she. The Pope firmly believes this. Another illustration of his *firmness* may be cited. He is believed to have been, in his early life, a Freemason. Yet, in the letter to the Archbishop of Paris, he denounces them in unmeasured terms. On all occasions he inveighs against them. The reason is that Freemasons never confess their secret even in confessional. The unknown is always exaggerated; and in the mind of the Pontiff the Freemasons stand accused of diabolical crimes. No representations could change these opinions, though they have often been given from influential quarters.

There has been no Pope since Pius IV. who has added so much to the received faith of Christendom. His enunciations are frequently very weak and contradictory one of the other. The Jesuits have always got over these discrepancies by distinguishing between the statements of the Pope *ex cathedra* and his statements as a private doctor. But the *personal* infallibility will destroy this evasion. I say this, despite the windy reply of the "Freeman's Journal" to the "Church Monthly." If the Pope is declared personally infallible, who shall say when he ceases to be so? Can it be logically argued that he does at any time cease to sit in St. Peter's chair, or be Pope?

There is no one who would sooner repudiate the dictum of the "Freeman's Journal" on this point than the Pope himself.

To sum up this paper: Here is, in some respects, the foremost man of his times, not by personal greatness, but by official position. His character is spotless and amiable, generous and kindly, sympathising with suffering, lenient to error, bountiful to need. A prince whose rule has been disastrous to his subjects, but who, nevertheless, has retained their love as "the good old man." Vain, yet not wounding others by his vanity. A liberal patron of art and science, and—according to *his* idea of it—of education. A limited theologian, yet propounding such knotty enigmas to students as perhaps ten generations will not solve. Causing the Papacy to excite universal wonder and attention even in the decline and almost fall of its national prestige. Littleness and greatness, vanity and humility, generosity and self-love, large-heartedness and obstinacy: these and many more contradictions make up the Pope's character. When he dies, he will be pardoned by the people who have most suffered from the errors of his reign, for the sake of the good he promised to do, and might once have done.

THE OLD ADMIRAL.

GONE at last,
That brave old hero of the Past!
His spirit has a second birth,
An unknown, grander life;—
All of him that was earth
Lies mute and cold,
Like a wrinkled sheath and old
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade
That has good entrance made
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;
The morn and noontide of the nation
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame—
Oh, not outlived his fame!
The dauntless men whose service guards our shore
Lengthen still their glory-roll
With his name to lead the scroll,
As a flagship at her fore
Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,
Symbol of times that are no more
And the old heroic wars.

He was the one
Whom Death had spared alone
Of all the captains of that lusty age,
Who sought the foeman where he lay,
On sea or sheltering bay,
Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.
They are gone—all gone:
They rest with glory and the undying Powers;
Only their name and fame and what they saved are ours!

It was fifty years ago,
Upon the Gallic Sea,
He bore the banner of the free,
And fought the fight whereof our children know.
The deathful, desperate fight!—
Under the fair moon's light
The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.
Every broadside swept to death a score!
Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery ensigns fell,
Neither foe replying more.
All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,
Old Ironsides rested there,

Locked in between the twain, and drenched with blood.
Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!
O, it was a gallant fray,
That fight in Biscay Bay!
Fearless the Captain stood, in his youthful hardihood:
He was the boldest of them all,
Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,
Taught by that olden deed.
Whether of iron or of oak
The ships we marshal at our country's need—
Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;
Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast
As in the stormy Past.

Lay him in the ground:
Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.
Lay him gently down:
The clamor of the town
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful ripe sleep
Of this lion of the wave,
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.
Methinks his stately shade
On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore;
Over cloudless western seas
Seeks the far Hesperides,
The islands of the blest,
Where no turbulent billows roar—
Where is rest.
His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands
Nearing the deathless lands.
There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,
Await his coming long.
I see the happy Heroes rise
With gratulation in their eyes:
"Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries;
"Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars!
Who win the glory and the scars?
How floats the skyey flag—how many stars?
Still speak they of Decatur's name,
Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame?
Of me, who earliest came?
Make ready, all:
Room for the Admiral!
Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

By Charles Reade,
Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"'DOCTOR,' said Mr. Carden, "you are an old friend, and a discreet man; I will confide the truth to you."

"You may save yourself the trouble. I have watched the whole progress of this amour up to the moment when you gave them the advantage of your paternal wisdom, and made them both miserable."

"It is very unreasonable of them, to be miserable."

"Oh, lovers parted could never yet make themselves happy with reason.'

"But why do you say parted? All I said was 'no engagement till you can make a settlement: and don't compromise her in the meanwhile.' I did not mean to interdict occasional visits."

"Then why not say so? That is so like people. You made your unfavorable stipulation plain enough; but the little bit of comfort, you left that in doubt. This comes of not putting yourself in his place. I have had a talk with him about it, and he thinks he is not to show his face here till he is rich enough to purchase your daughter of you."

"But I tell you that he has misunderstood me."

"Then write to him and say so."

"No, no; you take an opportunity to let him know he has really rather overrated my severity, and that I trust to his honor, and do not object to a visit—say once a week."

"It is a commission I will undertake with pleasure."

"And do you really think that will do her bodily health any good?"

Before Doctor Amboyne could reply, the piano was suddenly touched in the next room, and a sweet voice began to sing a cheerful melody. "Hush!" said Doctor Amboyne. "Surely I know that tune. Yes, I have heard *the other* whistle it."

"She has not sung for ever so long," remarked Mr. Carden.

"And I think I can tell you why she is singing now: look at this picture of Hope; I just told her I had a male patient afflicted with her complaint, and the quick-witted creature asked me directly if I thought this picture would do him any good. I said yes, and I'd take it to him."

"Come, doctor, that couldn't make her *sing*."

"Why not? Heart can speak to heart, even by a flower, or a picture. The separation was complete; sending this symbol has broken it a little, and so she is singing. This is a lesson for us ruder and less subtle spirits. Now mind, thwarted love seldom kills a busy man; but it often kills an idle woman, and your daughter is an idle woman. He is an iron pot, she is a china vase. Please don't hit them too hard with the hammer of paternal wisdom, or you will dent my iron pot, and break your china vase to atoms."

Having administered this warning, Doctor Amboyne went straight from

Woodbine Villa to Little's factory; but Little was still in London; he had gone there to take out patents. Bayne promised to send the doctor a line immediately on his return. Nevertheless, a fortnight elapsed, and then Doctor Amboyne received a short mysterious line to tell him Mr. Little had come home, and would be all the better of a visit. On receipt of this the doctor went at once to the works, and found young Little lying on his carpenter's bench in a sort of gloomy apathy. "Hallo!" said the doctor, in his cheerful way, "why what's the matter now?"

"I'm fairly crushed," groaned the inventor.

"And what has crushed you?"

"The roundabout swindle."

"There, now, he invents words as well as things. Come, tell me all about the roundabout swindle."

"No; no, I haven't the heart left to go through it all again, even in words. One would think an inventor was the enemy of the human race. Yes, I will tell you; the sight of you has revived me a bit; it always does. Well then, you know I am driven to invention now; it is my only chance: and, ever since Mr. Carden spoke to me, I have given my whole soul to the best way of saw-grinding by machinery. The circular saws beat me, for a while, but I mastered them: see, there's the model. I'm going to burn it this very afternoon. Well, a month ago, I took the other model—the long saw-grinder—up to London, to patent the invention, as you advised me. I thought I'd just have to exhibit the model, and lodge the description in some Government office, and pay a fee, of course, to some swell, and so be quit of it. Lord bless you—first I had to lay the specification before the Court of Chancery, and write a petition to the Queen, and pay, and, what is worse, wait. When I had paid, and waited, I got my petition signed, not by the Queen, but by some Go-between, and then I must take it to the Attorney-General. He made me pay—and wait. When I had waited ever so long, I was sent back to where I had come from—the Home Office. But even then I could not get to the Queen. Another of her Go-betweens nailed me, and made me pay, and wait: these locusts steal your time as well as your money. At last, a copy of a copy of a copy of my patent got to the Queen, and she signed it like a lady at once, and I got it back. Then I thought I was all right. Not a bit of it; the Queen's signature wasn't good till another of her Go-betweens had signed it. I think it was the Home Secretary this time. This Go-between bled me again, and sent me, with my hard-earned signatures, to the Patent Office. There they drafted, and copied, and docketed, and robbed me of more time and money. And, when all was done, I had to take the document back to one of the old Go-betweens that I hoped I had worn out, the Attorney-General. He signed, and bled me out of some more money. From him to the other Go-betweens at Whitehall. From them to the Stamp Office, if I remember right, and, oh Lord, didn't I fall among leeches there? They drafted, they copied, they engrossed, they juggled me out of time and money without end. The first leech was called the Lord Keeper of the Seal; the second leech was called the Lord Chancellor; it was some Go-between that acted in his name: the third leech was the Clerk of the Patents. They demanded more copies, and then employed more Go-betweens to charge ten times the value of a copy, and nailed the balance, no doubt. 'Stand and deliver thirty pounds for this stamp.' 'Stand and deliver to me that call myself the Chancellor's purse-bearer—and there's no such creature—two guineas.' 'Stand and deliver seven, thirteen, to the clerk of the Hanaper'—and there's no such thing as a Hanaper. 'Stand

and deliver three, five,' to a Go-between that calls himself the Lord Chancellor again, and isn't. 'Stand and deliver six, nought,' to a Go-between that acts for the deputy, that ought to put a bit of sealing-wax on the patent, but hasn't the brains to do it himself, so you must pay *me* a fancy price for doing it, and then I won't do it; it will be done by a clerk at twenty-five shillings a week And, all this time, mind you, no disposition to soften all this official peculation by civility; no misgiving that the next wave of civilization may sweep all these Go-betweens and leeches out of the path of progress; no, the deputy-vice-Go-betweens all scowled, as well as swindled: they broke my heart so, often I sat down in their antechambers, and the scalding tears ran down my cheeks, at being pillaged of my time, as well as my money, and treated like a criminal—for what? For being, in my small way, a national benefactor."

"Ay," said the Doctor, "you had committed the crime of Brains; and the worse crime of declining to be starved in return for them. I don't rebel against the fees so much: their only fault is that they are too heavy, since the monopoly they profess to secure is short-lived, and yet not very secure; the Lord Chancellor, as a judge, has often to upset the patent which he has sold in another character. But that system of go-betweens, and deputy-go-betweens, and deputy-lieutenant go-betweens, and of nobody doing his own business in matters of State, it really is a national curse, and a great blot upon the national intellect. It is a disease; so let us name it. We doctors are great at naming diseases; greater than at curing them.

Let us call it VICARIA,
This English malaria.

Of this vicaria, the loss of time and money you have suffered is only one of the fruits, I think."

"All I know is, they made my life hell for more than a month; and if I have ever the misfortune to invent anything more, I'll keep it to myself. I'll hide it, like any other crime. But no; I never will invent another thing: never, never."

"Stuff! Methinks I hear a duck abjure natation. You can't help inventing."

"I will help it. What, do you think I'll be such an ass as to have Brains in a country where Brains are a crime. Doctor, I'm in despair."

"Then it is time to cast your eyes over this little picture."

The inventor turned the little picture listlessly about. "It is a woman, with an anchor. It's a figure of Hope."

"Beautifully painted, is it not?"

"The tints are well laid on: but, if you'll excuse me, it is rather flat." He laid the picture down, and turned away from it. "Ah, Hope, my lass, you've come to the wrong shop."

"Not she. She was painted expressly for you, and by a very beautiful girl."

"Oh, Doctor, not by—"

"Yes; she sends it you."

"Ah!" And he caught Hope up, and began to devour her with kisses, and his eyes sparkled finely.

"I have some good news, too, for you. Mr. Carden tells me he never intended to separate you entirely from his daughter. If you can be moderate, discreet, old before your time, etc., and come only about once a week, and not compromise her publicly, you will be as welcome as ever."

"That *is* good news, indeed. I'll go there this very day; and I'll patent the circular saw."

"There's a *non sequitur* for you!"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. Why, even the Queen's Go-betweens will never daunt me, now I can go and drink love and courage direct from *her* eyes; nothing can chill nor discourage me now. I'll light my forge again, and go to work, and make a few sets of carving tools, and that will pay the Go-betweens for patenting my circular saw-grinder. But first I'll put on my coat and go to heaven."

"Had you not better postpone that till the end of your brilliant career as an inventor and a lover?"

"No; I thirst for heaven, and I'll drink it." So he made his toilet, thanked and blessed the good doctor, and off to Woodbine Villa.

Grace Carden saw him coming, and opened the door to him herself, red as scarlet, and her eyes swimming. She scarcely made an effort to contain herself this time, and when she got him into the drawing-room all to herself, she cried, for joy and tenderness, on his shoulder; and it cost him a gulp or two, I can tell you: and they sat hand in hand, and were never tired of gazing at each other: and the hours flew by unheeded. All their trouble was as though it had never been. Love brightened the present, the future, and even the past. He did not tell Grace one word of what he had suffered from Vicaria—I thank thee, Doctor, for teaching me that word—it had lost all interest to him. Love and happiness had annihilated its true character—like the afternoon sun gilding a far-off pigsty.

He did mention the subject, however, but it was in these terms: "And, dearest, I'm hard at work inventing, and I patent all my inventions; so I hope to satisfy your father before two years."

And Grace said, "Yes; but don't overwork your poor brain, and worry yourself. I am yours in heart, and that is something, I hope. I know it is to me; I wouldn't change with any wife in Christendom."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT the end of two months the situation of affairs was as follows:

Grace Carden received a visit every week from Henry, and met him now and then at other houses: she recovered her health and spirits, and, being of a patient sex, was quite contented, and even happy. Frederick Coventry visited her often, and she received his visits quite graciously, now that the man she loved was no longer driven from her. She even pitied him, and was kind to him, and had misgivings that she had used him ill. This feeling he fostered, by a tender, dejected, and inoffensive manner. Boiling with rage inside, this consummate actor had the art to feign resignation; whereas, in reality, he was secretly watching for an opportunity to injure his rival. But no such opportunity came.

Little, in humble imitation of his sovereign, had employed a Go-between to employ a Go-between, to deal with the State Go-betweens and deputy Go-betweens that hampered the purchase—the word "grant" is out of place, bleeding is no boon—of a patent from the crown, and by this means, he had done, in sixty days, what a true inventor will do in twenty-four hours, whenever the various metallic ages shall be succeeded by the age of reason; he had secured

his two saw-grinding inventions, by patent, in Great Britain, the Canadas, and the United States of America. He had another invention perfected; it was for forging axes and hatchets by machinery: but this he did not patent: he hoped to find his remuneration in the prior use of it for a few months. Mere priority is sometimes a great advantage in this class of invention, and there are no fees to pay for it, nor deputy lieutenant vice-Go-betweens' antechambers for genius to cool its heels and heart in.

But one thing soon became evident. He could not work his inventions without a much larger capital.

Dr. Amboyne and he put their heads together over this difficulty, and the doctor advised him in a more erudite style than usual.

"True invention," said he, "whether literary or mechanical, is the highest and hardest effort of the mind. It is an operation so absorbing, that it often weakens those pettier talents, which make what we call the clever man. Therefore the inventor should ally himself with some person of talent and energy, but no invention. Thus supported, he can have his fits of abstraction, his headaches, his heart-aches, his exultations, his depressions, and no harm done; his dogged associate will plough steadily on all the time. So, after all, your requiring capital is no great misfortune; you must look out for a working capitalist. No sleeping partner will serve your turn; what you want is a good, rich, vulgar, energetic man, the pachydermatouser the better."

Henry acted on this advice, and went to London in search of a moneyed partner. Oh then it was he learned—

The hell it is in suing long to bide.

He found capitalists particularly averse to speculate in a patent. It took him many days to find out what moneyed men were open to that sort of thing at all; and, when he got to them, they were cold. They had all been recently bitten by hare-brained inventors.

Then he represented that it was a matter of judgment, and offered to prove by figures, that his saw-grinding machines must return three hundred per cent. Those he applied to would not take the trouble to study his figures. In other words he came at the wrong time. And the wrong time is as bad as the wrong thing, or worse. Take a note of that please: and then forget it.

At last he gave up London in despair, and started for Birmingham.

The train stopped at Tring, and, as it was going on again, a man ran toward the third-class carriage Little was seated in. One of the servants of the company tried to stop him, very properly. He struggled with that official, and eventually shook him off. Meantime the train was accelerating its pace. In spite of that, this personage made a run and a bound, and, half leaping, half scrambling, got his head and shoulders over the door, and there oscillated, till Little grabbed him with both hands, and drew him powerfully in, and admonished him. "That is a fool-hardy trick, sir, begging your pardon."

"Young man," panted the invader, "do you know who you're a speaking to?"

"No. The Emperor of China?"

"No such trash; it's Ben Bolt, a man that's bad to beat."

"Well, you'll get beat some day, if you go jumping in and out of trains in motion."

"A many have been killed that way," suggested a huge woman in the corner, with the meekest and most timid voice imaginable.

Mr. Bolt eyed the speaker with a humorous glance. "Well, if I'm ever killed that way, I'll send you a letter by the post. Got a sweetheart, ma'am?"

"I've got a good husband, sir," said she, with mild dignity, and pointed to a thin, sour personage opposite, with his nose in a newspaper. Deep in some public question, he ignored this little private inquiry.

"That's unlucky," said Bolt, "for here am I, just landed from Victoria, and money in both pockets. And where do you think I am going now? to Chester, to see my father and mother, and show them I was right after all. They wanted me to go to school; I wouldn't. Leathered me; I howled, but wouldn't spell; I was always bad to beat. Next thing was, they wanted to make a tanner of me. I wouldn't. 'Give me fifty pounds and let me try the world,' says I. *They* wouldn't. We quarrelled. My uncle interfered one day, and gave me fifty pounds. 'Go to the devil,' said he, 'if you like; so as you don't come back.' I went to Sydney, and doubled my fifty; got a sheep-run, and turned my hundred into a thousand. Then they found gold, and that brought up a dozen ways of making money, all of 'em better than digging. Why, ma'am, I made ten thousand pounds by selling the beastliest lemonade you ever tasted, for gold-dust at the mines. That was a good swop, wasn't it? So now I'm come home to see if I can stand the old country and its ways; and I'm going to see the old folk. I haven't heard a word about them this twenty years."

"Oh, dear, sir," said the meek woman, "twenty years is a long time. I hope you won't find them dead an' buried."

"Don't say that; don't say that!" And the tough, rough man showed a grain of feeling. He soon recovered himself, though, and said more obstreperously than ever, "If they are, I disown 'em. None of your faint-hearted people for me. I despise a chap that gives in before eighty. I'm Ben Bolt, that is bad to beat. Death himself isn't going to bowl me out till I've had my innings."

"La, sir; pray don't talk so, or you'll anger them above, and ten to one upset the train."

"That's one for me, and two for yourself, ma'am."

"Yes, sir," said the mild soul. "I have got my husband with me, and you are only a bachelor, sir."

"How d'ye know that?"

"I think you'd ha' been softened down a bit, if you'd ever had a good wife."

"Oh, it is because I speak loud. That is with bawling to my shepherds half a mile off. Why, if I'm loud, I'm civil. Now, young man, what is *your* trouble?"

Henry started from his reverie, and looked astonished.

"Out with it," shouted Mr. Bolt; "don't set grizzling there. What with this lady's husband dead and buried in that there newspaper, and you, that sets brooding like a hen over one egg, it's a Quaker meeting, or nearly. If you've been and murdered anybody, tell us all about it. Once off your mind you'll be more sociable."

"A man's thoughts are his own, Mr. Bolt. I'm not so fond of talking about myself as you seem to be."

"Oh, I can talk, or I can listen. But you won't do neither. Pretty company *you* are, a hatching of your egg."

"Well, sir," said the meek woman to Henry, "the rough gentleman he is right. If you are in trouble, the best way is to let your tongue put it off your heart."

"I'm sure you are very kind," said Henry, "but really my trouble is one of

those out-of-the-way things that do not interest people. However, the long and the short is, I'm an inventor. I have invented several things, and kept them dark, and they have paid me. I live at Hillsborough. But now I have found a way of grinding long saws and circular saws by machinery, at a saving of five hundred per cent. labor. That saving of labor represents an enormous profit—a large fortune; so I have patented the invention, at my own expense. But I can't work it without a capitalist. Well, I have ransacked London, and all the moneyed men shy me. The fools will go into railways, and bubbles, and a lot of things that are blind chance, but they won't even study my drawings and figures, and I've made it clear enough, too."

"I'm not of their mind then," said Bolt. "My rule is never to let another man work my money. No railway shares nor gold mines for Ben Bolt. My money goes with me, and I goes with my money."

"Then you are a man of sense; and I only wish you had money enough to go into this with me."

"How do you know how much money I've got? You show me how to turn twenty thousand into forty thousand, or forty thousand into eighty thousand, and I'll soon find the money."

"Oh, I could show you how to turn fifteen thousand into fifty thousand." He then unlocked his black bag, and showed Bolt some drawings that represented the grinders by hand at work on long saws and circular saws. "This," said he, "is the present system." He then pointed out its defects. "And this," said he, "is what I propose to substitute." Then he showed him drawings of his machines at work. "And these figures represent the saving in labor. Now, in this branch of cutlery, the labor is the manufacturer's main expense. Make ten men grind what fifty used, you put forty workmen's wages in your pocket."

"That's tall talk."

"Not an inch taller than the truth."

Mr. Bolt studied the drawings, and, from obstreperous, became quite quiet and absorbed. Presently he told Henry to change places with him; and, on this being complied with, he asked the meek woman to read him Henry's figures slowly. She stared, but complied. Mr. Bolt pondered the figures, and examined the drawings again. He then put a number of questions to Henry, some of them very shrewd; and, at last, got so interested in the affair, that he would talk of nothing else.

As the train slackened for Birmingham, he said to Henry, "I'm no great scholar; I like to see things in the body. On we go to Hillsborough."

"But I want to talk to a capitalist or two at Birmingham."

"That is not fair; I've got the refusal."

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes, I've gone into it with you; and the others wouldn't listen. Said so yourself."

"Well, but, Mr. Bolt, are you really in earnest? Surely this is quite out of your line?"

"How can it be out of my line if it pays? I've bought and sold sheep, and wool, and land, and water, and houses, and tents, and old clothes, and coffee, and tobacco, and cabs. And swopped—my eye, how I have swopped! I've swopped a housemaid under articles for a pew in the church, and a milch cow for a whale that wasn't even killed yet; I paid for the chance. I'm at all in the ring, and devilish bad to beat. Here goes—high, low, Jack, and the game."

"Did you ever deal in small beer?" asked Henry, satirically.

"No," said Bolt, innocently. "But I would in a minute if I saw clear to the nimble shilling. Well, will you come on to Hillsborough and settle this? I've got the refusal for twenty-four hours, I consider."

"Oh, if you think so, I will go on to Hillsborough. But you said you were going to see your parents after twenty years' absence and silence."

"So I am; but they can keep: what signifies a day or two more after twenty years?" He added, rather severely, as one whose superior age entitled him to play the monitor, "Young man, I never make a toil of a pleasure."

"No more do I. But how does that apply to visiting your parents?"

"If I was to neglect business to gratify my feelings, I should be grizzling all the time; and wouldn't that be making a toil of a pleasure?"

Henry could only grin in reply to this beautiful piece of reasoning; and that same afternoon the pair were in Hillsborough, and Mr. Bolt, under Henry's guidance, inspected the grinding of heavy saws, both long and circular. He noted, at Henry's request, the heavy, dirty labor. He then mounted to the studio, and there Henry lectured on his models, and showed them working. Bolt took it all in, his eye flashed, and then he put on, for the first time, the coldness of the practised dealer. "It would take a good deal of money to work this properly," said he, shaking his head.

"It has taken a good deal of brains to invent it."

"No doubt, no doubt. Well, if you want me to join you, it must be on suitable terms. Money is tight."

"Well, propose your own terms."

"That's not my way. I'll think it over before I put my hand to paper. Give me till to-morrow."

"Certainly."

On this Mr. Bolt went off as if he had been shot.

He returned next day, and laid before Henry an agreement drawn by the sharpest attorney in Hillsborough, and written in a clerk's hand. "There," said he, briskly, "you sign that, and I'll make my mark, and at it we'll go."

"Stop a bit," said Henry. "You've been to a lawyer, have you? Then I must go to one, too; fair play's a jewel."

Bolt looked disappointed; but the next moment he affected cheerfulness, and said, "That is fair. Take it to your lawyer directly."

"I will," said Henry; but, instead of a lawyer, he took it to his friend Doctor Amboyne, and told him all about Ben Bolt, and begged his advice on the agreement. "Ought he to have the lion's share like this?"

"The moneyed man generally takes that. No commodity is sold so far beyond its value as money. Let me read it."

The purport of the agreement was as follows: New premises to be built by Bolt, a portion of the building to be constructed so that it could be easily watched night and day, and in that part the patent saw-grinding machines to be worked. The expenses of this building to be paid off by degrees out of the gross receipts, and meanwhile Mr. Bolt was to receive five per cent. interest for his outlay and two-thirds of the profits, if any. Mr. Little to dispose of his present factory, and confine his patents to the joint operation.

Doctor Amboyne, on mature consideration, advised Little to submit to all the conditions except the clause confining his operations and his patents. They just drew their pen through that clause, and sent the amended agreement to Bolt's hotel. He demurred to the amendment; but Henry stood firm, and proposed a conference of four. This took place at Doctor Amboyne's house, and, at last,

"Is it really so serious as all this?"—p. 775.

the agreement was thus modified: the use of the patents in Hillsborough to be confined to the firm of Bolt and Little: but Little to be free to sell them, or work them, in any other town, and also free in Hillsborough, to grind saws by hand, or do any other established operation of cutlery.

The parties signed; and Bolt went to work in earnest. With all his resolution, he did not lack prudence. He went into the suburbs for his site, and bought a large piece of ground. He advertised for contracts and plans, and brought them all to Henry and profited by his practical remarks.

He warned the builders it must be a fortress, as well as a factory; but, at Henry's particular request, he withheld the precise reason. "I'm not to be rattened," said he. "I mean to stop that little game. I'm Ben Bolt, that's bad to beat."

At last the tender of Mr. White was accepted, and, as Mr. Bolt, experienced in the delays of builders, tied him tight as to time, he, on his part, made a prompt and stringent contract with Messrs. Whitbread, the brickmakers, and began to dig the foundations.

All this Henry communicated to Grace, and was in high spirits over it, and then so was she. He had a beautiful frame made for the little picture she had given him, and hung it up in his studio. It became the presiding genius, and indeed the animating spirit of his life.

Both to him and Grace the bright and hopeful period of their love had come at last. Even Bolt contributed something to Little's happiness. The man, hard as he was in business, was not without a certain rough geniality; and then he was so brisk and bustling. His exuberant energy pleased the inventor, and formed an agreeable relief to his reveries and deep fits of study.

The prospect was bright, and the air sunny. In the midst of all which there rose in the horizon a cloud, like that seen by Elijah's servant, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Bolt burst into the studio one day, like a shell, and, like a shell, exploded.

"Here's a pretty go! We are all at a standstill. The brickmakers have struck."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Fourpence. Young Whitbread, our brickmaker's son, is like you—a bit of an inventor: he altered the shape of the bricks to fit a small hand-machine, and Whitbreads reckoned to save tenpence a thousand. The brickmakers objected directly. Whitbreads didn't want a row, so they offered to share the profit. The men sent two of their orators to parley; I was standing by Whitbread when they came up; you should have heard 'em; anybody would have sworn the servants were masters, and the masters negro slaves. When the servants had hectored a bit, the masters, meek and mild, said they would give them sixpence out of the tenpence sooner than they should feel dissatisfied. No; that wouldn't do. 'Well, then,' says young Whitbread, 'are you agreed what will do?' 'Well,' said one of the servants, 'we *will allow you to make the bricks*, if you give us the tenpence.'"

"That was cool," said Henry. "To be sure, all brainless beggars try to starve invention."

"Yes, my man; and you grumbled at my taking two-thirds. Labor is harder on you inventors than capital is, you see. Well, I told 'em I wondered at their cheek; but the old man stopped me, and spoke quite mild: says he, 'You are too hard on us; we ought to gain a trifle by our own improvement; if it had come from you, we should pay you for it;' and he should stand by his offer of

sixpence. So then the men told them it would be the worse for them, and the old gentleman gave a bit of a sigh, and said he couldn't help that, he must live in the trade, or leave it, he didn't much care which. Next morning they all struck work; and there we are—stopped."

"Well," said Henry, it is provoking: but you mustn't ask me to meddle. It's your business."

"It is, and I'll show you I'm bad to beat." With this doughty resolve he went off and drove the contractors; they drove the brickmakers, and the brickmakers got fresh hands from a distance, and the promise of some more.

Bolt rubbed his hands, and kept popping into the yard to see how they got on. By this means he witnessed an incident familiar to brickmakers in that district, but new to him. Suddenly loud cries of pain were heard, and two of the brickmakers held up hands covered with blood, and transfixed by needles. Some ruffian had filled the clay with needles. The sufferers were both disabled, and one went to the hospital. Tempered clay enough to make two hundred thousand bricks had been needled, and had to be cleared away at a loss of time and material.

Bolt went and told Henry, and it only worried him; he could do nothing. Bolt went and hired a watchman and a dog, at his own expense. The dog was shot dead one dark night, and the watchman's box turned over and sat upon, watchman included, while the confederates trampled fifty thousand raw bricks into a shapeless mass.

The brickmasters, however, stood firm, and at last four of the old hands returned to him, and accepted the sixpence profit due to the master's invention. These four were contribution men, that is to say, they paid the Union a shilling per week for permission to make bricks; but this weekly payment was merely a sort of black-mail, it entitled them to no relief from the Union when out of work; so a three weeks' strike brought them to starvation, and they could co-operate no longer with the genuine Union men, who were relieved from the box all this time. Nevertheless, though their poverty, and not their will, brought them back to work, they were all threatened, and found themselves in a position that merits the sympathy of all men, especially of the very poor. Starvation on one side, sanguinary threats on the other, from a Union which abandoned them in their need, yet expected them to stick by it and starve. In short, the said Union was no pupil of Amboyne; could not put itself in the place of these hungry men, and realize their dilemma; it could only see the situation from its own point of view. From that intellectual defect sprang a crime. On a certain dark night, Thomas Wilde, one of these contribution men, was burning bricks all by himself, when a body of seven men came crawling up to within a little distance. These men were what they call "victims," *i. e.*, men on strike, and receiving pay from the box.

Now, when a man stands against the fire of a kiln, he cannot see many yards from him; so five of the "victims" stood waiting, and sent two forward. These two came up to Wilde, and asked him a favor. "Eh, mister, can you let me and my mate lie down for an hour by your fire?"

"You are welcome," said honest Wilde. He then turned to break a piece of coal, and instantly one of those who had accepted his hospitality struck him on the back of the head, and the other five rushed in, and they all set on him, and hit him with cartlegs, and kicked him with their heavy shoes. Overpowered as he was, he struggled away from them, groaning and bleeding, and got to a shed about thirty yards off. But these relentless men, after a moment's hesi-

tation, followed him, and rained blows and kicks on him again, till he gave himself up for dead. He cried out, in his despair, "Lord, have mercy on me: they have finished me," and fainted away in a pool of his own blood. But, just before he became insensible, he heard a voice say, "Thou'll burn no more bricks." Then the "victims" retired, leaving this great criminal for dead.

After a long while he came to himself, and found his arm was broken, and his body covered with cuts and bruises. His house was scarcely a furlong distant, yet he was an hour crawling to it. His room was up a short stair of ten steps. The steps beat him: he leaned on the rail at the bottom, and called out piteously. "My wife! my wife! my wife!" three times.

Mrs. Wilde ran down to him, and caught hold of his hand, and said, "Whatever is to do?"

When she took his hand the pain made him groan, and she felt something drip on to her hand. It was blood from his wounded arm. Then she was terrified, and, strong with excitement, she managed to get him into the house and lay him on the floor. She asked him, had he fallen off the kiln? He tried to reply, but could not, and fainted again. This time he was insensible for several hours. In the morning he came to, and told his cruel story to Whitbread, Bolt, and others. Bolt and Whitbread took it most to heart. Bolt went to Mr. Ransome, and put the case in his hands.

Ransome made this remark: "Ah, you are a stranger, sir. The folk hereabouts never come to us in these Union cases. I'll attend to it, trust me."

Bolt went with this tragedy to Henry, and it worried him; but he could do nothing. "Mr. Bolt," said he, "I think you are making your own difficulties. Why quarrel with the Brickmakers' Union? Surely that is superfluous."

"Why, it is them that quarrelled with me; and I'm Ben Bolt, that is bad to beat." He armed himself with gun and revolver, and watched the Whitbreads' yard himself at night.

Two days after this, young Whitbread's wife received an anonymous letter, advising her, as a friend, to avert the impending fate of her husband, by persuading him to dismiss the police and take back his Hands. The letter concluded with this sentence, "He is generally respected; but we have come to a determination to shoot him."

Young Whitbread took no apparent notice of this, and, soon afterward, the secretary of the Union proposed a conference. Bolt got wind of this, and was there when the orators came. The deputation arrived, and, after a very short preamble, offered to take the sixpence.

"Why," said Bolt, "you must be joking. Those are the terms poor Wilde came back on, and you have hashed him for it."

Old Whitbread looked the men in the face, and said, gravely, "You are too late. You have shed that poor man's blood, and you have sent an anonymous letter to my son's wife. That lady has gone on her knees to us to leave the trade, and we have consented. Fifteen years ago, your Union wrote letters of this kind to my wife (she was pregnant at the time), and drove her into her grave, with fright and anxiety for her husband. You shall not kill Tom's wife as well. The trade is a poor one at best, thanks to the way you have ground your employers down, and, when you add to that needling our clay, and burning our gear, and beating our servants to death's door, and driving our wives into the grave, we bid you good-by. Mr. Bolt, I'm the sixth brickmaster this Union has driven out of the trade by outrages during the last ten years."

"Thou's a wrong-headed old chap," said the Brickmakers' spokesman: "but thou casn't run away with place. Them as takes to it will have to take us on."

"Not so. We have sold our plant to the Barton Machine Brickmaking Company; and you maltreated them so at starting that now they won't let a single Union man set his foot on their premises."

The company in question made bricks better and cheaper than any other brickmaster; but, making them by machinery, were *always* at war with the Brickmakers' Union, and, whenever a good chance occurred for destroying their property, it was done. They, on their part, diminished those chances greatly by setting up their works five miles from the town, and by keeping armed watchmen and police. Only these ran away with their profits.

Now, when this company came so near the town, and proceeded to work up Whitbread's clay, in execution of the contract with which their purchase saddled them, the Brickmakers' Union held a great meeting, in which full a hundred brickmakers took part, and passed extraordinary resolutions, and voted extraordinary sums of money, and recorded both in their books. These books were subsequently destroyed, for a reason the reader can easily divine who has read this narrative with his understanding.

Soon after that meeting, one Kay, a brickmaker, who was never seen to make a brick, for the best of all reasons, he lived by blood alone, was observed reconnoitring the premises, and that very night a quantity of barrows, utensils, and tools were heaped together, naphtha poured over them, and the whole set on fire.

Another dark night, twenty thousand bricks were trampled so noiselessly that the perpetrators were neither seen nor heard.

But Bolt hired more men, put up a notice he would shoot any intruder dead, and so frightened them by his blustering that they kept away, being cowards at bottom, and the bricks were rapidly made, and burnt, and some were even delivered; these bricks were carted from the yard to the building-site by one Harris, who had nothing to do with the quarrel; he was a carter by profession, and wheeled bricks for all the world.

One night this poor man's haystack and stable were all in flames in a moment, and unearthly screams issued from the latter.

The man ran out, half naked, and his first thought was to save his good gray mare from the fire. But this act of humanity had been foreseen and provided against. The miscreants had crept into the stable, and tied the poor docile beast fast by the head to the rack; then fired the straw. Her screams were such as no man knew a horse could utter. They pierced all hearts, however hard, till her burnt body burst the burnt cords, and all fell together. Men could not aid her. But God can avenge her.

As if the poor thing could tell whether she was drawing machine-made bricks or hand-made bricks!

The incident is painful to relate; but it would be unjust to omit it. It was characteristic of that particular Union; and, indeed, without it my reader could not possibly appreciate the brickmaking mind.

Bolt went off with this to Little; but Amboyne was there, and cut his tales short. "I hope," said he, "that the common Creator of the four-legged animal and the two-legged beasts will see justice done between them; but you must not come here tormenting my inventor with these horrors. Your business is to relieve him of all such worries, and let him invent in peace."

"Yes," said Little, "and I have told Mr. Bolt we can't avoid a difficulty with the cutlers. But the brickmakers, what madness to go and quarrel with them! I will have nothing to do with it, Mr. Bolt."

"The cutlers! Oh, I don't mind them," said Bolt. "They are angels compared with the brickmakers. The cutlers don't poison cows, and hamstring horses, and tie them to fire; the cutlers don't fling little boys into water-pits, and knock down little girls with their fists, just because their fathers are non-Union men; the cutlers don't strew poisoned apples and oranges about, to destroy whole families like rats. Why, sir, I have talked with a man the brickmakers tried to throw into boiling lime; and another they tried to poison with beer, and, when he wouldn't drink it, threw vitriol in his eyes, and he's blind of an eye to this day. There's full half-a-dozen have had bottles of gunpowder and old nails flung into their rooms, with lighted fusees, where they were sleeping with their families; they call that 'bottling a man:' it's a familiar phrase. I've seen three cripples crawling about that have been set on by numbers and spoiled for life, and as many fired at in the dark; one has got a slug in his head to this day. And, with all that, the greatest cowards in the world—daren't face a man in daylight, any two of them; but I've seen the woman they knocked down with their fists, and her daughter, too, a mere child at the time. No, the cutlers are men, but the brickmakers are beasts."

"All the more reason for avoiding silly quarrels with the brickmakers," said Little.

Thus snubbed, Mr. Bolt retired, muttering something about "bad to beat." He found Harris crying over the ashes of his mare, and the man refused to wheel any more machine-made bricks. Other carters, being applied to, refused also. They had received written warning, and dared not wheel one of those bricks for their lives.

The invincible Bolt bought a cart and a horse, hired two strangers, armed them and himself with revolvers, and carted the bricks himself. Five brickmakers waylaid him in a narrow lane; he took out his revolver, and told them he'd send them all to hell if one laid a finger on him, at which rude observation they fled like sheep.

The invincible carted his bricks by day, and at night rode the horse away to an obscure inn, and slept beside him, armed to the teeth.

The result of all which was that one day he burst into Little's studio shouting "Victory!" and told him two hundred thousand bricks were on the premises, and twenty bricklayers would be at work on the foundations that afternoon.

Henry Little was much pleased at that, and when Bolt told him how he had carted the bricks in person, said, "You are the man for me; you really are bad to beat."

While they were congratulating each other on this hard-earned victory, Mr. Bayne entered softly, and said, "Mr. White—to speak to Mr. Bolt."

"That is the builder," said Bolt. "Show him up."

Mr. White came in with a long face.

"Bad news, gentlemen: the Machine Brickmaking Company retires from business, driven out of trade by their repeated losses from violence."

"All the worse for the nation," said Bolt: "houses are a fancy article, got to be. But it doesn't matter to us. We have got bricks enough to go on with."

"Plenty, sir: but that is not where the shoe pinches now. The Brickmakers' Union has made it right with the Bricklayers' Union, and the Bricklayers' Union orders us to cart back every one of those machine-made bricks to the yard."

"See them —— first," said Bolt.

"Well, sir, have you considered the alternative?"

"Not I. What is it?"

"Not a bricklayer in Hillsboro', or for fifty miles round, will set a brick for us: and if we get men from a distance they will be talked away, or driven away, directly. The place is picketed on every side at this moment."

Even Bolt was staggered now. "What is to be done, I wonder?"

"There's nothing to be done, but submit. When two such powerful unions amalgamate, resistance is useless, and the law of the land a dead letter. Mr. Bolt, I'm not a rich man; I've got a large family; let me beg of you to release me from the contract."

"White, you are a cur. Release you? never!"

"Then, sir, I'll go through the court, and release myself."

Henry Little was much dejected by this monstrous and unforeseen obstacle arising at the very threshold of his hopes. He felt so sad, that he determined to revive himself with a sight of Grace Carden. He pined for her face and voice. So he went up to Woodbine Villa, though it was not his day. As he drew near that Paradise, the door opened, and Mr. Frederick Coventry came out. The two men nearly met at the gate. The rejected lover came out, looking bright and happy, and saw the accepted lover arrive, looking depressed and careworn: he saw in a moment something was going wrong, and turned on his heel with a glance of triumph.

Henry Little caught that glance, and stood at the gate black with rage. He stood there about a minute, and then walked slowly home again; he felt he should quarrel with Grace if he went in, and, by a violent effort of self-restraint, he retraced his steps; but he went home sick at heart.

The mother's eye read his worn face in a moment, and soon she had it all out of him. It cost her a struggle not to vent her maternal spleen on Grace; but she knew that would only make her son more unhappy. She advised him minutely what to say to the young lady about Mr. Coventry: and, as to the other matters, she said, "You have found Mr. Bolt not so bad to beat as he tells you: for he is beaten, and there's an end of him. Now let me try."

"Why what on earth can you do in a case of this kind?"

"Have I ever failed when you have accepted my assistance?"

"No: that's true. Well, I shall be glad of your assistance now, Heaven knows; only I can't imagine—"

"Never mind: will you take Grace Carden if I throw her into your arms?"

"Oh, mother, can you ask me?"

Mrs. Little rang the bell, and ordered a fly. Henry offered to accompany her. She declined. "Go to bed early," said she, "and trust to your mother. We are harder to beat sometimes than a good many Mr. Bolts."

She drove to Dr. Amboyne's house, and sent in her name. She was ushered into the doctor's study, and found him shivering over an enormous fire. "Influenza."

"Oh dear," said she, "I'm afraid you are very ill."

"Never mind that. Sit down. You will not make me any worse, you may be sure of that." And he smiled affectionately on her.

"But I came to intrude my own troubles on you."

"All the better. That will help me forget mine."

Mrs. Little seated herself, and, after a slight hesitation, opened her battery

thus: "Well, my good friend, I am come to ask you a favor. It is to try and reconcile my brother and me. If any one can do it, you can."

"Praise the method, not the man. If one could only persuade you to put yourself in his place, and him to put himself in yours, you would be both reconciled in five minutes."

"You forget we have been estranged this five-and-twenty years."

"No, I don't. The only question is, whether you can and will deviate from the practice of the world into an obese lunatic's system, both of you."

"Try *me* to begin."

The doctor's eyes sparkled with satisfaction. "Well, then," said he, "first you must recollect all the differences you have seen between the male and female mind, and imagine yourself a man."

"Oh, dear! that is so hard. But I have studied Henry. Well, go on: there—I have unsexed myself—in imagination."

"You are not only a man, but a single-minded man, with a high and clear sense of obligation. You are a trustee, bound by honor to protect the interests of a certain woman and a certain child. The lady, under influence, wishes to borrow her son's money, and risk it on rotten security. You decline, and the lady's husband affronts you. In spite of that affront, being a high-minded man, not to be warped by petty irritation, you hurry to your lawyers to get two thousand pounds of your own, for the man who had affronted you."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Little. "I was not aware of that."

"I have just learned it, accidentally, from the son of the solicitor Raby went to that fatal night."

A tear stole down Mrs. Little's cheek.

"Now, remember, you are not a woman, but a brave, high-minded man. In that character you pity poor Mr. Little, but you blame him a little because he fled from trouble, and left his wife and child in it. To you, who are Guy Raby—mind that, please—it seems egotistical and weak to desert your wife and child even for the grave." (The widow buried her face and wept. Twenty-five years do something to withdraw the veil the heart has cast over the judgment.) "But, whatever you feel, you utter only regret, and open your arms to your sister. She writes back in an agony, for which, being a man, you cannot make all the allowance you would if you were a woman, and denounces you as her husband's murderer, and bids you speak to her and write to her no more, and with that she goes to the Littles. Can you blame yourself that, after all this, you wait for her to review your conduct more soberly, and to invite a reconciliation."

Mrs. Little gave Doctor Amboyne her hand. "Bitter, but wholesome medicine!" she murmured, and then was too overcome to speak for a little while.

"Ah, my good wise friend!" said she at last, "thick clouds seem clearing from my mind; I begin to see I was the one to blame."

"Yes; and if Raby will be as docile as you, and put himself in your place, he will tell me he was the one to blame. There's no such thing as 'the one to blame;' there very seldom is. You judged him as if he was a woman, he judged you as if you were a man. Enter an obese maniac, and applies the art of arts; the misunderstanding dissolves under it and you are in each other's arms. But, stop," and his countenance fell again a little; "I am afaid there is a new difficulty. Henry's refusal to take the name of Raby and be his heir. Raby was bitterly mortified, and I fear he blames me and my crotchets; for he has never been near me since. To be sure you are not responsible for Henry's acts."

"No, indeed; for between you and me, it mortified me cruelly. And now

things have taken a turn—in short, what with his love and his jealousy, and this hopeless failure to make a fortune by inventing, I feel I can bring him to his senses. I am not pleased with Grace Carden about something; but no matter, I shall call on her and show her she must side with me in earnest. You will let my brother know I was always on his side in *that* matter, whatever other offence I may have given him years ago."

"And I am on your side too. Your son has achieved a small independence. Bayne can carry on the little factory, and Henry can sell or lease his patents; he can never sink to a mere dependant. There, I throw my crotchets to the wind, and we will Raby your son and marry him to Grace Carden."

"God bless you, my good and true friend! How can I ever thank you?' Her cheek flushed and her great maternal eye sparkled, and half the beauty of her youth came back. Her gratitude gave a turn to the conversation which she neither expected nor desired.

"Mrs. Little," said Doctor Amboyne, "this is the first time you have entered my den, and the place seems transformed by your presence. My youth comes back to me with the feelings I thought time had blunted; but no, I feel that, when you leave my den again it will be darker than ever, if you do not leave me a hope that you will one day enter it for good."

"For shame!—At our age!" said the widow.

But she spoiled the remonstrance by blushing like a girl of eighteen.

"You are not old in my eyes; and as for me, let my years plead for me, since all those years I have lived single for your sake."

This last appeal shook Mrs. Little. She said she could not entertain any such thoughts while her son was unhappy. "But marry him to his Grace, and then—I don't know what folly I might not be persuaded into."

The doctor was quite content with that. He said he would go to Raby as soon as he could make the journey with safety, and her troubles and her son's should end.

Mrs. Little drove home, a happy mother. As for the promise she had made her old friend, it vexed her a little, she was so used to look at him in another light; but she shrugged her maternal shoulders, as much as to say, "When once my Henry leaves me—why not?"

She knew she must play the politician a little with Henry, so she opened the battery cautiously. "My dear," said she, at breakfast, "good news! Doctor Amboyne undertakes to reconcile us both to your uncle."

"All the better. Mr. Raby is a wrong-headed man, but he is a noble-minded one, that is certain."

"Yes, and I have done him injustice. Doctor Amboyne has shown me that."

She said no more. One step at a time.

Henry went up to Woodbine Villa, and Grace received him a little coldly. He asked what was the matter. She said, 'They tell me you were at the very door the other day and did not come in."

"It is true," said he. "Another had just come out. Mr. Coventry."

"And you punished me because that poor man had called on me. Have you not faith in me? or what is it? I shall be angry one of these days."

"No, you will not, if I can make you understand my feelings. Put yourself in my place, dearest. Here am I, fighting the good fight for you, against long odds; and at last, the brickmakers and bricklayers have beat us. Now you know that is a bitter cup for me to drink. Well, I come up here for my one drop

of comfort; and out walks my declared rival, looks into my face, sees my trouble there, and turns off with a glance of insolent triumph." (Grace flushed.) "And then consider, I am your choice, yet I am only allowed to visit you once a week."

"That is papa's doing."

"No matter; so it is. Yet my rival can come when he pleases, and no doubt he does come every other day."

"You fancy that."

"It is not all fancy; for—by heaven, there he is at the gate. Two visits to my one; there. Well, all the better, I'll talk to *him*."

He rose from his seat black with wrath.

Grace turned pale and rang the bell in a moment.

The servant entered the room just as Mr. Coventry knocked at the door.

"Not at home to anybody," said she.

Mr. Coventry's voice was heard to say, incredulously, "Not at home?" Then he retired slowly, and did not leave the neighborhood. He had called at an hour when Grace was always at home.

Henry sat down and said "Thank you, Grace." But he looked very gloomy and disturbed.

She sat down too, and then they looked at each other.

Henry was the first to speak. "We are both pupils of the good doctor. Put yourself in my place. That man troubles our love, and makes my heavy heart a sore heart."

The tears were in Grace's eyes. "Dearest," said she, "I will not put myself in your place; you would lose by that, for I love you better than myself. Yes, it is unjust that you should be allowed to visit me but once a week, and he should visit me when he chooses. I assure you I have permitted his visits out of pure good-nature; and now I will put an end to them."

She drew her desk towards her, and wrote to Mr. Coventry. It took her some little time. She handed Henry the letter to read. He took it in his hand, but hesitated. He inquired what would be the effect of it?

"That he will never visit me again till you and I are married, or engaged, and that is the same thing. Why don't you read it?"

"I don't know, it goes against me somehow. Seems unmanly. I'll take your word for it."

This charmed Grace. "Ah," said she, "I have chosen right."

Then he kissed her hands and blessed her, and then she told him it was nothing; he was a goose and had no idea what she would do for him; "more than you would do for me I know," said she.

That he denied, and then she said she might perhaps put him to the proof some day.

They were so happy together. time slipped away unheeded. It was full three hours before Henry could tear himself away, though he knew he was wanted at the works; and he went out at the gate glowing with happiness, and Coventry, who was ready to drop with the fatigue of walking and watching just above, saw him come out triumphant.

Then it was his turn to feel a deadly qualm. However, he waited a little longer and then made his call.

"Not at home."

Henry, on his way to the works, looked in on his mother and told her how nobly Grace had behaved.

Mrs. Little was pleased, and it smoothed down her maternal bristles, and made it much easier for her to carry out her design. For the first time since Mr. Carden had offended her by his cold-blooded treatment of her son, she called at Woodbine Villa.

Grace was at home to see her, and met her with a blushing timidity and piteous wistful looks, not easy to misunderstand nor to resist.

They soon came to an understanding, and Mrs. Little told Grace what Doctor Amboyne had promised to do, and represented to her how much better it would be for Henry to fall into his uncle Raby's views than to engage in hopeless struggles like that in which Mr. Bolt and he had just been so signally defeated. "And then you know, my dear, you could marry next month, you two; that is to say, if *you* felt disposed; I will answer for Henry."

Grace's red face and swimming eyes told how this shaft went home. In short, she made a coy promise that she would co-operate with Mrs. Little, "and," said she, "how lucky! he has almost promised to grant me the first favor I ask him. Well, I shall entreat him to be a good nephew and do whatever dear Mr. Raby asks him. But of course I shall not say, and then if you do, you and I"—here the young lady cut her sentence very short.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Little. "That will follow as a matter of course. Now, my dear, you and I are conspirators—for his good; and we must write often and let each other know all we do."

With this understanding, and a good many pretty speeches and kisses, they parted.

Doctor Amboyne did not recover so quickly as they could have wished; but they employed the interval: feelers were adroitly applied to Henry by both ladies, and they were pleased to find that he rather admired his wrong-headed uncle, and had been deeply touched by the old gentleman's address to his mother's picture.

Bolt never came near him, and the grass was beginning to grow on the condemned bricks. In short, everything seemed to incline in one direction.

There was, however, something very serious going on out of their sight.

"Not at home!" That white lie made Mr. Coventry feel sick at heart. He went home disconsolate. The same evening he received Miss Carden's letter.

The writer treated him like a gentleman, said a few words about her own peculiar position, and begged him to consider that position, and to be very generous; to cease his visits entirely for the present and so give himself one more title to her esteem, which was all she had to give him. This was the purport, and the manner was simply perfect, so gentle yet firm; and then she flattered his *amour propre* by asking that from his generosity which she could have taken as a right; she did all she could to soften the blow. But she failed. The letter was posted too soon after Henry's visit. Behind the velvet paw that struck him, Coventry saw the claws of the jealous lover. He boiled with rage and agony and cursed them both in his fury.

After an hour or two of phrensy, he sat down and wrote back a letter full of bitter reproaches and sneers. He reflected. He lighted a cigar and smoked it, biting it almost through, now and then. He burned his letter. He lay awake all night, raging and reflecting alternately, as passion or judgment got the upper hand.

In the morning he saw clearer. "Don't quarrel with *her*. Destroy *him*." He saw this as plainly as if it was written.

He wrote Grace a few sad lines, to say that of course he submitted to her

will. The letter ended thus: "Since I can do nothing to please you, let me suffer to please you; even that is something." (This letter brought the tears to Grace's eyes, and she pitied and esteemed the writer.)

He put on a plain suit, and drove into Hillsborough, burning with wild ideas of vengeance. He had no idea what he should do; but he was resolved to do something. He felt capable of assassinating Little with his own hand.

I should be sorry to gain any sympathy for him; but it is only fair the reader should understand that he felt deeply aggrieved, and that we should all feel aggrieved under similar circumstances. Priority is a title all the world over; and he had been the lady's lover first, had been encouraged, and supplanted.

Longing to wound, but not knowing how to strike, he wandered about the town, and went into several factories, and talked to some of the men, and contrived to bring the conversation round to Little, and learn what he was doing. But he gathered no information of any use to him. Then he went to Grotait's place, and tried to pump him. That sagacious man thought this odd, and immediately coupled this with his previous denunciation of Little, and drew him on.

Coventry was too much under the influence of passion to be quite master of himself that day; and he betrayed to this other Machiavel that he wished ill to Henry Little. As soon as he had thoroughly ascertained this, Grotait turned coolly on him, and said, "I am sorry Mr. Little has got enemies; for he and his partner talk of building a new factory, and that will be a good thing for us: take a score of saw-grinders off the box." Then Coventry saw he had made a mistake, and left the "Cutlers' Arms" abruptly.

Next day he took a lodging in the town, and went about groping for information, and hunting for a man whose face he knew, but not his name. He learned all about Bolt, and Little's vain endeavor to build, and went and saw the place, and the condemned bricks. The sight gratified him. He visited every saw-grinder's place he could hear of; and, at last, he fell in with Sam Cole, and recognized him at once. That worthy affected not to know him, and went on grinding a big saw. Coventry stepped up to him, and said in his ear, "I want to speak with you. Make an appointment."

Cole looked rather sulky and reluctant at being drawn from his obscurity. However, he named a low public-house, in a back slum, and there these two met that night, and for greater privacy were soon seated in a place bigger than a box and smaller than a room, with discolored walls, and a rough wooden table before them, splashed with beer. It looked the very den to hatch villany in, and drink poison to its success.

Coventry, pale and red alternately, as fear and shame predominated, began to beat about the bush.

"You and I have reason to hate the same man. You know who I mean."

"I can guess. Begins with a Hel."

"He has wronged me deeply; and he hurt you."

"That is true, sir. I think he broke my windpipe, for I'm as hoarse as a raven ever since: and I've got one or two of the shot in my cheek still."

"Well, then, now is your time to be revenged."

"Well, I don't know about that. What he done was in self-defence; and if I play bowls I must look for rubs."

Coventry bit his lip with impatience.

After a pause, he said, "What were you paid for that job?"

"Not half enough."

"Twenty pounds?"

"Nor nothing like it."

"I'll give you a hundred to do it again, only more effectually." He turned very pale when he had made this offer.

"Ah," said Cole, "anybody could tell you was a gentleman."

"You accept my offer, then?"

"Nay, I mean it is easy to see you don't know trades. I mustn't meddle with Mr. Little now; he is right with the trade."

"What, not if I pay you five times as much? say ten times, then: two hundred pounds."

"Nay, we Union chaps are not malefactors. You can't buy us to injure an unoffending man. We have got our laws, and they are just ones, and if a man will break them after due warning, the order is given to 'do' him, and the men are named for the job; and get paid a trifle for their risk; and the risk is not much, the trade stand by one another too true, and in so many ways. But if a man is right with the trade, it is treason to harm him. No, I mustn't move a finger against Little."

"You have set up a conscience!" said Coventry, bitterly.

"You dropped yours, and I picked it up," was the Yorkshireman's ready reply. He was nettled now.

At this moment the door was opened and shut very swiftly, and a whisper came in through the momentary aperture, "Mind your eye, Sam Cole."

Coventry rushed to the door, and looked out: there was nobody to be seen.

"You needn't trouble yourself," said Cole. "You might as well run after the wind. That was a friendly warning. I know the voice, and Grotait must be on to us. Now, sir, if you offered me a thousand pounds, I wouldn't touch a hair of Mr. Little; he is right with the trade, and we should have Grotait and all the trade as bitter as death against us. I'll tell you a secret, sir, that I've kept from my wife—(he lowered his voice to a whisper)—Grotait could hang me any day he chose. You must chink your brass in some other ear, as the saying is: only mind, you done me a good turn once, and I'll do you one now; you have been talking to somebody else besides me, and blown yourself: so now drop your little game, and let Little alone, or the trade will make it their job to *lag you*."

Coventry's face betrayed so much alarm, that the man added, "And penal servitude wouldn't suit the likes of you. Keep out of it."

With this rough advice the conference ended, and Mr. Coventry went home thoroughly shaken in his purpose, and indeed not a little anxious on his own account. Suppose he had been overheard! his offer to Cole was an offence within reach of the criminal law. What a mysterious labyrinth was this Trade confederacy, into which he had put his foot so rashly, and shown his game, like a novice, to the subtle and crafty Grotait. He now collected all his powers, not to injure Little, but to slip out of his own blunder.

He seized this opportunity to carry out a coup he had long meditated: he went round to a dozen timber merchants, and contracted with them for the sale of every tree, old or young, on his estate; and while the trees were falling like grain, and the agents on both sides measuring the fallen, he vanished entirely from Hillsborough and Bollinghope.

Doctor Amboyne's influenza was obstinate, and it was nearly a fortnight before he was strong enough to go to Cairnhope; but, at last, Mrs. Little received a line from him, to say he was just starting, and would come straight to her on his return; perhaps she would give him a cup of tea.

This letter came very opportunely. Bolt had never shown his face again; and Henry had given up all hopes of working his patents, and had said more than once he should have to cross the water and sell them.

As for Mrs. Little, she had for some time maintained a politic silence. But now she prepared for the Doctor's visit as follows: "So, then, you have no more hopes from the invincible Mr. Bolt?"

"None whatever. He must have left the town in disgust."

"He is a wise man. I want you to imitate his example. Henry, my dear, what is the great object of your life at present? Is it not to marry Grace Carden?"

"You know it is."

"Then take her from my hands. Why do you look so astonished? Have you forgotten my little boast? You will love your poor mother still, when you are married? You will say, 'I owe her my wife,' will you not?"

Henry was so puzzled he could not reply even to this touching appeal, made with eyes full of tears at the thought of parting with him.

Mrs. Little proceeded to explain: "Let me begin at the beginning. Dr. Amboyne has shown me I was more to blame than your uncle was. Would you believe it, although he refused your poor father the trust money, he went that moment to get £2,000 of his own, and lend it to us. Oh, Henry, when Dr. Amboyne told me that, and opened my eyes, I could have thrown myself at poor Guy's feet. I have been the most to blame in our unhappy quarrel; and I have sent Dr. Amboyne to say so. Now, Henry, my brother will forgive me, the Doctor says; and, oh, my heart yearns to be reconciled. You will not stand in my way, dearest?"

"Not likely. Why, I am under obligations to him, for my part.'

"Yes, but Dr. Amboyne says dear Guy is deeply mortified by your refusal to be his heir. For my sake, for your own sake, and for Grace Carden's sake, change your mind now."

"What, go into his house, and wait for dead men's shoes! Find myself some day wishing in my heart that noble old fellow would die! Such a life turns a man's stomach even to think of it."

"No, no. Doctor Amboyne says that Mr. Bayne can conduct your business here, and hand you a little income, without your meddling."

"That is true."

"And, as for your patents, gentlemen can sell them to traders, or lease them out. My brother would make a settlement on Grace and you—she is his god-daughter—now that is all Mr. Carden demands. Then you could marry, and, on your small present income, make a little tour together; and dispose of your patents in other places."

"I could do great things with them in the United States."

"That is a long way."

"Why, it is only twelve days."

"Well, marry first," said the politic mother.

Henry flushed all over. "Ah!" said he, "you tempt me. Heaven seems to open its gates as you speak. But you cannot be in earnest; he made it an express condition I should drop my father's name, and take his. Disown my poor dead father! No, no, no!"

Now in reality this condition was wormwood to Mrs. Little; but she knew that if she let her son see her feeling, all was over. She was all the mother now, and fighting for her son's happiness; so she sacrificed truth to love with an ef-

fort, but without a scruple. "It is not as if it was a strange name. Henry, you compel me to say things that tear my heart to say, but—which has been your best friend, your mother, or your poor dear father?"

Henry was grieved at the question: but he was a man who turned his back on nothing. "My father loved me," said he: "I can remember that; but he deserted me, and you, in trouble; but you—you have been friend, parent, lover, and guardian angel to me. And, oh, how little I have done to deserve it all."

"Well, dear, the mother you value so highly, her name was Raby. Yes, love; and, forgive me, I honor and love my mother's name even more than I do the name of Little—(the tears ran out of her eyes at this falsehood)—pray take it, to oblige me, and reconcile me to my dear brother, and end our troubles for ever." Then she wept on his neck, and he cried with her.

After a while, he said, "I feel my manhood all melting away together. I am quite confused. It is hard to give up a noble game. It is hard to refuse such a mother as you. Don't cry any more, for mercy's sake: I'm like to choke. Mind, crying is work I'm not used to. What does *she* say? I am afraid I shall win her, but lose her respect."

"She says she admires your pride; but you have shown enough. If you refuse any longer, she will begin to fear you don't love her as well as she loves you."

This master-stroke virtually ended the battle. Henry said nothing, but the signs of giving way were manifest in him, so manifest that Mrs. Little became quite impatient for the doctor's arrival to crown all.

He drove up to the door at last, and Henry ran out and brought him in. He looked pale, and sat down exhausted.

Mrs. Little restrained her impatience, and said, "We are selfish creatures to send you on our business before you are half well."

"I am well enough in health," said he, "but I am quite upset."

"What is the matter? Surely you have not failed? Guy does not refuse his forgiveness?"

"No, it is not that. Perhaps if I had been in time—but the fact is, Guy Raby has left England."

"What, for good? Impossible!"

"Who can tell? All I know is that he has sold his horses, discharged his servants all but one, and gone abroad without a word. I was the friend of his youth—his college chum; he must be bitterly wounded to go away like that, and not even let me know.'

Mrs. Little lifted up her hands. "What have we done? what have we done? Wounded! no wonder. Oh, my poor, wronged, insulted brother!"

She wept bitterly, and took it to heart so, it preyed on her health and spirits. She was never the same woman from that hour.

While her son and her friend were saying all they could to console her, there appeared at the gate the last man any of them ever expected to see—Mr. Bolt.

Henry saw him first and said so.

"Keep him out," cried the doctor, directly. "Don't let that bragging fool in to disturb our sorrow." He opened the door and told the servant girl to say "Not at home."

"Not at home," said the girl.

"That's a lie!" shouted Bolt, and shoved her aside, and burst into the room. "None of your tricks on travellers," said he, in his obstreperous way. "I saw your heads through the window. Good news, my boy! I've done the trick.

I wouldn't say a word till it was all settled, for Brag's a good dog, but Holdfast's a better. I've sold my building-site to some gents that want to speculate in a church, and I've made five hundred pounds profit by the sale. I'm always right, soon or late, and I've bought a factory ready-made—the Star Works; bought 'em, sir, with all the gear and plant, and working hands."

"The Star Works? The largest but one in Hillsborough!"

"Ay, lad. Money and pluck together, they'll beat the world. We have got a noble place, with every convenience. All we have got to do now is to go in and win."

Young Little's eyes sparkled. "All right," said he, "I like this way the best."

Mrs. Little sighed.

BROTHER OF ALL, WITH GENEROUS HAND.

1.

BROTHER of all, with generous hand,
Of thee, pondering on thee, as o'er thy tomb, I and my Soul,
A thought to launch in memory of thee,
A burial verse for thee.

What may we chant, O thou within this tomb?
What tablets, pictures, hang for thee, O millionaire?
The life thou lived'st we know not,
But that thou walk'dst thy years in barter, 'mid the haunts of brokers;
Nor heroism thine, nor war, nor glory.

Yet lingering, yearning, joining soul with thine,
If not thy past we chant, we chant the future,
Select, adorn the future.

2

Lo, Soul, the graves of heroes!
The pride of lands—the gratitudes of men,
The statues of the manifold famous dead, Old World and New,
The kings, inventors, generals, poets, (stretch wide thy vision, Soul,)
The giants of the races, great discoverers, sailors,
Marble and brass select from them, with pictures, scenes,
(The histories of the lands, the races, bodied there,
In what they've built for, graced and graved,
Monuments to their heroes.)

3.

Silent, my Soul,
With drooping lids, as waiting, pondered,
Turning from all the samples, all the monuments of heroes.

While through the interior vistas,
Noiseless uprose, phantasmic, (as, by night, Auroras of the north,)
Lambent tableaux, prophetic, bodiless scenes,
Spiritual projections.

In one, among the city streets, a laborer's home appear'd,
After his day's work done, cleanly, sweet-air'd, the gas-light burning,
The carpet swept, and a fire in the cheerful stove.

In one, the sacred parturition scene,
A happy, painless mother birth'd a perfect child.

In one, at a bounteous morning meal,
Sat peaceful parents, with contented sons.

In one, by twos and threes, young people,
Hundreds concentering, walk'd the paths and streets and roads,
Toward a tall-domed school.

In one a trio, beautiful,
Grandmother, loving daughter, loving daughter's daughter sat,
Chatting and sewing.

In one, along a suite of noble rooms,
'Mid plenteous books and journals, paintings on the walls, fine statuettes,
Were groups of friendly journeymen, mechanics, young and old,
Reading, conversing.

All, all the shows of laboring life,
City and country, women's and men's and children's,
Their wants provided for, hued in the sun, and tinged for once with joy,
Marriage, the street, the factory, farm, the house-room, lodging-room,
Labor and toil, the bath, gymnasium, play-ground, library, college,
The student, boy or girl, led forward to be taught;
The sick cared for, the shoeless shod—the orphan father'd and mother'd,
The hungry fed, the houseless hous'd;
(The intentions perfect and divine,
The workings, details, haply human.)

4.

O thou within this tomb,
From thee, such scenes—thou unstinted, lavish Giver,
Tallying the gifts of Earth—large as the Earth,
Thy name an Earth, with mountains, fields and rivers.

Nor by your streams alone, you rivers,
By you, your banks, Connecticut,
By you, and all your teeming life, Old Thames,
By you, Potomac, laving the ground Washington trod—by you Patapsco,
You, Hudson—you, endless Mississippi—not by you alone,
But to the high seas launch, my thought, his memory.

5.

Lo, Soul, by this tomb's lambency,
The darkness of the arrogant wisdom of the world,
With all its flaunting aims, ambitions, pleasures.

(Old, commonplace, and rusty saws,
The rich, the gay, the supercilious, smiled at long,
Now, piercing to the marrow in my bones,
Fused with each drop of blood my heart's blood jets,
Swim in ineffable meaning.)
Lo, Soul, the sphere requireth, portioneth,
To each his share, his measure,
The moderate to the moderate, the ample to the ample.

Lo, Soul, see'st thou not, plain as the sun,
The only real wealth of wealth in generosity,
The only life of life in goodness.

WALT WHITMAN.

STORY OF THE POWDER-BOAT.

PROBABLY no episode of the late civil war is really so little understood as that famous attempt to disable the Confederate works near Wilmington, in 1864, known as the "Powder-boat Expedition." Its details have hitherto been known to but few, and the fall of Fort Fisher, the capture of Wilmington, and the other triumphs of 1865, crowding so fast upon each other, naturally distracted the public mind from all preceding unsuccessful experiments.

One of the small number to whom the execution of this dangerous experiment was intrusted, uttered his last words when he rallied his men at the palisades on Federal Point, and shed his blood at the final stronghold of the rebellion. Those who survive, and among them is the gallant commander of the expedition, have been content to keep silence, while false tongues spoke; and, secure in the high honor awarded them by their comrades of the navy, they trust to history to tell her "round unvarnished tale" of truth.

But the justice of history is tardy, and often does not come until the men who need it have slept for years that quiet sleep which recks so little of the world's renown. In view of the determined silence of those who could best tell the story of this experiment, the writer of this article will essay it. It was not his fortune to be one of those selected as the crew of the powder-boat; but his opportunities for observing the details of the expedition, from beginning to end, were such as few beyond the actors in the scene enjoyed. He believes the following to be a careful and accurate narrative of the conception, preparation and execution of this remarkable project, from which so much was expected and so little realized.

Attempts to destroy hostile shipping by means of fire-ships have been common in naval warfare; but history records but one instance of the use of a powder-boat in such experiments, prior to the Fort Fisher explosion. This single precedent—an attempt gallant but also unsuccessful—is to be found in our own annals. A short narrative of the affair may prove a good introduction to the present article.

In 1804, Commodore Preble, commanding the blockading squadron off the harbor of Tripoli, resolved to make the endeavor to destroy the enemy's shipping by means of a powder-ship, or "infernal." For this purpose, he prepared the ketch Intrepid, which had been formerly used by Decatur in his attempts on the Philadelphia. A small room was planked up in her hold, just forward of the main-mast, and in it was stowed one hundred barrels of powder, in bulk. From this a trunk or tube led aft to another room, which was filled with splinters and lightwood. The tube contained a train of powder, which was to be fired by the flames from the fire in the after-room, and which communicated with the fuses leading into the powder.

On deck, immediately over the magazine, were stowed fifty thirteen-and-a-half-inch shells, and one hundred nine-inch; together with loose shot, kentledge, and fragments of iron.

Captain Richard Somers commanded the Intrepid, and Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, of the Constitution, was selected to assist him. Mr. Joseph Israel, a midshipman, contrived to smuggle himself into the boats, as they were putting off for the powder-ship.

The night of September 4th was chosen for the execution of the project, and

the Intrepid started into the harbor about eight o'clock. She was watched as she passed in over the bar by anxious eyes, until within a musket shot of the mole. At this time the enemy's batteries opened, and shortly after the ketch exploded, without reaching her destination.

In all probability the premature explosion was caused by the enemy's shot; but, as none of the gallant men who manned the Intrepid ever returned, save as ghastly and dismembered corpses, to their friends, we are of course limited to conjecture. They had been provided with two fast-pulling boats in which to make their escape. One of these drifted out to the fleet, with a single dead body in it, probably that of the boat-keeper. The other boat was never seen, and the bodies afterward recovered were utterly unrecognizable.

The expedition was thus an utter failure, and the damaging of a few gunboats did not compensate for the loss of such men as Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and the brave sailors who accompanied them.

With this brief account of the loss of the Intrepid, we may proceed to relate the story of its solitary successor. While preparations were making, in 1864, for the attack on Fort Fisher, it occurred to General Butler that if a large quantity of powder could be confined in the form of a huge torpedo, and exploded close to the works, the effect of that explosion would be the destruction of the fort and garrison and even of the neighboring towns. This idea was suggested by the results of two very recent explosions; the one at Erith, in England, the other at City Point on the James, in the close vicinity of the General's own headquarters.

In October, 1864, on the south bank of the Thames, near Woolwich, two powder-magazines and two barges loaded with powder exploded, killing and wounding a number of persons. There were 840 barrels of powder in the two magazines, and 200 barrels in the barges. The latter were moored at the wharves. The total quantity of powder exploded was, therefore, about 104,000 pounds, or about 46 tons. The two magazines were 135 feet from each other, on the edge of the river, immediately behind the dike. The barges were alongside the wharves, one of which extended 120, and the other 122 feet into the river. Within a few yards of the magazines were three cottages occupied by the workmen. The magazines and cottages were the only buildings within a mile of the disaster. There were three distinct explosions; the first on board the barges, which tore asunder the large magazine, and so caused the smaller one to explode. Of these magazines not one stone remained upon another. The barges were split into fragments and hurled into the air. The embankment was destroyed, and so were the cottages of the workmen. No damage, other than the breakage of glass and windows, was done outside of the tract of twenty acres on which these buildings were situated. The shock was, however, felt more or less throughout London, distant, at the nearest point, about fifteen miles; and some of the statements sworn to before the coroner's jury make the distance at which the shock was felt as great as forty or fifty miles. A magazine a quarter of a mile from those blown up was uninjured, although a piece of iron was thrown through the roof, and the workmen inside of the magazine were prostrated by the explosion. Another magazine lay at a distance of a quarter of a mile from this one, and a government magazine one mile, and neither received injury.

The explosion at City Point took place on board an ordnance barge moored alongside the wharf at that place. She contained about eight tons of ammunition, a part of it in boxes. A similar boat was moored to her off-shore side. The wharf was built on piles, and had upon it a wooden store-house of one story.

About three hundred feet of the wharf was destroyed, and the store-house was blown down. Yet, although a small boat with several men in it, which was alongside the outer barge, was capsized, none of the men were injured. A loaded railroad train was on the track on the opposite side of the wharf, and the engineer was on his engine, but nothing there was injured. Across the railroad, about 165 yards from the exploded barge, were some light wooden buildings, sutler's tents, etc. All of these were blown down, or so much injured as to require to be torn down. Several persons were killed in and around these buildings; and fragments of the boat sufficiently large and having a velocity sufficient to kill a man, were thrown to a distance of five hundred yards. Those persons who were killed, were not killed by the explosion, but by the projectiles which were thrown about by its force.

But, though cited by General Delafield as proofs of the insufficiency of the explosive force of powder in large masses to destroy heavy structures at a distance from the explosion, the foregoing facts seemed to General Butler to justify his reliance on the effects of the plan proposed by him. He believed that by it the forts at Federal Point might be destroyed, and the capture of Wilmington, or at least of the two entrances to Cape Fear river, rendered an easy task. In November he communicated this idea to Admiral Porter, then in command of the North Atlantic Squadron. That distinguished officer, with his usual promptitude, threw himself heart and soul into the affair. He did not anticipate results as terrible as those looked for by General Butler. He more nearly agreed with General Delafield. But it was, said the Admiral, "an experiment worth trying." If its results should prove as great as were anticipated, it would revolutionize operations against harbor defences. The fate of war would thereafter "depend upon which of the combatants possessed the greatest amount of powder."

Casting about him for the best means to prosecute the enterprise, the Admiral selected from his fleet an old war-worn propeller of about 250 tons, which had long been employed in the sounds of North Carolina. She was called the Louisiana, and was in many respects admirably suited for her part in the enterprise. She was flat-bottomed, and drew only five or six feet of water. She had done good service in the shallow waters where she had hitherto been employed, but was fast becoming worthless, and could be better spared than a better vessel. It was, too, a fitting end for the old war-worn steamer, that she should go from the ranks of the fleet, not into the degrading servitude of some speculating contractor, as an old race-horse ends his days in a cart; nor even into the dull but honorable retirement of a navy-yard hulk; but into the very fore-front of the battle; and there gloriously expire in one brilliant flash; slaying, like Samson of old, more at her death than she had done during her whole life-time.

The Louisiana was accordingly ordered to report at Hampton Roads; and, on the evening of the 30th of November, she arrived in that harbor from Newbern. She was a slow coach, her best speed being about six knots in smooth water. During the trip from Hatteras Inlet to Cape Henry, she was with much ado kept off the beach, the wind drawing partially on it. On her arrival she was immediately ordered to Norfolk, where her officers and crew were transferred to other vessels, and gangs of workmen at once commenced transforming the man-of-war into a torpedo. Her guns and masts were removed, and her stores, ammunition and provisions taken out; a house was built on her upper deck, extending forward from her smoke-stack (which was just forward of the officers' quarters) almost to her bow, being seventy feet in length. A false smoke-stack, made of hoops and canvas, was placed forward of the real one; the deck-house

was covered with canvas, painted to prevent leakage; painted canvas screens closed in the sides and side-lights; and she was then whitewashed all over. Thus, when turned over by the navy-yard authorities to the ordnance officers, she was as fair an imitation of a blockade-runner as could be desired, and one not easily detected at night.

And now came the great question while these preparations were making—who should *execute* this plan, so easy of conception, but so difficult to carry to success? For obvious reasons, the selection of a commander for the expedition devolved upon Admiral Porter. Having but lately assumed command of the squadron, and being consequently not familiar with all his officers, he first issued a general order calling for volunteers for a hazardous duty, stating that the chances were "death, or glory, honor and promotion." He was deluged with applications. Although the nature of the service for which they were required was entirely unknown, volunteers, from commodores to master's-mates, registered their names as candidates for the chance of getting killed. The feeling that the Admiral's brilliant feats in the West had inspired in the hearts of all, and the natural fancy of sailors for anything that was at the same time hazardous and mysterious, made the list a large one. From among so great a number with equa claims, men already famous at Port Royal, New Orleans, Charleston or Mobile how was it possible to select?

As has been said, while the crude conception of the plan was General Butler's and while the preparation of the explosive power was the work of the Ordnance Department, the execution devolved upon the Admiral. He had many brave men in his command: how many had he, who with great bravery combined judgment, and with courage coolness; who would not risk and ruin all for the sake of a dashing attempt; who would intelligently and fearlessly carry out not only the letter but the spirit of their instructions? Many who fulfilled these conditions, yet, from their age and rank in the service and their positions in the fleet, could not be spared. The admiral's attention soon fixed itself firmly upon an officer who, for brilliant and judicious conception, and cool and daring execution, had made his name famous among his comrades, and had gained flattering encomiums from a department never too ready to praise.

This man was Commander Alexander C. Rhind, of New York, at this time commanding a double-ender, the Agawam. Commander Rhind had already served with great distinction in the South Atlantic Squadron. The writer was a witness to his gallant attack on the forts of the Dawho, in South Carolina, when, in a little tug-boat (the Hale), he engaged the enemy ensconced behind their works, drove them from their guns, and, immediately landing with a boat's crew, destroyed the forts, spiked and otherwise disabled the guns, and carried away all their ammunition. Being obliged, owing to his vessel grounding, to wait until night-fall for the rise of the tide, he was subjected, on his return, to a murderous plunging fire of grape and canister from a battery on an overhanging bluff. But so well had he protected his men by hammocks and bags, that, though his decks were badly scarred, he rejoined his little fleet without having a man injured. Where others might have ordered an attack, he was wont to lead it; and he thereby inspired his officers and men with such enthusiasm that the Edisto river, long a stronghold of the rebels, became, after his occupation of its waters, altogether too hot for them. The sight of his vessel (and an old rattle-trap she was) coming up the river, was enough, at any time, to scatter the foe, and to render the banks of the Edisto safe from its mouth as far up as there was water enough for his vessel to float in. For his gallantry at the Dawho, he received the written thanks of the Navy Department.

The Agawam was now undergoing extensive repairs at Norfolk, and would not be ready for sea in time to share in the proposed bombardment of Fort Fisher. It was proposed to her commander to take command of the Louisiana and the powder-party. He accepted at once, and set about his preparations. Admiral Porter having desired that Commander Rhind should select his own officers and crew, he chose Lieutenant Samuel W. Preston, Second Assistant Engineer A. T. E. Mullan, and Master's Mate Paul Ryder as officers of the party, and the following enlisted men he selected as his crew: Frank Lucas, coxswain; William Garvin, captain of the forecastle, Charles J. Bibber, gunner's mate; John Neil, quarter gunner; Robert Montgomery, captain of afterguard; James Roberts, seaman; Charles Hawkins, seaman; Dennis Conlan, seaman: James Sullivan, ordinary seaman; William Hinnegan, second-class fireman; and Charles Rice, coal-heaver.

The crew were all volunteers from the Agawam. Mr. Boyden was one of the Louisiana while she was in service, and volunteered, as he expressed it, "to see the last of the old thing." Mr. Mullan was one of the Agawam's engineers, and also a volunteer. Mr. Preston had but just returned from a rebel prison, having been captured in the unfortunate assault on Fort Sumter.

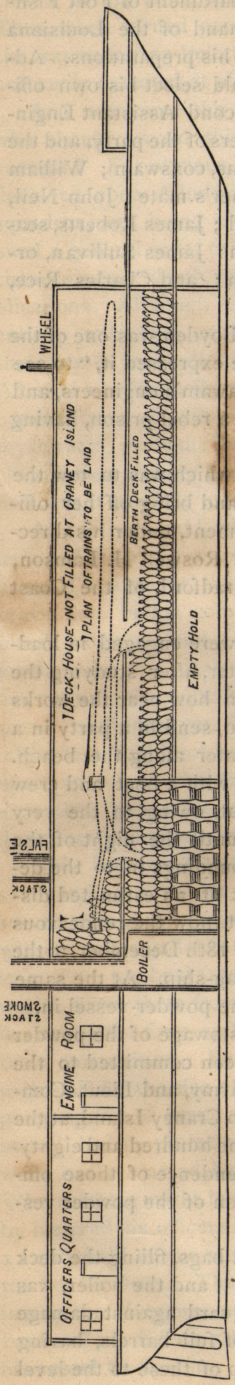
The Louisiana was to have as consort a fast steamer, which was to tow the vessel in, if found necessary, pilot her to her destination and bring off her officers and crew. The charge of this vessel and her movement, under his directions, was committed by Commander Rhind to Lieutenant Roswell H. Lamson, commanding the Gettysburg, and Sub-Assistant J. S. Bradford, of the Coast Survey, hydrographer on the Admiral's staff.

While the officers detailed from the Ordnance Office were engaged in loading and preparing this monstrous torpedo, Admiral Porter, after studying the charts of the vicinity of New Inlet, with a view to ascertain how near the works the vessel could be taken without grounding, concluded to send in a party in a small boat, to find and trace the line of six feet at low water along the beach. This duty was entrusted to Mr. Bradford, who proceeded, with a boat and crew furnished by the steamer Wilderness, to New Inlet; but, owing to the very stormy weather, repeated attempts failed, and it was not until the night of the 17th of December that he succeeded in getting a line of soundings in to the desired point. On a W. by S.½S. course, he struck six feet at an estimated distance of 150 yards from the beach. Returning to Beaufort (now the rendezvous of the fleet), he reported his success on the morning of the 18th December, to the Admiral at the council of officers convened on board the flag-ship. At the same time he received his own orders to be prepared to guide the powder-vessel in.

For the Louisiana was now "ready for action." The stowage of the powder and the arrangement of the means for exploding it had been committed to the charge of Major Rodman, of the Ordnance Corps of the Army, and Lieut.-Commander Jeffers, of the Navy. The vessel was taken down to Craney Island, at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, and there received on board one hundred and eighty-five tons of powder, which was stowed under the superintendence of those officers. The accompanying plan shows a longitudinal section of the powder vessel, and the manner of stowing the powder.

The powder was first stowed in the berth-deck in 50lb. bags, filling the deck up even with the hatches. Abaft the berth deck, between it and the boiler, was an after hold or coal-bunker, which was also filled. To guard against damage by leakage, the bunker was stowed, first, with two tiers of full barrels, having their heads knocked out, and the bags were piled on top of these to the level

of the spar deck. The balance of the powder was stowed in the deck-house, beginning against the after bulk-head, and occupying about one-fifth of the available space. To the amount in the deck-house, the naval authorities afterward added thirty tons, in Beaufort; but even then two thirds of the house remained unfilled.



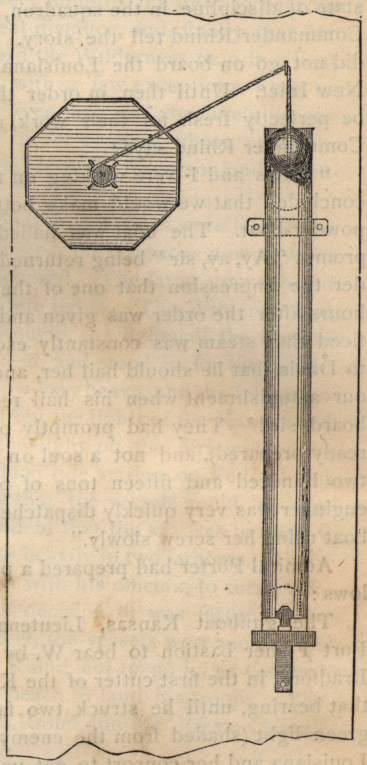
This, as will be hereafter shown, was a very grave error, but the vessel could not carry more with safety than the two hundred and fifteen tons now in her. The fault lay in the calculations of the projectors of the enterprise, that a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons could carry three hundred tons of powder. The deck-house either should not have been built upon her at all, or should have been made very much smaller.

To explode this mass of powder several appliances were adopted. By the ordnance officers the movements of three ordinary marine clocks were used. First removing the faces and hands, a cylinder, having four pins set in its circumference equidistant, was secured to the arbor of the minute-hand. As these four pins were at equal distances, it is easy to see that the space between any two was equal to fifteen minutes. The clocks were each fastened to a board by the side of a copper tube at the bottom of which was fitted a common musket-tube (or a shell-plunger) capped with a percussion cap. One end of a piece of catgut was attached to a grape-shot of two pounds weight, which latter, when the clocks were set, was placed at the top of the tube. The catgut was then led through an eye on the board just above the tube, and then, by means of a loop in its other end, was hooked over one of the pins in the clock cylinder. Of course, as the revolution of the cylinder brought this pin downward, the loop would drop off, the shot would fall, and so explode the cap. With this cap on each of the clocks was connected an end of the fuse leading through the powder. These fuses, according to the plans of the ordnance office, were laid only in the upper and outer layers of bags in the deck-house. Holes were bored in the deck to enable the fire to communicate with the powder below. Lieutenant-Commander Jeffers desired, at first, that large hatches might be cut in the spar deck; but, for some reason unknown to the writer, was induced to abandon the idea, and bore holes instead.

The fact that the fuses were not led through the powder in the coal-bunker and berth-deck, seems to an impartial observer sufficient to account for the non-explosion of the vast mass of powder in those rooms. Mr. Jeffers, however, in his testimony (Fort Fisher Expedition, page 255) says that "the theory adopted was, that by igniting it from the top and sides the lateral

effect would be increased." The question, as it appears to us, is, Was it ignited at all? The fuses would certainly have secured the certainty of ignition. The accompanying sketch shows the arrangement of the clocks.

There were also six slow matches, provided by Major Rodman with as many wooden tubes, lined with lead or zinc, in and through which they were to be laid. The slow matches were placed in different parts of the vessel, and connected with the powder by Gomez fuses. The tubes, however, proved useless, as the matches would not burn in them, and the latter were, therefore, laid without them.



Besides these means, adopted by the ordnance officers, Commander Rhind added a third. A board, slung at its four corners by cords, was suspended in the cook-house; and in it were set five pieces of candle, cut, by experiment, to burn one hour and three-quarters. Into the bottom of each candle was inserted a Gomez fuse-end, and these fuses passed out into the powder-room forward of the cook-house, being spliced or married into every line of fuse which they crossed.

Finally, to make the explosion a certainty, and prevent the vessel falling into the hands of the enemy in case of the above means to explode her failing, a fire was laid in the stern, composed of tallow, turpentine, cotton waste and pine wood. This was to be lighted at the last moment, and was to be so arranged that the flames might not reach the powder until the clocks and chandelier should have had ample time to act.

Lieutenant-Commander Jeffers asserts in his report (see Fort Fisher Expedition, page 250) that it was proposed to use Beardslee's electro-magnetic machines and wires to explode the powder; but that that proposition "was not favorably considered by those charged with the execution of the plan."

In regard to this assertion, we can only say, that the first hint of the contemplation of any such plan was received by Commander Rhind on reading Mr. Jeffers's statement to that effect in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Does it not, in the face of this fact, seem extraordinary that Mr. Jeffers should say "those charged with the execution of the plan" were opposed to the use of electricity? *The subject of electricity was never broached to any of the party by Mr. Jeffers or any other person.* Had it been proposed to them, quite different results might have occurred. Commander Rhind and Mr. Preston would certainly have favored the idea. But neither of them ever heard of it.

It was on the 13th of December that the powder-boat was finally turned over by the ordnance officers, and taken charge of by Admiral Porter. A temporary crew was placed on board of her, and she was towed to sea by the steamer Sassacus, Lieutenant-commander Davis. On her arrival at Beaufort, she was

anchored in the channel near Shackelford banks. Here she received thirty additional tons of powder, making the total amount on board two hundred and fifteen tons. This was all the vessel could safely carry.

Everything being now in readiness, the Louisiana was again taken in tow by the Sassacus, and both vessels proceeded toward New Inlet. On this passage an instance of prompt obedience to orders occurred, which, as showing the state of discipline in the squadron, is worthy of a passing notice. We will let Commander Rhind tell the story. It must be premised that the powder party did not go on board the Louisiana to take charge of her until she arrived off New Inlet. Until then, in order that Commander Rhind and his party should be perfectly fresh for their work, a temporary crew had been put on board. Commander Rhind says:

"Davis and I were walking on the hurricane deck of the Sassacus; and we concluded that we would make better progress if steam were gotten up on the powder-boat. The boat was hailed, and the order given to get up steam. A prompt "Ay, ay, sir" being returned to Captain Davis's hail, both of us were under the impression that one of the officers on board was an engineer. Some hours after the order was given and the powder-boat observed to fire up, I noticed that steam was constantly escaping from her steam-pipe, and suggested to Davis that he should hail her, and direct them to carry less steam. Imagine our astonishment when his hail received the reply 'We have no engineer on board, sir!' They had promptly obeyed the order, and started the fires (already prepared), and not a soul on board able to start the engine! This, with two hundred and fifteen tons of powder as cargo, was somewhat risky! An engineer was very quickly dispatched to her, and we then kept on, the powder-boat using her screw slowly."

Admiral Porter had prepared a plan of action for the party, which was as follows:

The gunboat Kansas, Lieutenant-Commander Watmough, was to bring Fort Fisher bastion to bear W. by S.½S., and anchor, in nine fathoms. Mr. Bradford, in the first cutter of the Kansas, with a picked crew, was to pull in on that bearing, until he struck two fathoms, when he was to anchor and show a green light (shaded from the enemy's view), which was to be the signal for the Louisiana and her consort to get under weigh. They were then to proceed in, steering for the green light. When they arrived abreast of Mr. Bradford's anchorage he was to weigh his anchor and go on board the consort, while the Louisiana was to continue in as far as she could go. The consort was to await the arrival of the crew of the powder-boat, and then steam to a place of safety.

This plan, on the arrival of the Louisiana at New Inlet, it was found necessary to alter. In the first place, the Nansemond, which had been selected as the consort of the Louisiana, did not arrive off New Inlet in time. Her commander, Acting Master Porter, had been selected at the instance of Lieutenant Lamson, who had, as his former commander, many times witnessed his coolness and bravery. But, by some mistake, Mr. Porter did not receive his instructions until late in the afternoon of the 18th. He was then at "Western Bar," the western entrance to Cape Fear river, with the famous Frying-pan shoals separating him from New Inlet. To go around the shoals (the usual way) he would have to steam about fifty miles. He, trusting to his knowledge of the slues across them, *ran his vessel across the shoals*, risking everything to arrive in time. But he was too late. The steamer Wilderness, which had been used by Mr. Bradford in his surveys under the forts, had been already selected and prepared for the enterprise, and it was not deemed advisable to change.

The Louisiana arrived at the Kansas' anchorage at a quarter to eight in the evening. A consultation was immediately held on board the Kansas; and, at the suggestion of Captain Watmough, it was decided to change that part of the plan proposed by the Admiral which suggested the use of a small boat and her light as a head range. It was thought that a second boat would only embarrass the movements of the Wilderness, that it was very doubtful if a light so near the surface of the water could be seen from any great distance, and, finally, that Mr. Bradford could be of much more service on board the Wilderness than in a boat.

The officers and crew of the Wilderness, with a few exceptions, were removed to other vessels, so as not to risk more lives than was absolutely neccessary. The captain, Acting Master Arey, one of the ensigns, whose name the writer has not been able to obtain, two engineers, Messrs. Anderson and Robinson, and a boat's crew, remained on board.

As the sea was now getting up rapidly, the final preparations were hurried to completion. In pursuance of the new plan adopted, the Sassacus now took up her station E. by N.½N. of the Kansas, and anchored. The latter now showed a white and green light, and the Sassacus two white lights. The Wilderness, at half-past nine, took the powder-boat in tow, brought the lights of the Kansas and Sassacus in range, and Fort Fisher light ahead, and stood in for the beach. Both vessels were under steam. The sea was now very heavy, and the Louisiana wallowed and rolled heavily. At ten minutes of ten the lights of the Kansas and Sassacus disappeared, and shortly afterward the light on the fort was extinguished. Being now without a range, and the flood tide setting on Federal and Caroline shoals, it was with the utmost difficulty that the vessels could be kept on the proper bearing; and finally it became evident that the sea was too heavy for the success of the enterprise. It was breaking heavily in two fathoms. Commander Rhind, therefore, decided, on consultation with his officers, to turn back, and give up the attempt for that night. In this decision he was fortunate, as, while on their way out to the anchorage of the fleet, the vessels were met by the Vance, with orders from the Admiral to Captain Rhind not to go in, as General Butler thought there was too much surf on the beach to land his troops. The Louisiana was accordingly anchored, and Captain Rhind and Mr. Preston joined the party on the Wilderness.

Up to this time, the plan proposed by the Admiral had been followed, except where necessity had compelled a deviation from it. But now that the party had an opportunity for consultation, a radical change was made in several parts of the programme—changes suggested by their experience thus far. A gale of wind, which sprung up on the night of the 18th and continued with great fury until the 22d, allowed them ample time to consider new plans and modify old ones, so as to be sure of the explosion of the vessel at the proper time.

Notwithstanding the care with which the secret of the powder-boat had been kept, some "leaky vessel" had allowed it to escape. The whole affair was known at Beaufort before the arrival there of the fleet. It had been received from Newbern, between which place and Wilmington illicit communication was kept up in spite of all efforts to prevent it. In view, therefore, of the great probability that the whole affair was known to the rebels, it was necessary that measures should be adopted by the powder party to defeat any attempt to prevent the consummation of the enterprise.

The following improved plan of operations was accordingly adopted, and, on the morning of the 20th December, was submitted to the Admiral.

I. The Louisiana was to be taken in on the first favorable night. A suitable

night was considered to be one with a hazy atmosphere, and a light wind *on* shore.

II. The Wilderness was to tow, being assisted by the steam-power of the powder-boat.

III. The course should be W. by S.½S., for Fort Fisher light.

IV. On her arrival at the proper point, the Wilderness was to signal the Louisiana, by flashing a green light three times, and immediately casting off the tow-line. The Louisiana was then to steam ahead, to her own position, and let go an anchor, stoppered at thirty fathoms.

V. The proper position for the separation of the two vessels was to be decided by Lamson, Bradford and Bowen on the Wilderness. On their concurrent opinions, the light was to be shown.

VI. The proper position of the Louisiana was to be about one hundred yards inshore of the Wilderness, if the depth of water would allow her to get thus far. She was expected to swing with her bow off shore—a very desirable result—and to obtain which, the wind must be light from the N. E.

VII. After anchoring the Louisiana, fires were to be at once hauled, and Rhind and Preston were, personally, to start the clocks, and light the chandelier slow-match, and finally the fire.

VIII. All having been completed, the cable-stopper was to be cut, and the party were to leave the vessel in regular naval order, that is, juniors first. They were to warp themselves alongside of the Wilderness by a line attached to that vessel, one end of which was kept in the boat. The cable-stopper having been cut would allow the vessel to drift slowly in toward the shore to the extreme length of her cable (ninety fathoms) which it was expected would undoubtedly put her aground close to the beach.

The warp line was to be used to avoid the noise which sometimes unavoidably happens in handling oars; and also as being more convenient in the crowded state of the boat.

IX. In case the enemy attempted to board, the Wilderness was to attack at once, with grape and canister. To the arrangements for that purpose, and the management of his vessel while towing, Acting Master Arey was to give all his attention.

X. Should the fort open and the Wilderness be disabled, and should all efforts to drive off the boarders fail, and the capture of the vessel become inevitable—the final measures should be adopted. Mr. Preston, being, in view of this contingency, stationed in the lower powder-room, was, upon signal from Captain Rhind, to blow up the Louisiana to insure the success of the enterprise. This was to be done, to use Preston's own words, by "sticking a lighted candle into the nearest open bag."

XI. The signal for the self-destruction of the party was to be three distinct and measured raps on the deck, to be given by Capt. Rhind.

The Admiral cordially approved of the above plan of operations, with the exception of the tenth and eleventh articles. But, being told that these had been adopted by the unanimous vote of the party, he reluctantly assented to them all.

The gale continued to blow with great fury until the afternoon of the 22d. On its first appearance, the transports with the troops, and General Butler in his flagship, got under weigh and went to Beaufort, from which place they did not return until the 24th. The Admiral, however, determined to ride it out, and did so successfully; but the position of the party on the Louisiana was unpleasant in the extreme. She wallowed and rolled, and dragged the Wilderness almost

down to the fleet, although Capt. Arey let go all the anchors he had. She finally cast off from the Wilderness, and was taken in tow by the Nansemond, during the remainder of the gale.

After the gale ceased, the sea went down rapidly; and the night of the 23d was clear and fine. The weather was quite cold, and the wind light from N. N. W. This was a very unfavorable wind, as the vessel would probably tail off shore when anchored. However, the Admiral did not deem that objection of sufficient importance; and, besides, it was thought that, the wind being so light, she might swing to the flood tide, which would carry her directly toward the beach; so, as he had determined to attack on the 24th and had already sent word to General Butler, he ordered Commander Rhind to proceed in at once, and blow up the vessel.

Accordingly, the Wilderness once more took the tow-line, and the Kansas again took her position as a stern range. At a quarter before eleven the two vessels passed the Kansas and stood in shore W. by S.½S., running slowly. At twenty minutes before twelve, fifty-five minutes after leaving the Kansas, the Wilderness was in two and a half fathoms of water, with the beach and the embrasures of Fort Fisher plainly discernible. The signal was now made, and the Louisiana steamed in unaided to her station. Slowly, but steadily, she approached the beach; and to the spectators on the Wilderness she seemed almost on shore before she anchored. Arey had to veer out nearly two hundred fathoms of line to the boat astern of her before she brought up. Then all was quiet.

Those were solemn moments. Lamson and his brother-officers stood aft on the hurricane deck, watching with eagerness the dim outline visible in shore of them. Arey's faculties were absorbed in attention to his guns, which, cast loose and ready for action, opened their brazen mouths ready to belch forth grape and shrapnel. One officer stood by the warp, watching for the welcome strain upon it. Suddenly a broad glare of light shot upward; and in an instant the powder boat was plainly visible, as if by moon-light! It was a moment like that which comes to drowning men before they sink for the last time. For to every one on board the Wilderness, the one thought occurred—"The fire has gotten away from them!" The next instant, destruction, annihilation was expected.

"Pooh!" said Lamson, when half a minute had gone by without any explosion; "they are only hauling fires, and the light shines through the canvas of the false smoke-stack!"

What closed the eyes of the sentries on the beach, and the garrison in the fort puzzled every one. The rebel newspapers which gave an account of the explosion, explained this. The Louisiana *was* seen, but was thought to be a gunboat which had gotten aground, and had been abandoned and set on fire. It was impossible for them, in the obscurity of the night, to judge of her distance from the beach; and as several of our small tugs had at times during the history of the blockade been so abandoned and blown up, the glare from the Louisiana attracted no particular notice.

Soon the light was extinguished, and all was dark again. The night had become thick, and the Louisiana was scarcely discernible from the deck of the Wilderness.

Twenty minutes passed. The sentries still continued their walks on beach and parapet, and their challenges were occasionally heard. At length, Arey announced "They are coming," and soon the boat and her crew were under the quarter. "All right" was the word from Rhind, as he came on deck; and, although orders were to cast loose the boat and let her go, he coolly remarked that

she "was too good a boat for the rebels to have," and ordered her hoisted up. This being done, "Four bells!" was the word to the engineer, who had been bottling up his steam; and the Wilderness darted away to the eastward at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

In obedience to the Admiral's instructions, rockets were now thrown with great rapidity to notify him that the powder-boat had been duly placed, and arrangements made to explode her. This done, the party joined in congratulations on the success of the affair thus far, and hopes that the results would equal general expectation.

According to Commander Rhind's estimate, the Louisiana had been anchored within three hundred yards of the beach. It was hoped that, the wind being light, she would swing to the flood tide, with her stern toward the shore. But she swung head to wind; so that she had to be securely anchored with two anchors and short scope of chain, just sufficient to hold her firmly.

The clocks had been set at ten minutes to twelve, to run an hour and a half; and the candles of the chandelier had been cut to burn an hour and three-quarters. The Wilderness hove to at ten minutes to one on the morning of the 24th, and awaited the explosion. The clocks should have exploded the powder at twenty minutes past one, and the chandelier at twenty-five minutes before two. But it was not until twenty minutes to two that the explosion took place; and by that time the after part of the vessel was wrapped in flames.

At that moment (1:40 A. M.) a huge column of fire rushed straight upward, four loud explosions followed at intervals of about half a second, and all was darkness.

Rhind turned to his officers and quietly remarked, "There's a fizzle!" and went below. In fact he had feared all along that the arrangements for securing instantaneous explosion would fail, as there were no fuses laid in the great mass of the powder under the deck. As these arrangements, however, had been made by the ordnance officers, he did not attempt, on his own responsibility, to alter them, but gave his whole attention to carrying out the directions he had received with the utmost carefulness.

When day broke, the Wilderness steamed out to the flag-ship, on board of which they were most heartily welcomed as men risen from the dead. Indeed, the Admiral informed Commander Rhind that, when they had parted the previous evening, he had never expected to see any of the party again in life.

It is almost unnecessary to state here, what has been for a long time so well known to the public, that the explosion failed to damage the works. It was felt heavily at Wilmington, and distinctly at Beaufort; the former about thirteen miles from the forts, the latter about seventy. A rebel officer and a number of his men, who were lying on the ground about two and a half miles from the fort, declared that "the explosion jumped them about like pop-corn." But, on the other hand, a number of wooden buildings on the point, about a mile and a half from the place where the powder-vessel was blown up, were not even injured.

It has been the custom to refer to this affair as "the failure of the attempt to blow up Fort Fisher." But it is hoped that the readers of this article will carefully discriminate between the failure to obtain certain expected results, and the failure of the expedition. The expedition did *not* fail; the attempt to blow up the forts did. The powder-vessel was placed and exploded according to orders; and the failure consisted entirely in the effects of the explosion not fulfilling the sanguine expectations of the projectors.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

THE "*Muerta en el Campo*" had done its accursed work. Muchacho Juan, my gallant old buckskin steed of the Colorado desert, who had met so bravely all the trials, hardships and deprivations of the journey to Arizona and back, in the heat of summer, so was lying dead at my feet. Last night I sang as I galloped down the pass upon his back, feeling that every step brought me nearer home, and him nearer to fresh fields and pastures green, where he could revel in fat feed and forget the hardships of the trip. I had learned to love his homely old face and treat him with a consideration such as his services well entitled him to receive. Now it was all over between us, and I must leave him for the wolves and finish my journey alone. And the wretches encamped at Cañon Springs regarded this as a capital joke! Universalism won't do for the desert; it contains no provision for such contingencies as this.

I sold my blankets, gave away my saddle, and prepared for a two-hundred-mile tramp on foot across the red-hot desert towards San Barnardino. The sun was well up in the sky when I started, and the heat began to tell on me before I had walked a mile. Four miles out of the twelve between the Cañon and Dos Palmas had been passed, and I began to take heart. It was pretty rough, but I had done it before and could do it again. Something in my boot began to annoy me, and I looked down. Then my heart failed me for the first time, and I sat down faint and sick. A calamity I had never dreamed of had fallen upon me. At the Cañon I had thrown away my worn-out boots, and put on a new pair which had been brought out from Los Angeles for me by one of the parties whom I had met there. The new boots professed to be sewed, but they were a cheat, a delusion, and a swindle. They were pegged, and the pegs skilfully concealed under a false welt. The hot, dry air of the desert had done its work already, and the shrivelled and shrunken pegs had let go their hold on the uppers, and now stood out alone like the teeth in the jaw of a shark. The coarse sand, alkaline earth, and volcanic ashes, through which I must tramp for the next hundred miles, would reduce my feet to one vast blister, and I might find locomotion at last impossible, and faint and die by the roadside.

How I reached Dos Palmas I hardly know, but somehow I was there by 2 P. M. I found there a man named Black. He was as white a man as I have ever seen; and, though he weighed over two hundred, his heart was too big for his body. He nailed on the soles of my boots with carpet-tacks, which had found their way there Heaven knows how, and gave me a pair of cotton socks to protect my bleeding feet. That afternoon and evening I stayed with him and began to feel rested and refreshed as night set in. At midnight I was off for Toros on the western side of the desert, twenty-eight miles from Dos Palmas. By two o'clock I had reached the summit of the divide between Dos Palmas and the Palma Seca and looked down into the plain.

The last man surveying the wreck of the world, could not behold a scene of more utter desolation or be wrapped in silence more utterly terrible. The full moon flooded the whole landscape with her mellow light, but naught of life was to be seen; the ghastly pallor of death was over and upon everything. Southward to the very horizon stretched a great plain of snowy salt, the white ghost of a Dead Sea, which once covered all this accursed land, but has passed away

forever. Across this white plain, as across the waters of a placid lake, the moon threw a track of shimmering light, so bright as almost to dazzle the eye of the beholder. Right in this burning pathway of light, far out in the centre of the ghostly sea, where foot of man hath never trod, lay what appeared in the dim distance the wreck of a gallant ship, which might have gone down there centuries ago, when the bold Spanish adventurers, bearing the cross and sword in either hand, were pushing their way to the northwest in search of the fountain of youth, the famed Kingdom of Cibola, which lay on the eastward, in what is now called Arizona, where the ruins of its cities may still be seen, or El Dorado, which lay just beyond to the northward, and which they found at last, but knew not that they had found it. To the southwest beyond the western shore of the white sea bed, the Coyetero mountains broke the outline of the horizon. Farther northward, Mount San Jacinto lifted his rugged form in a black mass against the western sky. Northward still, the desert, in rolling waves of ashes and yellow sand, stretched like a stagnant, tideless sea, for a hundred miles away, and at the end, Mount San Gorgonio and Mount San Barnardino towered in awful grandeur, grim guardians of the passway out of this lonely, mysterious land. The dark-hued, *piñon*-covered ranges, rising one above the other toward the summits of these mountains, contrasted strongly with the yellow plain beneath, and their crowns of white, disintegrated granite, glittering like snow fields in the moon-lit air, seemed to be floating like clouds in the starry heavens, rather than resting upon and forming a part of the lower earth. In vain I looked and listened; sight or sound of life, save my own, there was none; the eternal silence of the desert rested like a pall on the whole scene. This stillness was something awful beyond the power of words to describe. The ticking of the watch in my pocket was so distinctly audible as to become an annoyance, in the absence of all other sounds save that of my own hushed breathing. "The world without form and void" lay around me; and, though in it, I seemed not of it. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," cried the Psalmist; lo, the Valley of the Shadow stretched out before my feet!

In the dim twilight which just precedes the dawn, I crept into the thick, tangled growth of rank weeds which surrounds the bitter springs of Palma Seca, drank of the loathsome water, filled my canteen, and pushed on down into the plain. A man from San Barnardino who had been out to the new gold placers beyond the Colorado—this was in 1863—came up and joined me. His horse, a fine half-bred, many times too good to be brought out here, to die of heat and fatigue and starvation, was so far gone that he could no longer bear his master's weight, and plodded along as he was led by the halter, with his eyes closed, and his ears hanging down like frosted tobacco leaves. His—the horse's—master was a fit subject for the pencil of a Hogarth. His coat if he ever had one, was gone, ditto his vest, ditto his overshirt: his trousers were in ruins, his hat a wreck, and, the uppers and soles of his boots having parted company, he had, in a fit of impatience, parted company with both. He had split open his under nether garments with a knife, and bound the severed sections around his feet, for protection against the blistering rays of the sun, the hot sand, and biting alkaline dust. We looked at each other with mournful interest, and took a drink of the now blood-warm sulphur water in our canteens; then he mournfully waved his hand, and I shouldered my saddle-bags and limped painfully on in advance.

The caravan on the desert is a picturesque object in books, and there I wish to see it in future, and only there. Higher and higher climbed the sun, and hotter and hotter grew the still air of the desert, until it appeared that the point

where breathing would be no longer possible must inevitably be reached very soon. The treeless mountains, all around this desert basin, shut out every breath of life-giving breeze, and the sun, pouring down into an oven-like valley seventy feet below the level of the sea, made everything fairly hiss with the all-consuming heat. Mile after mile I plodded on, and at every step the burthen of the heat and the fiery thirst became more intolerable. Looking back I saw a tall column of light dust rising into the air and coming slowly westward. Noble and his horse raised it as they hobbled on. Noon came, and the whole accursed landscape fairly quivered under the fervid heat.

And now, along the western side of the valley, arose great pillars of smoke, thin and slender, to a vast height, and then, as they reached a certain point, spreading into vast trees, whose roots were in the earth, whose trunks stretched through the middle air, and whose branches filled all the heavens. There is a river, the Agua Blanco, coming into the desert some seventy-five miles away in the northwest, near San Gorgonio Pass. Its waters are pure and cool, but no tree nor blade of grass grows on its desolate banks ; it nourishes nothing. From its rise in the rock-ribbed, barren mountain to its sink in the desert sands—through all its course, it is an accursed river, running ever in silence through a land accursed. This stream, after it sinks in the sand, runs under the desert for many a mile, and the course of it may be traced, in many places, by thickets of low, wide-spreading mezquite trees, from which the friendly Coahuila Indians —the only regular inhabitants of this valley—gather the sweet bean, which, ground or pounded with its pods into a paste, and rudely cooked, forms the bulk of their year's supply of food. In these mesquite thickets the Indians have what is left of their villages since the small pox, introduced by the white travellers, carried off the greater portion of their number. The small-pox was a fearful scourge to them ; but a more fearful one followed after it. The mistletoe, which the white man brought from England to America, had reached the desert and fastened with fatal tenacity upon the mesquite trees. From a single root a thick clump of mesquites, covering thirty or fifty feet square, and bearing ten or twenty bushels of beans, would sometimes spring. These old groups speedily became loaded with the mistletoe, and ceased to produce the annual crop of beans which to these helpless sons of the desert were the only hope of life. As the Indians of the Valley of the Mississippi saw the honey bee coming into their forests, they said "Lo the messenger of the white man. The pale face will soon be upon us, and it is time for us to go!" To the Coahuilas the coming of the mistletoe meant something more ; it meant starvation and death. Eastward, was the Valley of the Colorado, inhabited by the powerful Mohaves and the Yumas ; northward, their implacable enemies, the murdering Chimahuevis, dwelt in the rugged mountains ; southward, the white plain of salt and alkali stretched out to the horizon ; and westward, in all the fertile valleys of California the white man was before them. Here, then, they must live or die ; mountains, which on all sides inclosed their narrow valley, were the boundaries of the whole world to them. "Lo the curse of the white man is upon us!" they said, and sat down in despair. Finally, their old chief told them to burn every year the clumps of mezquites most affected by the mistletoe, and perchance a new growth might spring up and bear them fruit thereafter. This was what was going on that day. It was a sad sight to behold at any time, and doubly sad it seemed to me then.

At last, when it seemed that my bleeding feet would bear me no further, I came suddenly upon a group of these Indians standing before a clump of mez-

quites crackling in the blaze, and gazing with mournful earnestness at the progress of the work of destruction. My lips were parched, and tongue swollen from the heat and consuming thirst, and I tottered almost fainting into the midst of the group, and made signs that I wanted water. A young woman seized my canteen and ran into a thicket, then returned in all haste and handed it to me filled with pure cold water from some hidden well, which but for them I should have passed undiscovered. I took a long, long draught of the life-giving fluid—nectar it almost seemed at that moment—spread my blankets and threw myself down to rest in the scant shade. When I awoke, the sun was far down in the western sky, and all were gone save the pitying woman who, sitting beneath a tree a little distance off, had watched me as I slept. She ran and brought me another canteen full of cold water. I could not speak her language, nor she mine, so our conversation was limited. She was marked with the small pox, was bare-footed and bare-headed, and her costume was of the scantiest. She was by no means a second "Fair Alfaretto," but I would not have traded her for an angel fresh from heaven, unless the angel came with a coach and four, or at the very least on horseback.

Noble overtook me at last, and, after a brief rest, we journeyed painfully on together. At sunset we came to Toros, an Indian village around some springs and a patch of green salt grass on the western side of the desert, by the base of the mountains. Here we found a company of gold-seekers, bound for the Arizona country, beyond the Colorado, by the road over which we had first passed. The aspect of things was changed in a moment. I took a new lease of life and hope. I had calculated to crawl into the bushes, and sleep there, as best I might, that night, then hobble on along the northwestern side of the desert toward Aqua Caliente and San Barnardino. But I struck a better thing. A miner offered me the half of his blankets, and, better still, a supper of warm bread, coffee, and fried bacon. I supped like a prince, and was just working off the boots from my blistered and bleeding feet, to lie down and sleep like a lord, when another miner came up to tell me that he had a horse which I might ride to San Barnardino if I liked. He would not guarantee the title to the animal, for he had bought him for a song since starting on the trip; but, if I was not particular about such trifles, I could take the chances. I was *not* particular. I would have ridden old Gabriel's mule if I had found him within reach, and I took the chances. Another miner came up, and said that he thought he could "borrow" a saddle and bridle for me from a party of miners camped lower down the road. Borrow them, then, by all means! He borrowed them! But I want a blanket to put under the saddle: Cannot you borrow one of somebody else? He could, and did. At daybreak I was mounted and off. I was not certain that some of the parties who had loaned portions of my outfit might not back out and make a fuss about it; so I decided to avoid an ostentatious leave-taking and go early. That day I passed several adventurers on foot, and looked down upon them with the contempt they so well deserved. A man who will go on foot on the Colorado Desert, when there are horses, saddles and bridles to be borrowed, is a poor, cowardly fellow, unfit to associate with gentlemen. I met one party whose mules had given out from heat and thirst, and laid down to die. I told them that they were within half a mile of water, and where to find it, and thus they saved their mules, and, perhaps, their own lives. Had I been on foot, I would not have met them. Providence, my boy—clearly a providence. Next day I arrived at San Gorgonio Pass, and found my old friend, the pioneer, Smith, lying in a shanty, wounded almost unto the death by a shot fired into his back as

he slept in his bunk at night, by a treacherous red-skin from the Chimahuevis country, who had been lying in wait for him for days. Had my old buckskin horse not died at Cañon Springs, I should have been there on the night of the shooting, and my time might have come; so might the Indian's. Clearly another providence for somebody; but who that somebody was I don't pretend to know. "It might have been" was a more consoling reflection at that time to your humble servant than it was to Maud Muller or the Judge.

I met a man that afternoon who said that the horse I rode was stolen from a ranch in San Barnardino County. Just what I suspected all the time, old fellow! Just take him off my hands at San Barnardino, and pay me for the saddle and bridle, and I will call it square! The proposition pleased him, and its acceptance pleased me. It was a bargain. On my honor as a Christian, I sent the money for the traps back to a friend on the Colorado, to be paid over to the parties who had loaned them to me at Toros. At San Barnardino I got a bath and hair-cutting, clean clothes and a night's rest, and next morning, from the driver's box on the Los Angeles stage, looked back at the giants San Barnardino and San Gorgonio, standing in silent majesty at the gateway of the desert, their white heads sharply profiled against the deep blue sky, and, between the puffs from the fragrant *cigarrito*, hummed, with an inward satisfaction no words can express—

> Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,
> And I am going home!

The Valley of the Shadow was behind me at last, and home, more beautiful to me than Beulah to the eyes of long-toiling, faithful Christian, was before me.

ALBERT S. EVANS.

A CHILD'S FIRST SIGHT OF SNOW.

OH, come and look at his blue, sweet eyes,
As, through the window, they glance around
And see the glittering white surprise
The Night has laid on the ground!

This beautiful Mystery you have seen,
So new to your life and to mine so old,
Little wordless Questioner—"What does it mean?"
Why, it means, I fear, that the world is cold.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

A MONUMENT OF TRADE.

DURING the year 1818, there came into the harbor of New York a British packet-ship, among whose passengers was a young Irish lad, destined, in half a century, to reach the pinnacle of commercial greatness in that city upon which he now for the first time set eyes.

This lad was Alexander T. Stewart—to-day the most famous of American merchants; whose name is repeated the world over; whose fame will surely form a part of the national history; and whose long career of fifty years is an illustrious example of what can be effected in America by the union of commercial genius and sterling character.

Born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1802 (his parents were of Scotch-Irish descent), the child had the misfortune to lose his father in his third year; but his grandfather took charge of the boy, and proved a faithful and wise guardian. As this relative designed him for the ministry, and the boy seconded the design, he received a thorough education, and was put to college in furtherance of the plan. There he proved himself a good student, having a special relish for the classics, besides general scholastic tastes which have remained with him to this day.

These purposes of guardian and grandson were the "rough-hewn" ends, which a greater Power was to "shape" far otherwise. In the youth's second college term, his grandfather died, and all plans were changed. He abandoned his ideas regarding the ministry, quitted college, and, at the age of 16, crossed the Atlantic to seek his fortune in the New World. He brought with him money enough for all his needs, and ample credentials for business and social success. It was not the case of Franklin and his loaf, of Astor without a penny: it was the case of a young man coming to New York as ten thousand other young men come to New York every year, not in abject poverty, but with some supply of ready money, sufficient clothes, a good education, good friends, and opportunities probable for success. And as the career of this great merchant does not ask or suffer the "heroic" style of treatment, so its value to young men is its simplicity, its lack of mystery, its story of penny upon penny and step upon step, and, finally, its possibility of imitation and the applicability of its moral to every-day life.

Naturally turning his education to account, young Stewart, after remaining some time without a situation, found one, at length, in a writing and navigation school in New York, where he was engaged as an assistant. This school he soon left for a similar school of more celebrity; and here he taught many boys who afterward had business relations with him, and have to this day. His salary was $300, which was very good indeed for those times, in that occupation.

Believing, however, that he could do better, he opened a small dry-goods business, which was not specially distinguished from the thousands of that sort to be met with in New York and other cities. Up to the age of 21, young Stewart had made no particular mark in business; certainly had not developed the unusual capacity he possessed. However, at that age, he returned to Ireland, to look after the patrimony he was now entitled to inherit. It may perhaps be pronounced his first genuine business stroke, when he laid out the greater part of his inheritance, which was nearly a thousand pounds, in "insertions" and "scollop trimmings," shipping his purchase on board the vessel in which he returned to America.

Stewart now had a large lot of goods on hand to turn into money. He rented a snug store (12.5 feet by 30) at 283 Broadway, at $375 a year. Here he showed his stock to advantage, and retailed it over the counter at a good profit. His cash receipts he invested in goods picked up at city auctions, which again yielded a profit at retail. In one word, Alexander T. Stewart had launched successfully on his great career, and its whole problem was already solved.

Very many New Yorkers, both ladies and gentlemen, still remember the little store and its courteous owner, and can follow closely, in memory, step by step, the uniformly ascending and progressive career which there began.

I have said that "the problem of Mr. Stewart's career was already solved." The reason *why* it was there solved lies in the fact that in the little Broadway store—the very cradle of his fortunes—he adopted those rules and *principles* of trade and of life from which he has never swerved; and to which, in connection with his mental and physical capacities for labor, his unflagging industry, his native shrewdness and sagacity, his thorough good sense and profound mercantile judgment, and his absolute genius for trade, his stupendous success is due.

I. His first rule was *honesty* between seller and buyer. His career is a perfect exemplification of Poor Richard's maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," and of the poet's declaration, "Nothing can need a lie." His interest consorted with his inclination, his policy with his principles, and the business with the man, when he determined that the truth should be told over his counter, and that no misrepresentation of his goods should be made. He never asked, he never would suffer, a clerk to misrepresent the quality of his merchandise. Clerks who had been educated in other stores to cheat customers, and then to laugh off the transaction as "cuteness," or defend it as "diamond cut diamond," found no such slip-shod code of morality at Stewart's little store, and learned frankness and fairness in representation at the peril of dismissal. Their employer asked no gain from deceit in trade. On his part, too, in buying, he rarely gave a seller a second opportunity to misrepresent goods to him. I leave others to speak of the moral effect of this resolute conduct in general trade; my purpose is only to show its mercantile effect on the career of the trader himself.

II. A second innovation of the young dry-goods dealer was selling *at one price*—a custom which has also lasted without interruption, and which has spread to all the great houses. He fixed his price, after careful consideration, at what he thought the goods could and would bring, and would not deviate from it for any haggling, or to suit individual cases. Of course, he followed the fluctuations of the market, and marked his goods up or down in accordance with it; but no difference in the price was made to different people. Perhaps those who had some art in "beating down" prices were offended, but people in general were pleased.

III. The third principle he adopted was that of *cash on delivery*. It is said that his own early experience in buying on credit and selling on credit drove him to this rule; that he had, at one time, a large note to pay, and, in order to meet it, was forced to sacrifice his goods. But he did this, even, with skill, advertising by handbills his "great reduction of prices" (now a stale device, but then a novelty), and so came off with flying colors.

IV. A fourth principle with him was to conduct business *as* business—not as sentiment. His aim was honorable profit; and he had no purpose of confusing it by extraneous considerations.

Within three years, Mr. Stewart removed to a larger store, No. 262 Broadway; and three years later to a still larger, No. 257 Broadway, where he remained for seventeen years, at which time he had acquired a handsome fortune.

But he regarded this as only the foundation on which to erect a great monument of wealth. He accordingly began to build the great store on the corner of Broadway and Reade street, which has been famous for years for its size and the system which reigns throughout. In this building, first occupied in 1846, Mr. Stewart for a long time transacted all his business, wholesale and retail. But at length he became once more cramped for room, and, in 1861, removed his whole retail trade to the corner of Tenth street. Originally this building was less than one-fourth its present size; but a year ago he secured the ground of the entire block, bounded by Broadway, Fourth avenue, and Ninth and Tenth streets, and erected additions upon them, with the exception of two small lots, corner of Broadway and Ninth street, which he has since obtained and built upon, the last addition being just finished. Thus, on this 1st of January, 1870, "Stewart's store" covers an entire block of ground, fronting two hundred feet on Broadway and Fourth avenue, and three hundred feet on Ninth and Tenth streets.

Having thus briefly reviewed the leading points of the early career of this distinguished merchant, I now proceed to describe in detail the famous warehouse just mentioned—which is the main purpose of the present article.

This great structure has often been called a "marble palace;" but no marble was used in its construction. It is a framework of iron, painted white, and the windows are so numerous and large that its four fronts can almost be said to be of glass. It rises five stories above the street; below are the basement and sub-cellar, and there is an interior attic—so that the building has in fact eight floors. Each of these covers an area of about two acres, and through them all, from the street floor to the roof, is a large rotunda. There is no attempt at display either in the exterior or interior of the building, nor is it a "palace" in its appointments. The floors are uncarpeted, the counters and customers' seats are plain. The "grand stairways" going from the centre of the building, on the north and south sides, are grand by virtue of their size rather than by their furniture. There are six elevators going from the top to the bottom of the building, of which three are for hoisting goods, and the others are for conveying customers to the several floors. These last are beautifully upholstered. Comparatively few of those who resort to the place use these luxurious appliances, as the first floor is the salesroom for all except carpets, ladies' suits, and shawls, which are on the second and third floors. The fourth floor is used as a manufactory for ladies' wear, the fifth for furs and upholstery making, and the sixth as a laundry and store room. In general arrangement, these floors give a full idea of their size, as each is a single immense room, only broken, above the first floor, by the rotunda.

Dealing with this great mart in detail, we go first to the sub-cellar, and find that it extends far under the sidewalks of the streets adjoining. Under Ninth street is cellarage for five hundred tons of coal, and next beyond, under the same sidewalk, are the eight Harrison boilers, each of fifty horse power, used for running the three steam-engines and for heating the building with steam. These engines, with seven others located at various points of the sub-cellar, are used for running the elevators, which are hung on steel wire one and a half inches in diameter, and also for working seven steam pumps, for feeding the boilers, carrying off waste, and forcing water to the great tank at the top of the house for the use of the laundry. Under the Tenth street sidewalk is the single engine and boiler which served all the needs of the original building, the first now being

used to run an elevator, and the boiler being entirely unused, but kept in order for any exigency. Near them is a little room, made of rough boards, and dark as ever was wizard's cave, in which is the electrical battery, that, at the appointed hour each evening, unheralded and unseen, walks through the vast edifice, itself a very necromancer, touching the gas jets in the chandeliers, when, almost simultaneously, a hundred flames are lighted.

The sub-cellar is a very crypt of commerce. The few lights here and there only deepen its gloom, and every inch of the great space, save some narrow passages, is covered with boxes and bales of goods, piled from the stone floor to the timbers supporting the basement above. These thousands of boxes and bales are the solid foundation of the great traffic which we have yet to describe.

We ascend from this region of gloom to the basement. At the eastern side a man is moving up and down the edge of a wide table, forty feet long, riding on some sort of apparatus that makes a clattering noise. He is sewing carpets with a machine that moves itself and him along as it stitches, and his care is to hold even the parts sewn. It requires but a few moments to sew a seam thirty or forty feet in length. Three or four women occupy a good portion of the floor with matching carpets so spread out that they may be ready for the swift needle.

Near the centre of the basement floor are four counters, enclosing a space about thirty feet square, which, from noon until after the close of business hours upstairs, is a scene of unintermitted bustle. It is known as the "parcel desk," and thither come about ninety per cent. of all the purchases made in the retail department to be made up into packages and sent to their thousand different destinations. Every purchase comes accompanied by a ticket stating the address of the purchaser, and the goods bought, which are then re-measured or counted, as the case may be, and any errors of the salesman, either for or against the purchaser (which, however, seldom happens) are detected and rectified. The goods are then made up in secure parcels, are plainly marked with the address, and are delivered to the wagons constantly flying over the city, delivering goods at the houses of purchasers, or at the offices of express companies for delivery beyond the city limits. The work of the "parcel desk" is done unerringly and expeditiously, and it is a most important branch of the service, as it is a sort of, mercantile court of last resort, beyond which errors cannot be remedied. It has however, an adjunct in the checking department, located in the basement under the stairway, where the tickets taken by the parcel desk are compared with those received by the cashiers, and the whole of the business of the establishment is thus constantly passed in review before experienced and responsible clerks.

Ascending the double stairway, we come to the main salesroom on the first floor, the centre of the trade, and a wonderful kaleidoscope of "shopping" life. It is a great apartment, three hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide, furnished with plain counters, one hundred in number, and an aggregate length of five thousand feet, with shelving behind, no higher than the counters, on which the fabrics are arranged, but not displayed. Added to these leading objects are nine little wooden pens, painted white, surmounted by low lattice work of iron, which are the wells into which flow the vast receipts of the day. These are the cashiers' desks, and are scattered at about equal intervals over the area. The eye notes the simple chandeliers, the slender, plainly-fluted pillars supporting the simply-frescoed ceiling, and the placards at the counters cataloguing the goods there offered, with, perhaps, their prices.

The visitor soon finds that everything is done on a system perfectly organized and perfectly administered. There are thirty ushers to direct inquirers to dif-

ferent departments, for this store is really a collection of many different ones with distinct traffics. Each class of articles has its separate counters and is known as a department. Of these there are the silks, dress goods, calicoes, boys' clothing, muslins, gloves, laces, hosiery, shawls, suits, furs, yankee notions, velvets, upholstery, ladies' under-wear, cloaks, bonnets, carpets, and others of minor rank. Each of these is in itself a distinct establishment, having a superintendent and its quota of clerks, cash boys and porters ; and the accounts of each are kept separately and the amount of the sales of each is daily made up. The average daily sales in silks have, of late, been $15,000 ; dress goods, $6,000 ; muslins, $3,000 ; laces, $2,000 ; shawls, $2,500 ; suits, $1,000 ; calicoes, $1,500 ; velvets, $2,000 ; gloves, $1,000 ; furs, $1,000 ; hosiery, $600 ; boys' clothing, $700 ; yankee notions, $600 ; embroideries, $1,000 ; carpets, $5,500. The total average daily receipts of the entire establishment are $60,000, and have been known to reach $87,000.

To do all this business requires an army of *employés*. There is one general superintendent and nineteen superintendents of departments, nine cashiers, twenty-five book-keepers, thirty ushers, fifty-five porters, two hundred cash-boys, nine hundred seamstresses and others in the manufacturing department (including the laundry), three hundred and twenty clerks, of whom a small proportion are women, and one hundred and fifty in the carpet department in various capacities. Without particularizing further it is sufficient to state that with the extra help often demanded twenty-two hundred persons are usually required to discharge the duties of the establishment Such figures were never before known in the trade of a single house. It is because they are so exceptional and so vast that I have given them.

The number of persons visiting the store in a single day has been estimated to reach fifty thousand, on some rare occasions, such as opening days ; the average daily number is placed at fifteen thousand. And this traffic is no respecter of persons. The wealthy dame in quest of rich silks and velvet, and the poor working-woman in want of a cheap calico dress, here meet on a common level.

The customer entering by either of the three doors on Broadway or Fourth avenue, looking about her perplexed, finds a polite usher instantly before her, and directing her to the counter she desires. But if there is no hesitancy of manner betokening bewilderment, one can go all over Stewart's without being spoken to ; such a thing as requesting any one to purchase being utterly unknown. All questions are answered politely and plainly, and there is not the least pressure upon the purchaser ; there are the goods, and from the price fixed there is not the slightest deviation.

Except in the number of persons who visit the place, which fluctuates greatly, one day is very much like another in the great salesroom. During the morning hours it is comparatively deserted, and the day's sales are mostly accomplished between noon and five o'clock P. M. There is little noise save the rustle of dresses and the patter of feet upon the floors, and these make rather a confused murmur than a noise. It is remarkable that, although there are always thousands speaking, and the ordinary conversational tone is generally used, it makes no perceptible sound ; and persons bargaining at one counter are never interrupted or annoyed by people at the next. There is nowhere a tempting display of pretty fabrics to lure the money of the unwary from their pockets, although there is an abundance of light in all parts of the room, especially in the rotunda, where the silk counters are located, which is flooded from the glass roof over it. One might go through the entire salesroom without seeing anything very covetable,

unless one were specially looking for it, and thousands have gone through the establishment from curiosity and come away with whole wallets.

It is somewhat different on the upper floors, where magnificent carpets are exposed to view, and where complete suits for ladies and shawls of marvellous value and beauty are displayed upon racks. Up here, too, are those "loves of bonnets." Above are the workshops, where these goods are made.

The business hours are from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., with thirty minutes intermission for dinner to each *employé*; but one half of all are alternately dismissed at 6 o'clock P. M. When leaving, all must pass through a private door opening into Ninth street, where they run the gauntlet of two experienced detectives, maintained at a cost of $2,400 per annum to protect the proprietor from his *employés* and his customers from pickpockets, and whose particular mission it is just then to see that no one leaves with suspicious packages. This espionage is inevitable from the fact that where so many hundreds are employed it is impossible for the characters of all to be known, and here, as in many other instances, the righteous suffer for the sins of the unrighteous. At this door is another formidable functionary, in the person of the time-keeper, who keeps an exact record of the coming and going of each *employé*. If any come or leave after or before the appointed hours, penalties are deducted from their salaries, as is also the case if they are found to be inattentive to business. Salaries for subordinate clerks range from $5 to $25 per week, and all are required to be respectably dressed. The places are greatly in demand, and all are anxious to retain their situations. Cash boys are paid $5 per week each, and, if not fined for misconduct, have a reward of $1 per month, and if still unfined at the end of six months a further reward of $5. As rapidly as vacancies occur, and their years, experience and good conduct permit, they are made salesmen.

Stewart gives to this retail house a good share of personal supervision. He arrives every morning punctually at 10 o'clock, and remains usually an hour and a half. He is usually there again from 5 to 5:30 in the afternoon. On the morning visit he consults with Mr. Tellur, the General Superintendent, and never fails to go over the entire establishment to gain a personal knowledge of its condition. He inquires of the clerks how articles are selling, and stores away the answers in the shelves of his memory; and when he finds any line of goods a drug he orders them marked down, saying "Let us see if people will take them at that;" if they do not, he orders a further reduction; for it is an inexorable rule with him not to carry dead stock. It has been said of him that he would rather give goods away outright than carry them over a season; but it has not been asserted that he was ever reduced to that extremity. He avoids it in the first instance, perhaps, by this direct personal charge of his retail house. He knows every day exactly what is in it, and exactly how everything in it is selling; and he is greatly aided in getting rid of goods of questionable pattern by his intuitive knowledge of the fluctuations of popular taste. Woman's whims dominate the dry goods market, which is, of course, capricious as April weather; but Stewart is never at fault, and promptly tacks with every change. Perhaps he sees the signs of their coming during those hours at his retail house in the morning and in the afternoon; but if the knowledge be so gained, it is absorbed without any outward sign. He seems, as he stands at the chief cashier's desk, to be totally unconscious of the presence of any one except the subordinate with whom he is conversing, and as he makes his way through the crowds of ladies to the Broadway door, where his carriage, with a span of splendid sorrels attached, is waiting, he moves without a sign that he is aware of their presence, unless he

happens to meet a personal acquaintance, when a courtly raising of the hat is all that marks the encounter. His attention during these afternoon visits is chiefly directed to gathering an idea of the day's business, and he rarely even then makes any extended inspection of the premises.

There cannot be so much selling without proportionate buying; and Stewart is as systematic in the latter as the former. Of late he has not acted personally in making purchases, but has trusted to the system he organized some years ago, and which he has found to admirably answer as his substitute. He has branch establishments exercising purchasing functions only in Boston and Philadelphia, in the United States; in Manchester, England; and in Paris and Lyons, France. But while these are his agencies, his buyers haunt the marts of the whole world. There is no centre of commerce or manufacture of the wide range of articles in which he deals, on either of the continents, where he is not always present by deputy to seize upon favorable fluctuations of the market or pounce upon some exceptionally excellent prductions. He owns entire the manufactory of the celebrated Alexandre kid glove. He has a body of men in Persia, organized under the inevitable superintendent, chasing down the Astrachan goat heavy with young, from which the unborn kids are taken and stripped of their skins, thus sacrificing two animals for every skin obtained. He rifles Lyons of its choicest silks, the famous productions of Bonnet and Ponson. Holland and Ireland yield him the first fruits of their looms. Belgium contributes the rarest of her laces, and the North sends down the finest of its Russian sables. All the looms of France, England, Belgium and the United States are closely watched, and the finest fabrics in dress goods, muslins, carpets, and calicoes are caught up the moment the workmen put on the finishing touches. It is positively asserted that he obtains nearly all of his cashmere shawls, some of which are held and have been sold at $4,000 and $5,000, by means of agents all over Europe, who buy them second hand of princesses and noble dames, and that very few of these expensive wrappings for the female form divine come direct from the backs of the Thibet goats to those of the American ladies. In all cases else his agents haunt factories rather than the back doors of palaces. He buys for cash the world over, and is a customer everywhere so recognized as desirable that he has his pick of industrial productions, and on more advantageous terms than his rivals can purchase what he leaves. He has been so long in business, and has become so thoroughly versed in the productions of different looms in different countries, that it is now his practice to select certain mills noted for excellence of work and take their entire supply; and thus it happens that there are many looms in the busiest haunts of the Old and New Worlds that toil unceasingly on his account.

By buying thus largely in foreign lands, he is of course, the largest importer in the nation, and his duties average $30,000 gold per day. Every year his business steadily increases, and there is apparently no practical limit at which it will stop. As prudent in vast affairs as other men are in small, he insures liberally, and has policies renewed every third day throughout the year. But, while leaning upon the insurance companies, he is utterly independent of the banks; he has never asked one of them to "carry" him through a crisis, and, should such a contingency arise, there is no bank in the world competent to the task.

The man who thus stands at the pinnacle of commercial success is separated but by two years from the limit assigned by the Psalmist to human life; but he retains his physical and mental vigor unimpaired. In appearance and manner, the man of sixty-eight is no more than forty-five; his face is still unwrinkled, and retains to a great extent the ruddiness of youth. His light brown hair and

sandy beard, worn full without mustache, are still untinged with gray; his eye is still undimmed; his step as firm and elastic, and his form as rounded as ever. And he is as young in feeling and purposes as in appearance. He is constantly engaging in new enterprises that will require years for completion, and is steadily extending those all-absorbing tentacles further and further. It is evident that he sees no shadow of death or retrogression lying athwart the near future. In his dress he is simple, and never flashes his millions from diamonds or jewelry upon his person. Simple and direct in mental constitution as in apparel, to his subordinates coming on business and to his chosen friends he is the most easily approached of men, but to the inquisitive interloper he is the most ungenial. Courting the widest publicity for his wares, he abhors personal publicity.

I have devoted the main part of the foregoing article to the famous "Tenth Street Store," for the simple reason that it was in his capacity as a retail dealer that Mr. Stewart's enterprise first took form, while the revolutions he effected in retail trade will form a great part of his permanent fame. But in this case, as in many others, it is not the work most talked about that is the largest or most remunerative. The business done at the wholesale store, in Chambers Street, is probably six times as great as that done at the retail store. But it is conducted quietly among dealers, and the public for whom this article is intended has comparatively little personal interest in it. It has been so systematized and arranged that it is like a perfect machine—and a machine, too, that can almost run alone. Mr. Stewart gives it only occasional attention. Among its other noticeable peculiarities all the vast quantities of goods he sells at the Tenth street store are charged against the latter as if it were any other separate firm—A. B. C. & Co., or X. Y. Bros. & Z. The bills, too, against it, are collected promptly (to say the truth, it is a model purchaser), and hence it may be said that Mr. Stewart is his own best customer.

I need hardly add, in conclusion, that the present article has been written without any personal intercourse with Mr. Stewart, and without the shadow of "advertising" intent. Mr. Stewart, indeed, cannot be "advertised" in the ordinary meaning of that word; you might as well advertise the city of New York. And it is precisely because he is above and beyond being "made known" that, in selecting his career and achievements as the subject of the present article, I have entered into details which might, in the record of a less famous history, be trivial, but which, in his case, give to the present account all the merit or value it pretends to claim.

It has been my present purpose to deal with A. T. Stewart exclusively as a merchant, and it is foreign to my design to consider the uses he has made or will make of his millions. That his business will in a large degree survive him is more than probable, for his present partners, Charles Worden, George Fox, and William Libbey, will be able to retain the prestige of the instructor whose system has been as simple as successful. His method of business no less than its results have been open to the public gaze; and so direct and palpable have been his innovations on the usages of traffic, that the envious commercial Cassius scarcely need to inquire:

> Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
> That he is grown so great?

EDWARD CRAPSEY.

THE PEST OF THE PERIOD.

A CHAPTER OF THE MORALS AND MANNERS OF JOURNALISM.

THE Pest of the Period is the personal journalist. He is not a new-born child of the time; for our great-grandfathers suffered from him. But they did not suffer him. They scourged him out of their paths and drove him into the dark, foul corners that were his fitting home and hiding place. He used chiefly to sting or terrify his victims, and trusted for his reward to the delight some people find in the pain of others. He has not forgotten this part of his trade; but as he has crept out of his hole again and again, each time he has assumed a sweeter tone and a more decorous form of speech, and now he lives chiefly by fawning, by feeding vanity, and by pandering to petty curiosity. His sting is not extirpated, but concealed, and he uses it at times with all his old wantonness and venom; for he finds that he may vilify the few, and be tolerated, and even applauded, if he will but flatter the many.

It is only within the last five or ten years that the personal journalist has claimed an acknowledged position, and set up a regular, well-paid business. Now he infests the country. There are many newspapers that live by his labors; and very few, whatever their position, are free from the contamination of his touch. His breathings taint the social atmosphere, and develop in us all a moral disease, the seeds of which are in every heart. For the curiosity which he pampers and gratifies is but a monstrous and distorted form of the desire of knowledge, a perversion of the humanity supposed to be expressed in Terence's famous line, "I am a man, and regard nothing human as foreign to me," which has been made since it was first uttered, as it was then made, the excuse for prying into the affairs of others, on the score of neighborliness and sympathy. What the gossip, the scandal-monger, and the quidnunc do, single-handed and under protest—almost under ban—the personal journalist makes it his business to do for gain; and what they tattle to individuals he, by means of the printing-press and the fashion of reading newspapers, tells to thousands and tens of thousands. There is no restraint of decency upon the noble enterprise which carries him beyond the limits of privacy for the satisfaction of curiosity. In his eagerness to bring hidden things to light, he passes the bounds set up by personal reserve with the daring and the dash of a swine running at a swill-trough. Personal journalism, as it is now practised, has voided man's life, and woman's too, of all semblance of privacy.

If there is one relation in life which more than another should be respected by the journalist it is that of an unmarried woman to a man—no matter what it may be. This relation, whether it be of betrothal, or of attachment without betrothal, or of any other nature, is respected, even in the lady's private circle, among men of any pretence to honor and to delicacy. But to the personal journalist such scruples are weak, squeamish. The first object of the journalist's life, in his opinion, is to excite and to gratify the curiosity of his readers, at whatever cost. Therefore if he hear a flying report which couples the names of a man and woman, either of whom is distinguished enough or rich enough to be talked about by a few hundred people, he announces their engagement, in doing which he generally does no greater wrong than the publication to the world of what is of no consequence to any person outside of their circle of per-

sonal acquaintance, in this being guilty of an impertinence for which he should be punished. To go no further into the reasons for his condemnation, engagements are not unfrequently broken off; and the unpleasantness of this solution is much increased by the fact of the prospective marriage having been made the subject of a paragraph which was hawked about the streets for every one to read who chose to spend two cents in personal gossip. But sometimes the gossip in print, like the gossip with the tongue, circulates false rumors; and ladies find themselves placed before the whole newspaper-reading public in the position most shocking to a woman of any delicacy. I have in the heap of extracts before me, a tithe of which I cannot notice, three corrections of errors of this kind —contradictions, rather, for such errors can never be corrected. "We have reason to believe," one says, "that the marriage referred to is not to take place at all." In another instance it appears by the correction that a lady was published as engaged to one man when, in fact, she was engaged to another. A pretty little complication, and one that she must have found full of a delightful interest. "It would have been better," one paper says which had indiscreetly copied one of these false announcements, "not to have announced it until the two persons most interested had definitely agreed to it." *Naif* confession! This would, indeed, have been better; but how much sharpening of the perception was required for the discovery that it would have been best not to announce it at all? Suppose both the parties most interested *had* definitely agreed to it, what semblance of right would that have given to all men who have command of a press and paper to circulate among strangers printed reports by the thousand of their agreement? If the parents of the lady wish, or in default of them if she herself wishes, her engagement to be published and read in street railway cars and bar-rooms, very well. Who would balk such generous and modest desires! Let, then, the authority be given by these parties in writing and, in the name of Cupid, Hymen, and the Graces, let the announcement be made. For obvious reasons, the authority of the gentleman should not be regarded as sufficient. No announcement of that nature should be made except at the request of the lady or of her family; although to this should also be added that of the gentleman; for even men have some private rights that should be respected. A man may not unreasonably demand that he shall be consulted before his name is publicly paraded in connection with that of any woman.

It is not in the nature of things that the personal journalist, in his endeavor to fill a column or two daily with paragraphs from one to four or five lines in length, each mentioning some such momentous fact as the presence of the beautiful Miss A. here, the appearance of the dashing Mr. B. there, the departure of that leader in the fashionable world, Mrs. C. (late milliner in Division street, of which he says nothing), or the presence in the park with a new drag of Mr. D., "the eminent broker" (eminence in brokerage is good, exceeding good)—it is not in the nature of things that this is to be done without continual errors—errors likely to be vexatious, if not to the reader, to the read-about. In one case known to me, a lady, a belle of some celebrity in one of the principal cities of the seaboard, was paragraphed as at Newport making a great sensation by her beauty and her splendid dresses. The assertion was entirely untrue. She was not at Newport and she had never been there. She was detained at home all that summer by circumstances which made it very desirable that she should not be supposed to be dashing away at any watering place. More; she had a lover, to whom, however, she was not formally engaged, and who, seeing this announcement, took thereat grievous offence: for he had endeavored to induce her to use

her influence with her family that they should go to Saratoga, where he was going with an invalid mother. He supposed that she had made excuses to get rid of him, and the consequence of this paragraph, wholly untrue, and impertinent and needless even if it were true, was a coldness which might have produced a permanent alienation, but which was happily explained away. How such stories originate is one of the mysteries of life; but as to the how of keeping them out of print there is no mystery. In another case it was announced that a very large and costly bouquet, given to a well-known actress, was sent by a certain gentleman who had no more to do with it than the Tycoon had; and the announcement appeared under the Personal heading in newspapers all over the country. No very grave accusation, it may be said, false or true, that of giving flowers to a pretty woman. But, under any circumstances, it was an offense, an intrusion on the privacy of the person; and the sequel showed, as in the former case, how the mere violation of this privacy, although in an apparently unobjectionable manner, may prove the source of much annoyance. For ere long it was announced by the Pest of the Period, in his character of correspondent of some Western paper, that the giver of this big bouquet was knave as well as fool, and had choused the florist out of the price of his flowers. This being a libellous charge, no name was mentioned. But the other name was sure to be remembered by enough people to make the new and "spicy" paragraph, which was instantly scented out and reproduced by the personal journalists, to all intents and purposes a libel upon the man, who was as innocent of the whole matter from the beginning as if he had been in another planet.

It is not long since that there appeared in the personal columns of many papers a paragraph telling how Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. Charles Dana met in a street railway car, and had an angry altercation which attracted the attention, and excited the alarm, of their fellow passengers. The story was absolutely untrue, as Mr. Dana himself declared. There had been no such altercation, and no such casual meeting; and yet here the Pest of the Period puts two distinguished journalists before the world in the position of blackguards, who rail at each other in public vehicles. But if the meeting had taken place, and hard words had been exchanged, with what semblance of propriety is an account of it printed and published to the world? If Pat Murphy and Teddy Rooney "jaw" each other along the wharves, no account of their difference is published, unless it takes the form of a breach of the peace. The same considerations of privacy should have prevailed in the former case. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana are of more importance than many Murphys and Rooneys; but their importance and the public's legitimate interest is confined to their public acts and functions. If they have a personal quarrel they should be left to fight it out in private.

The foolishness and impertinence of these personal paragraphs cannot be thought too much of. Not long ago this one led a column of worthy followers.

"Mrs. —— is fifty years old."

Appearing in one New York paper, it of course immediately appeared in all the others on which the Pest of the Period is engaged, and, in the course of an examination of the newspapers filed in a reading-room, I found it in almost all of them. Let the paper that I took up within a fortnight of the first appearance of that paragraph come from North, South, East, or West, the first words I saw as I opened it were "Mrs. —— is fifty years old." Now it so happened that Mrs. —— was professionally known to the public. But what right did that give any man to print and publish anything about her age, even if it were the truth? That is a subject about which no man of any consideration, it might be said of decency, says

anything in society after a woman has passed twenty, particularly before the lady herself. Yet here this man, in virtue of having taken up tattling as an occupation, blaats out to the world that Mrs. —— is fifty years old, and instantly sets off a hundred other animals of his kind, who tell it to their public gossips; and in the course of a fortnight this unoffending woman is annoyed by having her age made the subject of comment the country over. Equally impertinent and hardly less annoying is such a paragraph as the following, which referred to a lady who has no relations whatever with the public, but whose social position is enviable.

Mrs. X., is one of the most distinguished ladies in this or any other country. Her features possess a singular impression of nobleness and intellectuality, her voice is pleasing, and her manners are unusually gentle and refined.

Can effrontry and snobbishness go farther than this setting up a private person, a lady, as the subject of personal criticism, subjecting her person and her manner to public anatomization, and even—exquisite refinement of impertinence!—giving her the paragraphist's reward of merit for good manners. The fact that the lady escapes with praise does not in the least mitigate the monstrous impudence of such a paragraph. And if it so happened, as in the present case it did not happen, that the lady was pleased with such a public puff of her person, it would show that her vaunted manner was only the thin polish of a coarse nature.

Sometimes the Pest manages to insult more than one woman by his praise; as in the following delightful "personal."

An exodus of Boston young ladies to Washington has stripped the "Hub" of some of its brightest ornaments. The prettiest and freshest of them is Miss ——, the daughter of the ice merchant.

Perhaps one of the brightest ornaments of Boston, Miss ——, "daughter of the ice merchant," may like to have her prettiness, and particularly her freshness, set forth to every fellow who chooses to spend two cents for a paper to amuse him as he chews his quid and rides up town; but how do the other young ladies, her companions, like to have it published to the world that they are not so pretty or so fresh as she is? If that is true, would they not be apt to think that the world would find it out soon enough without advertisement?

This sort of journalism is carried beyond the bounds of the commonest decency. We even read paragraphs in which women, who are at least the wives and daughters of respectable men, are advertised to the world as "Mrs. ——, an insinuating little blonde;" and "Miss ——, a lovely little flirt with black eyes;" "Miss ——, whose voluptuous beauty attracts all eyes, whether in Paris or New York." These and all the other examples in this article are actually quotations from New York papers with the names entirely suppressed. To what a dirty groping after trifles has journalism descended? For it cannot be pleaded that such sins as these are the aberrations of a few; the truth being that they who do not sin in this way are the few, and that the profit of their crime against social decency is so great that their rivals are tempted to become their imitators. No excuse for the personal journalist in this; but only a condemnation of the public as equally responsible with him for this daily commission of an offence against good morals and good manners.

And strict justice also demands that the sad, humiliating confession should be made that the personal journalist is sometimes the person himself, or even herself. It is the affable and hospitable millionaire host, either in person or by his next friend, who prepares a description of the great and costly feed he has given to a large and distinguished circle of acquaintances: it is the elegant and accomplished hostess who furnishes with her own hand those accounts in which,

with soul-satisfying fulness of detail, the momentous announcements are made that Mrs. A. wore a dress made *en train*, and Mrs. B. one with a waist cut *a la Pompadour*, and Miss C. carried a *panier*, and Miss D. something *fichu*. People in plenty are glad to use the press to gratify their own vanity, not seeing, and not caring if they did see, that they do not elevate themselves but only degrade the press. There is no end to the variety, no cessation to the continuity of the attempts that are made by vanity and weakness, the one to be tickled, the other to be propped up by the pen of the journalist. To every person who seeks notoriety—and by many persons notoriety is mistaken for repute if not for fame, and to many more it is the great step to the coarse success they long for—to these, then, the journalist is the man who holds the key of their paradise, and they will pay him in what coin he likes for his labor, and fawn on him for his favor. How much of this is done those only know who have had opportunities of observation; and the degree of flattery that will be suggested, nay asked outright, is to others almost past belief. I have known a man give hints for a paragraph about himself that would make him out a little less wise than Solon, a little less courtly than Chesterfield, a little less modest than Irving. I have known a woman wheedle a journalist into saying that she, sweet, shy, retiring creature, was a bright and particular example of all the graces and all the charms of womanhood in union. I am inclined to believe that some people think that no pleasure is fully enjoyed until an account of it is published; but the extent to which such revelations have been carried warns us that it would be well for us to consider how far an unswerving adherence to this rule would carry us. How many there are who wish to attain distinction even in their grief!

Of this kind of vanity I know of a striking example, my authority for which is the gentleman who was asked to be its pander. He went to visit an acquaintance who that very day had lost his wife in the manner most apt to overwhelm with grief a loving husband. The man was decorous in his manner and eloquent in his sorrow; and as his journalist visitor was leaving him, touched to the core with sympathy for him in his bereavement, he took him pensively aside and said, "Don't you think you could make a little paragraph about this? It would be very gratifying." The little paragraph was not made, but the journalist mourned no longer for the disconsolate husband. Vanity in private persons is no justification of personal journalism. Tastes will be depraved, but depraved tastes furnish no defence for the journalist who not only panders to but propagates them. It is the duty of the journalist to check such vanity, as it is his duty to check and do away with any other evil. It is his very function, outside the collection of news, to endeavor to improve the world and to bring about a better state of things than that in which he finds himself. This duty neglected, he is of less real value than the scavenger whose labors preserve us from pestilence.

One of the ways in which personal journalism is harmful, injuring both the community and the profession, is by the elevation of unimportant persons to public notice. A project is before the public, or the mind of the whole community is deeply stirred by one subject, and a man, either from feeble, well-meaning good-nature, or from a desire of notoriety, makes a speech or writes a letter upon those topics, or he "interviews" some person whose opinion may be of importance, and the press gratifies his petty vanity by noticing his speech or his letter or his report. And may not the man's little vanity be gratified? Is it not currish to deny him that pleasure? No. For by the notice taken of him, the majority of the public, who know of him only what is said by the newspapers, are misled into supposing him to be a person of some consequence—enough at

the very least to make his utterances worthy of criticism and condemnation. The mere mention of a man in connection with public affairs by a newspaper of any position gives him a certain importance, or at least the notoriety which it is his object to attain, and which he can very often use for the accomplishment of ulterior ends.

Two conspicuous examples of this grave error in journalism occurred in the closing years of the war. One man, whose only distinction was an absolute lack of decent reserve, a carrying of egotism and freedom in speech to the extreme of monomania, and another who wrote and acted like an idiot, producing letters of such marvellous incoherence that it was hard to understand how his words remained together upon the same sheet of paper, received such attention as is due only to sober sense and wise suggestion. The speeches of the one were reported, and his movements recorded; and the letters of the other, which he had the front to address to persons in Europe of the highest political position, and which they, misled like others, actually answered, were copied and published. The result was that two men to whom in private no person of the least penetration would pay any serious attention, occupied for a considerable time a very appreciable position in the public eye; a position which one of them still retains by a course like that through which it was obtained. This is a wrong, a perversion of journalism from its proper ends, a use of its powers to reverse its proper influence. The readers of a newspaper have a right to expect that it will be a guide in public affairs—not absolutely infallible, because nothing human is that, but trustworthy, more or less, according to the abilities and opportunities of its editor. They have the right to expect that it will not notice that which is unworthy of notice. It seems to be assumed, however, that the mere fact that a number of people take enough interest in a man or a thing to go to hear him, or to see it, makes that man or that thing worthy of notice in a newspaper. And it is said that, in accordance with this view, the rule adopted by the founder of a very successful newspaper was, that whatever had interest for any one hundred people was worthy of attention—of report and comment. But upon this system what would journalism proper, that is the making of newspapers, become? There would be nothing too vile, nothing too trivial, for notice in a daily paper. The rule will not hold; has never been followed absolutely, and it cannot be so followed by any who would keep out of a state prison or a lunatic asylum. Not sound in regard to things and events, it is equally so in regard to persons. The mere fact that a gathering of people respectable enough as to numbers were amused or bored with a man through an idle hour does not warrant a journalist in giving him that distinction which report and comment in a newspaper should confer. That should be given only to the man or the thing, which, whether good or bad, is of real importance. And it is one great part of the editorial function to decide what is of real importance. That is what editors are paid for, what they profess. The mere sending out of reporters to discover and record occurrences, and publishing the reports when they are written out, might be rated as mechanical work only, were it not lacking in the skill and contrivance that go even to good work of that kind. It is rather like sending carts out for loads of soil and rubbish to dump them all in a heap.

A very general adoption of this system, in a great degree at least, and the regarding of it as editing by the leading journalists of our principal cities, has resulted, and it could not but have resulted, in the loss of character in the news department of all the great papers. This system, the use of the telegraph by an association of all the leading papers, and the employment by various papers

of the same reporters, each of whom writes out his report in manifold and sends a copy to each of his employers—have made all the leading papers so nearly alike as to their news that one does not differ in that respect materially from the others. Each makes great boasts of the value of its news; but as to that one is very like the other, the difference between them being merely in the nature of the comments they make. The consequence as to persons is, that if any man can get three or four hundred people to hear him, and particularly if what he says is spiced high with the brag and buncombe and flippant nonsense that will amuse if not please the mass of vacant, unthinking readers, he is as sure of finding himself reported in all the great papers as if he were a statesman of mark and influence; although he would not, at first at least, receive so much attention and consideration as are given to the latter. To the journalist who has any higher aim or better purpose than to make such a paper as the public like (and an editor who has no higher aim or better purpose than that is engaged in a business not one whit worthier of respect and consideration than the keeping of a pea-nut stand, and perhaps less honest, less worthy of respect), the rule to be followed on this point is easily laid down. A newspaper is primarily a record of the doings of the day; but with regard to what is vile and trivial its record should be brief—in fact a bare record. If five hundred people come together to hear a political charlatan spout turbulent folly about international politics and his own prospects of the Presidency, the fact that he is one bombastic fool on a stage and they five hundred vacuous fools before it, should not exclude a mention of the fact from the columns of a daily newspaper. Let the day's record be complete; but let it be completed as to him and his performance by the mere mention in three lines that he did make his speech at such a place, on such or such a subject, that so many people assembled to hear him, and that he is a bombastic fool. But let him not be reported; and, above all, let him not receive the notice of even condemnatory comment in the leading columns of a respectable newspaper. To oppose him is to help him to the notoriety he seeks. Let him fall to earth like an unwhipped top. The lash only keeps him up. And if some pompous weak-brain writes a silly letter about an important subject to John Bright, Louis Napoleon, the President of the United States, or the editor of a leading journal, neither the importance of the subject of his letter nor that of the person to whom it is addressed should obtain for it any notice whatever in a newspaper of character. To pass by such a nuisance without any attention whatever is the surest way, if not the only way, in which to prevent its repetition. Thus much as to the treatment of weak and insignificant persons who do in some sort come before the public, and some of whom must in some way be mentioned in a summary of the news of the day. As to the foisting of private nobodies into notoriety, which is so continually done to gratify their vanity, that is either an imbecile blunder or a deliberate prostitution of journalism for gain of some kind; and the journalist who is guilty of it takes rank, *pro hac vice* at least, among the pettifoggers of the profession.

How nearly an editor can free himself from personal influence in the conduct of his journal is an interesting question not easy of exact solution. This point was touched in the previous paper, and what was then said has elicited remark in various quarters, in one of which, "Harper's, Weekly," it is asserted, not without semblance of reason, that the career of the strictly impartial journalist "is one of the most difficult conceivable;" and this familiar case is put in illustration: The poet Brown, who is the bosom friend of editor Smith, finds in Smith's paper a severe criticism of his little volume of fugitive poems, whereupon he

feels personally wronged, and quarrels with Smith, saying in his heart, "If your friend won't praise your book, who will?" The root of the difficulty is found in that lovably weak side of human nature that, if editor Smith really likes poet Brown, makes it a severe act of personal discipline for the former to say that the latter is no poet. "What man," it is said, "likes to tell in private his honest opinion of the performances of his friends? But to step to the front door with a speaking trumpet, and halloo them to the street, seems to be a very superfluity of frankness." Without a doubt this is one of the difficulties in the way of really impartial journalism. But there is no career worthy of manhood, nay there are very few by-paths of life, that are wholly free from difficulty; and this one the honest and kindly journalist must meet in a manly, hearty way. Such a man can find words in which to tell the truth tenderly in a way that ought not to alienate even his dearest friend. And the supposed case is put too strongly. For surely it is less rather than more difficult to write and print an unfavorable opinion of a friend's performance than to tell him so in private. The former is done behind the double shield of duty and of professional impersonality; the latter is a personal, a private and a volunteered utterance of opinion. That friendship must stand on ticklish ground which cannot bear the shock of adverse opinion upon matters impersonal. What is Brown's friendship worth in itself, if it is only to be had on the condition of praising all he does? In that case what is his friendship but one side of a sort of bargain, the terms of which are, Praise me and I shall love you: censure me and I shall not. And what is the difficulty of telling an unpleasant truth, not about a friend, but about a friend's work, compared with that of meeting your friend after you have said that his work is that which it is not?—unless, indeed, friends are to meet like augurs. I can understand good, honest lying in an emergency, or the shuffling prevarication of a weak-hearted man, or the silent reserve of him who is both weak and prudent; but I cannot understand the manner of a man's life who is false to his intellectual convictions. How can such a man behold his face in a glass and not long to kick himself out of his own company?

Friendship will generally bear rougher treatment in this respect than friends are called upon to give it. I know of three friendships, all new-born and tender, which were neither killed nor stunted by sharp criticism of one friend by the other, but in which the adverse judgment, although in both cases it was combatted, was accepted with entire frankness and good feeling, and was followed by a warm and constantly-growing regard and confidence. Among men really capable of friendship there is more generosity, and more respect for the requirements of duty, than the assumption that friendship is at war with honest journalism admits. And as, in the article in question—that in "Harper's Weekly"—reference has been made to my own personal experience, and the opinion was expressed that that experience has familiarized me with the personal pressure that is brought to bear upon the journalist to bias the expression of his judgment, I will say that I have both felt that pressure myself and seen it laid upon others. But I also can say that my experience has only shown me how easy it is for a man who really feels that intellectual good faith is the supreme duty, to preserve his loyalty. True, never having adopted journalism as a profession, but having used it, according to Walter Scott's simile, as a staff rather than as a crutch, I never sought or desired, and therefore, if for no other reason, never had the position of editor in chief, which subjects a man to solicitations with which he can comply vicariously, and so not feel the conscience-pinch that wrings him who actually says what he does not think. It is comparatively a small matter merely to decide

and direct that such or such an opinion shall be expressed upon a subject with which you are not very familiar. The man who, in consequence of such an order, expresses an opinion adverse to that which he has formed upon investigation is the one whose sense of right must suffer the severest shock. And yet he may ease himself by the plea that he is not responsible for what he writes, that he is not expressing his own opinion, but that of an impersonal entity called "The Times" or "The Tribune," for which a certain other person is paid largely to be responsible. I have not felt the responsibility or been subjected to the temptations peculiar to that position. But I have been told by an editor that, for instance, I seemed to be guided too much by personal caprice—*i. e.* by my own opinion—in literary criticism, and have been coolly requested to "notice" books in accordance with the advertising of their publishers; which request I entirely disregarded. With regard to artists of all kinds—actors, musicians, painters, one course, adopted in the beginning and held to inflexibly, protected me completely against the solicitations of friends and the bias of personal liking. I never sought the acquaintance of any artist, and I never made the acquaintance of any one until after I had fully expressed my opinion of his work or performance. If, after that, the artist wished to know me, well, but not before. Had I pursued a different course I might have had more friends among a class intercourse with whom is very charming; but in this I found independence and security.

One artist—a woman—whom I had praised much and heartily, but in whom I afterward found something deserving of censure, sent me word by a common acquaintance that "she thought I was her friend, and she expected her friends to praise her, not to criticise her," and from that time I lost her favor. But the sex differ much in this respect from men. Women regard censure or praise from a personal point of view, and resent criticism as a personal injury, having a personal motive. Of an example of this I have one vivid reminiscence. An authoress, a lady of experience, had written a book which she and her publisher had decided should make a sensation; which, in a certain way, was brought about. The manner in which that sensation was made may be gathered from the fact that to the journal for which I was then writing literary criticisms there was sent from the authoress herself—but whether written by her or not I will not venture to say—an article upon her book so fulsome with praise that it must have provoked laughter if it had been published. It was handed to me, to be used or not as I thought proper. I thought it decidedly not proper, as the book was a very poor one; and, resenting the attempt to manufacture opinion in its favor, in writing about it I put a somewhat rougher edge upon the sword of justice than I should otherwise have done, although I confined myself strictly to the literary demerits of the book. The consequence of a judgment so very different from what had been expected in that quarter was that, the day after the criticism was published, a woman, fierce and frowsy by nature and flushed by circumstances, entered the office, where I was sitting at a table on one side of the room and the editor of the paper on the other. Marching up to him, she held out the offending number of the paper and asked him what enemy of hers had been permitted to attack her in that manner—what miscreant had written that article? It was untrue, she declared, from beginning to end. It was written with the purpose of injuring her. Did *he* write the article? No, he did not. Who, then, did? She knew all the while, very well, who did; but she did not address herself to me, choosing to be severe upon me by indirection. What coward, she asked, could so attack a lady? Only a dastardly creature could do such a thing. Was it this gentleman, she asked, still addressing the editor, but

pointing at me a ponderous finger at the end of an arm quivering with fat and indignation; and as she turned her face upon me I could hardly suppress my laughter as I saw her cheeks flaming, her eyes flashing and her mouth fairly foaming with wrath. I looked up only for a moment, and went on with my writing; and my friend the editor, in the twinkle of whose eye I found great comfort, did not call me into the conflict. He tried to soothe her, but she was unsoothable; he tried to cajole her, but in vain; he attempted flattery, but for once a woman would not listen to compliment. She came there wound up to a high pitch of wrath, and her force was not to be diverted. The burden of her tirade was the denunciation of the cowardly miscreant who, incited only by enmity to her and desiring only to injure her, had written this scurrilous, lying article. All things have an end, however, even an angry woman's scolding, so at last she ran down, and stopped; and as she was allowed to remain silent and found that no one would give her occasion to speak again, she went away, leaving, as the only result of her visit, two laughing men behind her.

In another case, I wrote a very unfavorable opinion of a richly-illustrated book, the drawings for which were made by a man who was one of my best friends, and the text of which was by a woman whom I did not know. It did not produce a moment's interruption of the warmth of my relations with the former; but the authoress, with whom I had never exchanged a word, resented it as a personal injury. Soon afterward there appeared in a respectable quarter a very slanderous and venomous personal attack on me *à propos* of the book in question, my assailant being, as I afterward learned, the authoress herself, who was permitted thus to resent a criticism of her own book. In justice to journalists, I must say that the editor of the paper in which the attack appeared wrote me, voluntarily, a handsome apology for what he called this "blackguardly article," which he saw first in print, and which he offered to apologize publicly for and disown. Of course, I begged him to let it pass unnoticed. It is a good rule to let censure, and even abuse, pass unnoticed, unless some special purpose is to be served. Injurious misrepresentations of fact may well be contradicted, but it is wise to do even that with sparing hand.

In the latter of the two examples just given, the different feeling of the two sexes, in regard to public criticism, is significantly illustrated. In the case of the man, although he was a friend, it caused no interruption of pleasant relations; in that of the woman, although she was an entire stranger to her critic, who was merely fulfilling, in a proper way, one of the most important of a journalist's duties (the article was as respectful and considerate as it could be made, and yet be condemnatory and somewhat satirical), the same criticism was resented as a personal affront, and not answered, but avenged, by a personal attack.

Journalism in "America" is capable of much improvement; but it has certainly improved in some respects since these occurrences, fifteen years ago. No author would now venture to send a "puff" of his own book to a newspaper of high standing; but as to personal abuse in revenge for personal wrongs, I fear that, excepting two or three newspapers of exceptionally high character, our journalism, which the war of secession did much to raise and develop, has improved very little, and is, in fact, one of the few things that are *in statu quo ante bellum*.

In regard to persons, the rule of decent journalism is very clear and very easy to be followed. It is to respect absolutely the barrier of private life. A man's public course, his speech, his book, his picture, his suit at law, his breach of the public peace, his contract with the Government, whatever, in brief, brings

him into relations with the public, is proper subject of comment with the journalist. But his personal affairs, his relations with his family, his friends, acquaintances, clients and customers, no man has a right to bring before the public but himself; and for him to do so is a breach of good taste which an editor should not permit, except in the way of paid advertisement. For the journalist to pass the barrier of private life, whether to praise or to blame, should be by law, in itself, a libel; to bring suit for which would be, of course, at the discretion of the person whose privacy was invaded.

And is it so easy for the journalist to obey the law when the public, his employer, is his tempter, and pays him so much quicker and better for the particular than for the general—for personal news than for public? Yes: for if he puts in the plea to the Cardinal there is the Cardinal's replication. It may be admitted, perhaps, that a man must live, but there is no necessity that he should live by journalism. And let him plant as many potatoes as he can hoe, and when he is hungry dig for his dinner, and with what he does not eat buy salt for sauce and sackcloth for raiment, rather than wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day by the prying, gossipping, tattling, fawning, scandal-monging trade of personal journalism.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE MULLLEIN THAT GROWS BY SUDBURY WOOD.

'TIS an awkward thing, with unmusical name,
The mullein that grows by the dusty road;
Yet oft to its woolly stalk I came
To watch what promise my mullein showed.

I had made a wish, and the stem I bent
To try whether fortune my wish would grant;
And this is all that my visits meant,
Morning and night, to the magical plant.

When I looked on it last, it was drooping still;
And I said, with disconsolate spirit, adieu
To the birch by the meadow, the beech on the hill,
To my walk in the wood, to my mullein, and you!

For this was my wish: that the one whom I love
(Whatever her blessed name may be),
As much as I value her smile above
All earthly treasure, might value me.

You patient ladies that watch its growth,
To my tremulous heart now the truth declare:
I charge you, I pray you, I put you on oath—
Does my mullein still droop, and must I despair?

T. W. PARSONS.

POISONED AIR.

SUCH as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors.

If air be impure and foggy, it dejecteth the spirits, and causeth diseases by infection of the heart.

In a thick and cloudy air men are tetric, sad, and peevish; and if the western winds blow, and there be a calm, or a fair sunshine day, there is a kind of alacrity in men's minds; it cheers up men and beasts; but if it be turbulent, rough, cloudy, stormy weather, men are sad, lumpish, and much dejected, angry, waspish, dull, and melancholy. Besides, the devil many times takes his opportunity of such storms, and when the humors be stirred, he goes in with them, exagitates our spirits, and vexeth our souls.

THOUGH stormy weather may in past times have been peculiarly favorable to the inroads and machinations of the prince of the powers of the air, we cannot doubt that in our own day he is much more likely to besiege our serenity, comfort, and health through the still and stagnant air of our houses, and even gain access to the innermost recesses of our bedchambers. The physicians of the time of Galen knew that stagnant air was often poisoned, since he writes of that which emanates from muck hills, sinks and foul places, as being unwholesome and engendering melancholy, plagues and other diseases. The light of modern science has, it is true, illuminated many things that were obscured by darkness in those early times; but, as much is yet uncertain, in spite of the progress that has been made, we shall, in the present article, relate only what is positively known regarding the vitiation of the air of our cities and houses.

The substances that usually impart deleterious properties to the air are carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphurous acid, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, to which we may add the organic effluvia from plants and animals. The manner of action of these substances varies in each instance with the degree of concentration. If they are dilute, the action is slow; but there is good reason for believing that it is, at the same time, cumulative, as is the case with the emanations from lead paint. Another fact in support of this supposition is the continuation of the effect long after the inspiration of the deleterious substance has ceased. It is to many a source of surprise that minute quantities of noxious matters in the air should produce such profound results; but, when due consideration is given to the enormous extent of surface exposed by the air cells of the lungs, the wonder ceases.

Of the substances mentioned in the above list carbonic acid is one of the most important, on account of the numerous conditions under which it is evolved. Among these we may mention combustion, putrefaction, fermentation and respiration. Dr. Taylor relates a case in which an old woman lived in a room under a store in which nitric acid was kept. A carboy of the acid broke, and the fluid trickled through on the bed. It was suggested that chalk should be used to neutralize the acid; when this was done many of the persons in the room were so oppressed by the carbonic acid gas that they were obliged to leave it. The old woman returning to the apartment some time after, and remaining for half an hour, was sought by her friends, who found her sitting in a chair unable to move, and, though every remedy was applied for her restoration, she soon died. Those who found her did not suffer in any way from the effects of the gas; it was, therefore, dilute, and affords an instance of the action of carbonic acid as a slow poison, in a state of freedom from other gases.

Davy found that carbonic acid in the pure undiluted state was irrespirable, causing a spasmodic closure of the glottis or valve of the respiratory appara-

tus. The same effect takes place if air is mixed with forty per cent. of this gas. If the dilution is carried to twice its volume of air the mixture can be breathed, but soon causes giddiness and an irresistible desire to sleep. It is stated that Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has used carbonic acid as an anæsthetic in the proportion of twenty parts mingled with eighty of air; but, as the mixture was employed in such a way as to allow the introduction of pure air at the same time, the proportion was in reality far less.

Berzelius says that five per cent. of carbonic acid did not act injuriously in some of his experiments, and thinks that a mixture of the gas and air in that proportion might be used in the treatment of consumption. Though it may not prove immediately fatal when diluted to this extent, such a mixture cannot be breathed for any length of time with impunity, for, according to Dr. Taylor, the air in the deep Cornish mines contains only two per cent. of this poisonous gas, yet the miners suffer seriously in health. The air of apartments is frequently very much vitiated with carbonic acid, as is exhibited in the following table, in which the atmosphere of such spaces is compared with that of the streets:

CARBONIC ACID IN 10,000 PARTS OF AIR.

London, in the open streets, average,	3.4
Paris, in the open streets, average,	4.9
Manchester, in the open streets, average,	5.4
Chancery Court, doors closed,	9.8
Chancery Court, doors open,	4.8
Chamber of Deputies, Paris,	25.0
Theatres, London,	7.6 to 32
Theatres, Paris,	23 to 43
Dwelling houses, day,	5.4 to 12.7
Library, near table, at night,	11.8
Library, near ceiling, at night,	15.6
Bed-room, at night,	28
Bed-room, at night windows open,	8
Lodging house, London, bed-room,	100
Workhouse, London, bed-room,	125
School-rooms,	9.7 to 56
Mills and Workshops,	28 to 30
Barracks, at night,	12 to 14
Expired breath, average,	450
Room with chafing dish,	1400

The distribution of the gases in such an enclosed space as a room is also worthy of notice, since Roscoe found that in spite of the tendency of gases to diffuse into each other, and so form a uniform mixture, the air in a crowded theatre contained 27.37 of carbonic acid in 10,000 at a distance of four feet above the stage, and 34.12 per cent. at a height of thirty-four feet; the greater proportion in the upper regions being due to the ascent of the warm, vitiated air from the lungs of the audience, and from the lights used for the purpose of illumination.

The effects of the action of moderately-dilute carbonic acid are great weight in the head, ringing in the ears, pain in the temples, a tickling or pungent sensation in the nose, and loss of control over the muscular system, the limbs being usually relaxed, but sometimes convulsed. Respiration is difficult at first, then snoring or stertorous, and finally suspended entirely. The action of the heart is at first violent, but gradually diminishes and finally ceases. The cerebral or brain symptoms are sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful. Gueraud thinks carbonic acid is much more noxious if carbonic oxide is also present, and that a quantity of either gas that would be harmless alone is dangerous when mingled with the other.

Carbonic oxide is ordinarily produced by slow combustions, or by a deficiency in the supply of atmospheric air. It is combustible, and may at any time be seen burning with a pale blue flame over an anthracite fire that has been recently replenished. It sometimes passes under the name of charcoal vapor; but it must not be forgotten that the gas arising from burning charcoal is not pure carbonic oxide, but a mixture of that gas with carbonic acid. So poisonous is this mixture, that Leblanc states that if half a per cent. of carbonic oxide is mingled with air containing five per cent. of carbonic acid it soon proves fatal, and Letheby found that the same percentage of pure carbonic oxide killed small birds in three minutes.

In cases of poisoning by carbonic oxide the fatal result has nearly always been produced by charcoal vapor that has been evolved in the apartment. One curious case is recorded in which the gas from a charcoal stove in an upper room passed downward through a flue into the room underneath, where a man and his wife slept, destroying the life of the woman, and nearly killing the man. The tendency of this gas to accumulate in the system when in a very dilute state, and so cause death, is illustrated by an instance in which a brazier with ignited charcoal was placed for a short time in a prison cell and then removed. The prisoners went to sleep, and two died, though the survivors declared that they had no recollection of any unpleasant effects from the presence of the gas.

The action of carbonic oxide and of carbonic acid on the blood is very different. The first reddens or brightens it, while the latter darkens it. Bernard states that this brightening of the color of the blood by carbonic oxide remains for two or three weeks, thus accounting for its accumulating action, and he surmises that its poisonous property is due to the changes it produces in the blood discs, whereby their ability to absorb oxygen from the air is destroyed. The symptoms it causes are similar to those of a narcotic poison, the animals subjected to it falling insensible, and dying quickly without a struggle. It also seems to have a specific action on the voluntary muscles: hence the usual absence of any attempt on the part of the sufferer to escape its deadly effect.

When air is vitiated by this gas the usual test of a lighted candle fails to give satisfaction, for an atmosphere containing five or six per cent. of carbonic oxide is rapidly fatal to life, but produces very little effect on a flame. Even in the case of carbonic acid, the candle-flame test is not absolutely reliable, for a candle will burn in an atmosphere that would not support life. It therefore follows that this test is only worthy of absolute reliance when the flame is extinguished, for under these circumstances the gas would certainly be fatal to life. If the candle burns, it does not necessarily follow that a person may enter the suspected chamber or cavity with impunity; and, if there is any reason for suspicion, ropes should always be attached to the one who first enters, so that, in case he is affected by the poisonous gas, he may be rapidly removed without danger to others who may attempt to rescue him.

Sulphurous acid is evolved in the combustion of coke, or any coal that contains such compounds of sulphur as the different kinds of pyrites. It is very irritating to the respiratory apparatus, as any one may satisfy himself by inhaling the fumes arising from a recently-ignited lucifer match. This property usually prevents it from causing fatal results, since it gives warning of its presence. Accidents from breathing sulphurous acid are consequently rare, yet they do sometimes occur, as is shown by the vital statistics of different countries. In the Guy Hospital reports an instance is related in which some sailors went to sleep in the forecastle of a coal brig, having made a fire in a stove with coal rich

in pyrites. While they were asleep some person on deck covered the mouth of the pipe or flue on the outside, and a few hours afterward the unfortunates in the forecastle were found in a dying state, being insensible and frothing at the mouth, and two expired in spite of all efforts made in their behalf.

The important question of the vitiation of the air in tunnels on railways, is intimately connected with the consideration of the effects of sulphurous acid on the system, since the products of the combustion of ordinary anthracite and of coke are the three gases we have thus far examined, viz.: carbonic acid, carbonic oxide and sulphurous acid. One of the best examples of such vitiated air is afforded by the Metropolitan Underground railway in London, regarding which the "Athenæum" remarks: "The attention of whatever authorities may exist for the control and direction of railways must be earnestly invoked to the frightful state of the atmosphere—we beg pardon for misusing the term—in the Metropolitan Railway tunnels. Several persons died in these shamefully-neglected passages during last summer; and, if one is to look at the present state of the line, they died in vain. Something was done or said to have been done, and scientific witnesses of great distinction distinguished themselves by reassuring the public mind as to the salubrity of the tunnels. The company produced their own servants in such blooming health that some folks were expected to reside permanently in their carriages or cars 'for the benefit of the air.' Still, however, in the worst part of the railway, *i. e.*, from King's Cross to Baker street, the heat is often so great that perspiration streams over travellers' faces, and the effect of the want of ventilation is so painful that scores drag themselves faintly up the steps at the stations."

In the chemical examinations which were made in the inquests held in cases of death occurring in the railway carriages, or at the stations, the testimony demonstrated that, while the air in the London streets contained four parts in ten thousand of carbonic acid, that in the tunnels often contained nearly twenty. At the same time there was a diminution in the amount of oxygen, from 21.95 per cent. in the streets, to an average of 20.17 in the tunnels, and in one instance to 18.07 per cent. The air was, therefore, not only vitiated by the addition of a large amount of carbonic acid, but it was also subjected to deterioration by the abstraction of oxygen, and in this respect was worse than that of the deepest mines in England, in which the average of many hundred examinations gave 20.26 per cent. of oxygen.

As regards the amount of sulphurous acid, the evidence was conflicting. While Letheby stated that it was less than 1 in 100,000, Rodgers found 1 in 24,000; and the former supported his opinion by showing that, in the proportion of 1 of the gas in 100,000 of air, sulphurous acid would cause coughing, while the atmosphere of the tunnel did not produce that effect. It was also shown that the quantity was the greatest at 4 P. M. while the traffic was greatest. In foul or dense weather there was also a marked tendency to the accumulation of this gas.

The continued and loud complaints of the travelling public regarding the irritating effects of sulphurous acid gas directed the attention of the managers of the railway more especially to this objectionable product, and the greatest care is taken to remove the sulphur from the coke employed in the locomotives. The evolution of the products of combustion in the tunnels is also avoided, as much as possible, by shutting off the air from the fire when passing through them, and generating the steam almost entirely in the open spaces. Much as these precautions may have aided in improving the general state of the air in

these underground passages, the results are not as satisfactory as might be desired, for complaint is still made regarding the condition of the air. The great difficulty still remains that, though the general atmosphere of the tunnel may be sufficiently pure, the traveller from time to time is assaulted by a rush of foul air that has come almost directly from the funnel of the locomotive, and is, of course, laden with the products of combustion. The very precautions that have been taken to reduce the quantity of these by partially cutting off the access of air to the fire has rendered them more dangerous by substituting carbonic oxide for carbonic acid. In view of these considerations it would appear that the proper device for avoiding these evil consequences would be to conduct the products of combustion as completely as possible to the rear of the train by means of suitable tubes or other contrivances. It has been suggested that the engine might deliver its smoke under the train, but it would seem that but little is to be gained by this, as the heated gases would rise at once and ultimately produce more harm than good, for the train would at all times be bathed in an atmosphere of the products of combustion that would pass up the sides of the cars or carriages, and enter them by the windows.

The coal gas used for the purposes of illumination is composed of carburetted hydrogen and hydrogen, in addition to the substances we have studied. Its noxious effects are well known, and are attributed by some to the naphtha compounds it usually contains; others think that they are due to the carburetted hydrogen, while many think that they are produced by carbonic oxide, which is often found in considerable quantities, as is shown by the following analysis:

COAL GAS.

Hydrogen,	464.3
Carburetted hydrogen,	389.3
Carbonic oxide,	56.2
Olefiant gas,	38.6
Vapor of water,	24.8
Nitrogen,	22.2
Carbonic acid,	4 6
	1000.0

The symptoms produced by the inhalation of coal gas are giddiness, headache, nausea, vomiting, and stupor. It has proved fatal when present in as small a proportion as ten per cent. Death is sometimes very sudden, as in the case of a gas-fitter who was making repairs on a pipe in a closet, and died in the attitude in which he had been working, while sitting on the top of a step-ladder.

Sulphuretted hydrogen is more noxious than any of the preceding gases; in its pure state it kills instantly; and, though its offensive odor usually gives warning of its presence, there is good reason for believing that, even when so dilute as not to be readily appreciated by the senses, it is still very dangerous. It is not even necessary that it should be introduced into the lungs in order to produce a fatal result, for it will act by absorption through the skin, as is shown by the experiments of Donavan, in which a rabbit was enclosed in a vessel of the gas, and, though the head was uncovered so that it could breathe pure air, it died in ten minutes.

The smallest proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen that will kill speedily is probably six to eight per cent., but this is by no means certain, for rats will live in sewers in which the air is contaminated to that extent. Small quantities may, it is true, be breathed for a short time without injury, but if the introduction is persisted in, it is very dangerous, as was the case with the workmen in the Thames Tunnel, all of whom suffered severely from prolonged exposure to this

gas in a highly diluted state, many of the most robust being reduced in health and some even losing their lives.

While the other noxious gases are usually the product of combustion, and their origin therefore apparent, sulphuretted hydrogen obtains an entrance into our houses in a surreptitious and insidious manner through the waste pipes of sinks and wash basins, the latter giving it access even to our bedrooms. There can be but little doubt that the prolonged nausea from which some persons suffer, and which often terminates in confirmed dyspepsia, is not unfrequently due to this cause, and, while the sufferer and the physicians are searching in vain for some means of relief, and are experimenting with various remedies, the true origin of the trouble is unsuspected, and might be easily removed by a proper attention to the waste-pipe traps. The test by which the presence of this gas in the air of a room may be detected is very simple. It may be performed by taking the white, unprinted margin of a newspaper, moistening it with a solution of sugar of lead, and suspending the prepared slips of paper in the locality to be examined. If the air contains sulphuretted hydrogen the slips darken and finally become black, the rapidity with which the change occurs giving data for forming an estimate of the amount of gas. The air of the apartment may at the same time be compared with that of the streets by suspending another slip of leaded paper outside of one of the windows in such a position that it may be in the shade at all times.

The physiological effects of sulphuretted hydrogen vary with the degree of concentration. If it is strong it acts like a narcotic, and the person soon faints, but may be restored if removed at once into the fresh air, and treated with stimulants and the cold water douche. There is always more or less nausea, even though the gas may be very dilute. Its poisonous effect is doubtless due in all cases to its absorption by the blood, and subsequent action on the iron of the discs, whereby the fluid loses its red color and becomes black, the variation in the symptoms being dependent on the rapidity with which these results are produced.

Regarding the organic emanations or effluvia escaping from animals and plants, we have but little accurate knowledge. It is, however, well known that vaporous organic compounds are voided both by the skin and respiratory apparatus in man; of this we may readily satisfy the most incredulous by referring to the well-known fact that these exhalations often possess a peculiar and disagreeable odor other than that of sulphuretted hydrogen; and, in the case of the breath, we can demonstrate the presence of volatile organic bodies by their action on sulphuric acid or on a solution of permanganate of potassa. So noxious are these human effluvia, that there is good reason for believing that in the instances where life has been sacrificed by the crowding of a number of persons in a small space, the fatal termination has resulted from their action rather than from that of the carbonic acid or sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled. This hypothesis receives the strongest support from the fact that in such cases the survivors have nearly always passed through a serious attack of putrid fever before they finally recovered.

The chief difficulty in the removal of these noxious organic ingredients from the rooms in which they are being continually evolved is owing to the fact that they have a powerful tendency to attach themselves to the walls and floors. So strong is this attachment that nothing short of a complete renewal of the plastering and flooring suffices for their destruction; and in hospitals and tenement houses, where the wards and apartments are always crowded, this should be done

at intervals of a few years, if it is desired to give the occupants a fair chance to live out their allotted time.

Though the air is dependent for the renewal of its oxygen on the action of the green leaves of plants, it must not be forgotten that it is only in the presence and under the stimulus of light that these organisms decompose carbonic acid. All plants, irrespective of their kind or nature, absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid in the dark. The quantity of noxious gas thus eliminated is, however, exceedingly small when compared with the oxygen thrown out during the day. When they are flowering, plants exhale carbonic acid in considerable quantity, and at the same time evolve heat. In this condition, therefore, they resemble animals as regards their relation to the air; and a number of plants placed in a room would, under these circumstances, tend to vitiate the air.

While the phanerogamia, or flowering plants, depend on the air almost entirely for their supply of carbon, and are busy during the day in restoring to it the oxygen that has been removed by animals, many of the inferior cryptogamia, as the fungi and parasitic plants, obtain their nourishment from material that has already been organized. They do not absorb carbonic acid, but on the contrary they act like animals, absorbing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid at all times. It is, therefore, evident that their presence in a room cannot be productive of good results.

Aside from the highly deleterious action that plants may exert on the atmosphere of a sleeping-room, by increasing the proportion of carbonic acid during the night, there is another and more important objection to be urged against their presence in such apartments. Like animals, they exhale peculiar volatile organic principles, which in many instances render the air unfit for the purposes of respiration. Even in the days of Andronicus this fact was recognized, for he says, in speaking of Arabia Felix, that "by reason of myrrh, frankincense and hot spices there growing, the air was so obnoxious to their brains, that the very inhabitants at some times cannot avoid its influence." What the influence on the brains of the inhabitants may have been does not at present interest us: we have only quoted the statement to show that long ago the emanations from plants were regarded as having an influence on the condition of the air; and, in view of our present ignorance, it would be wise to banish them from our sleeping apartments, at least until we are better informed regarding their true properties.

JNO. C. DRAPER.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

KEEP YOUR EQUILIBRIUM.

IT is entertaining and profitable to the philosophic mind to search out the wonderful equilibrations and compensations in the world around us. That learned commentator who saw a providential ordering in the fact that large rivers generally flow by populous towns became, it is true, too enthusiastic in the study. Yet even his was more a blunder of expression than of fact, for certainly there is a most beneficent providence in that provision of nature which hurls the running streams down the mountains to irrigate the plains, and which sends great rivers through the centre of continents to give joy and wealth to the population upon their banks, and to carry commerce to vast regions that would otherwise be but arid wastes.

We are taught by this study of equilibrations how important it is that we should preserve an equipoise in all things relating to ourselves. I am aware that there is a text for a temperance lecture in the words which I have placed at the head of this article, but it is not my purpose to consider at length that branch of the subject. No wise man will need to be told that he should keep his bodily balance and beware of anything that tends to disturb it, for thereby bruises are prevented and dignity is preserved. Here, also, there is a motto for a health tract; for all disease results from the derangement of that mutual counteraction of all the forces of our physical system which gives them their healthy and normal movement. All excess is injurious. The regular interchange of rest and exercise, labor and recreation, digestion and fast, heat and cold, exertion of the mind and exertion of the body, must be preserved, or our equilibrity is destroyed. An unusual amount of lobster at an unusual hour in the evening is not wholesome. It is a common saying that one may get too much of a good thing. Too much fruit makes fried bacon seem a most delicious relish. Graham pudding is excellent with porter-house steak. Cold water is very grateful in the morning to one who has imbibed fiery beverages the night before. Anything to which one is unaccustomed must be indulged in with moderation; but anything becomes easy as you become used to it. "I likes a leetle lager for mine self," said a German, "put I dakes it mod'rate. I drinksh forty or feefty glasses in von day, and it no hurtsh me; put I ton't know how it woult pe if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

Let us keep our mental equilibrium. I once urged the readers of THE GALAXY not to get excited; that advice is included in this. The sensible man is said to have a "level" head, and a good man keeps the "even" tenor of his way. Sudden starts and frenzies throw us off our centre of gravity.

> The wise at first but saunter, and
> By slow degrees increase their pace.

Let us be calm. If your hat blows off, walk slowly toward it, and you will be surprised to see how many people will rush after it to restore it to you. All undue passions are hurtful. Let us not be frightened, for all men are but men, and the lightnings are held in the grasp of God. Let us not be carried away by that ruincus enthusiasm which defeats its own purpose.

Let us not fret ourselves by extravagant desires. There is a natural law of

reaction which sets a limit to human happiness and human pain. The merchant who has his shop full of sweetmeats can only enjoy a very little quantity of them. The hard earth is often a sweeter bed to the soldier than down to the sluggard. A stale crust is better to a hungry man than a game supper to him who is full. I never enjoyed any music as I did a jewsharp I used to play when a boy; but Offenbach's operas have spoiled its melody for me forever. They are undoubtedly more artistic than those strains evoked by my forefinger; but I am certainly no happier now than I was then. A poor man who is not envious often appreciates a rich man's garden more than the owner.

Walking is a better exercise than driving, and water is a better drink than champagne; but a perverse generation will not find it out until riding becomes a weariness, and wine palls on their tongue. The rich may buy good cigars, but the poor may do a better thing by not smoking at all. There was a man once with plenty of money to indulge all his tastes, who heard that smoking was a good thing. Therefore he assigned one of his servants to fill and light his pipe, another to hold it, and, after a few whiffs, he assigned a third servant to smoke it for him, for he found that he could not enjoy it himself. To get wealth is pleasanter than to spend it, yet half the business men of a city are usually postponing their comfort until such time as they may "retire." The miser with his millions and the spendthrift with nothing both make themselves unhappy.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
T' increase the wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend the wealth he wants the sense to get.

How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humor or he Gripe's estate.
Kind fate and fortune, blend 'em if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

Every rose has its thorns. Hans Breitmann remarks,

We find a pank node in de shtreedt;
Next dings der pank ish preak!
Ve falls and knocks our outsides in
Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

That which seems enchanting at a distance loses its charm on nearer view. Let us not be envious. The squirrel has a beautiful tail; but it is that which oftenest betrays it to the hunter. A man who lives luxuriantly gets the gout. A woman who laces tightly will also need rouge and palpitators, because tight lacing prevents the development of roses in the cheeks and plumpness in the form. The loveliest solitudes of the forest are infested by snakes and mosquitoes, and the beautiful shores of Hoboken seem to have been particularly chosen for the drowning of cats and dogs. Fluency of speech is generally the result of a paucity of ideas, and it is only the wise man who knows that he is foolish, for the ignorant always believe themselves to be wise.

There is no misery that does not bring a happiness to balance it. If the Prodigal Son had never gone away, his father would never have experienced the joy of seeing him return. There is always something to be thankful for if we will only look for it. Two culprits were about to be hung. An immense crowd had gathered to witness the execution. As they were going to the gallows a commotion arose in the crowd, and men, women and children seemed to be crushing to death. Said one of these happy convicts to the other, "It's well we ain't in that crowd, Tom."

Happiness comes from within, not from without. No circumstances can bring contentment to those who do not cultivate it. But there is a subtle dis-

tinction between being contented and being satisfied. We should be happy with what we have, but strive to do better. The bee sucks honey where the spider sucks poison. All depends on the way we look at a thing. There are some people who imagine that they could never take comfort for a long time out of the city. Such an one was trout fishing on the sides of Old Saddleback, a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. He found a house in the middle of a forest, and saw an old man cutting down a tree. After some conversation the old man asked, "Ef I may be so bold, stranger, where be you from?" "I am from New York," said the stranger with some pride. "From New York? That is a long ways," replied the old man, looking at the stranger with a soft compassion in his eye. "I should think you would hate to live so far off." Evidently this old man had that trait, which is thought to be peculiar to New England, of thinking that his own house was the hub of the universe. There are some who cannot eat their breakfast without cream; but a lady one morning asking her new servant for the cream, received the reply, "Sure, marm, and it isn't meself that would be afther givin' the scum to yes. I tuk that off and gave it to the cats." In China, the place of honor is at the left hand, the seat of intellect is in the stomach, to take off your hat is an insulting gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning.

He who considers how, in all things, good and evil are mingled with impartial hand, will never repine because of circumstances over which he has no control, except in the sense that everything may be transmuted into a blessing by a cheerful mind. I have already said that there is always something to be thankful for. The equilibrations of the universe are never disturbed, and it is so, unless we change it, in the moral world. "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are they that mourn," etc. The Sermon on the Mount might be called the Gospel of Equilibrations. In this time of glitter and tinsel, poverty is supposed to be the most terrible of evils. Yet a hundred poets have sung its praises. "We see," said Swift, "what God thinks of riches, by the people He gives them to." Wherever we look we find compensations and balances. The poor man, as some one has remarked, has no taxes to grumble about; he can laugh the assessor to scorn, and read the appropriations made by common councils with a feeling of indescribable exhilaration. He can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling about after his rich daughters. Nobody waits in misery and impatience for the poor man to die, so as to absorb his funds. Similarly, the man who lives in a rented house does not concern himself when he sees it abused, and does not worry himself lest it should burn down. He who cannot get trusted is never troubled about debt. He who has a shrew for a wife, if he cannot make her better, can at least make himself better by her means. She is the discipline of his life. He that is ugly is not molested by the girls; he that is deaf gets rid of hearing a great many unpleasant things; he that is blind never sees a ghost; he that has but one foot never treads on his own toes; and he that is compelled to walk on wooden legs need never fear the bite of mad dogs.

Let us not grumble at annoyances. Every evil has its antidote. The pugilist knocks teeth out, but the dentist puts them in. A young lady once remarked upon that beneficent coincidence by which the same wind which disarranged her dress also blew dust into the eyes of the young men who would have taken advantage of her confusion. There is a syrup that is soothing to abate cries that are otherwise. I travelled once in a car with a mother who gave her infant offspring, every time it woke and wept, a hard-boiled egg and a dose of chloroform.

The mountain air is good for those who live on the sea-shore, and the sea breeze excellent for those who have lived in the mountains. Female society is refining to him who has been brutalized by exclusive contact with men, and male society is refreshing to him who has been cloyed by much conversation with women.

As all things have a natural protector, so all things have a natural enemy. A man who had a garden patch noticed this peculiar provision of nature. The snails ate up his cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens: and he remarks that, if he can only get something to eat up the cats, he will try again. He ought to have remembered that in the House that Jack built, there was a dog that worried the cat, and also a cow that tossed the dog. In the nursery tale, "Kid won't go," we read a curious succession of natural enmities, where the cat begins to chase the rat, the rat begins to eat the rope, the rope begins to hang the butcher, the butcher begins to kill the bull, the bull begins to drink the water, the water begins to quench the fire, the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to whip Kid, and Kid begins to go, and is ridden away triumphantly. We are told that the big fishes eat the little ones.

So, naturalists relate, the flea
Has lesser fleas that on him prey,
And these have lesser fleas that bite 'em,
And so go on, *ad infinitum*.

We all play into one another's hands. The poet makes work for the printer, and the painter for the frame-maker. "Will you help me out of this mud hole?" said a travelling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team. "No, I can't stop," said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded and in a hurry. "I would take it as a favor, besides paying you," said the druggist. "What are you loaded with?" asked the Yankee. "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "I guess I'll try to help you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones." They were seen travelling together afterward.

The earth holds treasures sufficient for all them that dwell upon it. When wood became scarce, coal was found; when timber was rare, men discovered iron; when the blubber of whales became expensive, an oil spouted out of the bowels of the earth. Somewhere, it is said, there is a man suited for every woman, and a woman suited to every man. Happy they who find their ideal, and happier they who take whatever they do find and clothe it with perfection out of the fulness of their own contented hearts.

You are the ideal that my spirit haunted,
The long-lost Pleiad that my heaven wanted,
Through all the past.

The equilibrations of nature are always perfect. How could the railway engineers, in laying their level rails, fill up the valleys were it not for the hills? What would the dry land do were it not for the ocean? How could the Delaware and Hudson canal pass, at Lackawaxen, through a bridge high over the Delaware river but for the mountain lakes? What would the Esquimaux do without the seal, or the inhabitants of the desert without the camel? What would the tall pine do but for its comrades in the forest—what would it do if it stood all alone exposed to the storm, as does the gnarled oak? What would cool the torrid sea were it not for the icebergs? What would we on the outside of the earth do if the centrifugal force were not counteracted by the centripetal? The microscope discloses and fails to disclose as much as the telescope. The immensities of the universe are not more wonderful than its infinitesimals. Let us, human beings, then, also understand this law of equilibration and become conformable to it.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

THE STORY OF ST. REGIS'S BELL.

MANY years ago, when descending the noble St. Lawrence, I caught a glimpse of a modest church spire rising behind the south bank of the river, and accordingly asked for its name. "That is the spire of St. Regis Church," said the pilot whom I addressed. The reply at once excited interest from the fact that it called to mind Bartlett's painting of St. Regis, with its unique houses, bark canoes, tawny Indians, and picturesque church.

Perceiving that I was interested, the pilot said, "I suppose you know the story of the bell?" I told him that I did not; whereupon he informed me, in substance, that the church was famous for its bell, originally bought in France for the Indians of St. Regis, and captured from the French while on its way to America, being eventually sold to the Protestant Church in Deerfield, Massachusetts. "And the Deerfield massacre was the result of an expedition set on foot to recapture that bell, sir."

This was certainly news, and the story being invested with such an air of romance, I resolved to inquire into its truth. The result I give in brief.

The village of St. Regis stands on a point of land running out into the St. Lawrence, and washed on either hand by the St. Regis and Racquette Rivers, two beautiful streams descending from the lakes of the Adirondack region in a succession of cataracts and falls. The line dividing the United States from the British Dominion runs through the centre of the village, where the Castle of Indolence should, on general principles, be found. Poverty and squalor stamp the Iroquois proprietors with the character which is justly due.

Named in honor of a Jesuit, St. Jean François Regis, the tin-roofed village church occupies a prominent position, its spire surmounted by a cross, and its belfry holding in custody the famous bell. Within the church is a picture of the patron saint, presented by Charles X., of France.

The village was first settled in 1760, and the story of its founding is quite as romantic as the story of the bell, and has the superior advantage of being mainly true.

It is related that, about a century and a half ago, while a couple of boys and a girl were playing in a barn at Groton, Massachusetts, some Indians suddenly appeared, seized the boys and fled, carrying them to the village of Caughnawaga, nine miles above Montreal, where they grew up with Indian habits, manners, and language, being finally adopted as members of the tribe; and married Indian brides selected from the daughters of the principal chiefs.

In course of time jealousies arose, when they took their wives and children, embarked in canoes, paddled up the St. Lawrence, found the delightful spot, which they first called *Ak-wis-sas-ne* (the partridge drums), and afterward St. Regis, where the smoke of their camp-fires ascended in peace. Here in 1760 Father Godon found them an insignificant band.

At what time these people removed to St. Regis we cannot precisely state; yet in the above-mentioned year they had attained to no numerical strength.

It is therefore tolerably clear, on general principles, that they were in no condition, up to this time, to engage in a Holy War.

It is therefore tolerably clear that, from the date of their first settlement at St. Regis down to the advent of Father Godon, they could have at no time been prepared to enter upon a Holy War for the recovery of any bell, especially when they had no use for such a thing, and no place where it could hang. But when we examine the date of the alleged crusade by the faithful of St. Regis, we find

that it must have actually taken place at a time when the first Indo-European wigwam did not exist. Nevertheless, Mrs. Sigourney, with the intrepidity so characteristic of the whole genus of American mythologists, writes up "The Bell of St. Regis," and stands nobly by the tradition, singing:

The red men came in their pride and wrath,
Deep vengeance fired their eye,
And the blood of the white was in their path,
And the flame from the roof rose high.

Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing to their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.

The poetess then goes on to relate that in the course of the journey the solemn tolling of the bell had such an effect upon the red man's nerves, and so disturbed his dreams as he rested among the mountains by night, that something must needs be done. Therefore,

They sat in council, those chieftains old,
And a mighty pit was made,
Where the lake with its silver waters rolled:
They buried the bell 'neath the verdant mould.
And crossed themselves and prayed.

Soon, therefore, these devout assassins began to feel a little more comfortable in their minds, and for the rest of the journey they escorted their white victims in peace; while the bell slept quietly in its grave until a "stately pow-wow" was held by the inhabitants of St. Regis. In fact,

It spake no more, till St. Regis's tower
In northern skies appeared,
And their legends extol that pow-wow's power,
Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower.

This means that a council was held, that the bell was dug up and transported to St. Regis. The authoress finds no difficulty in the fact that the burning of Deerfield took place in the winter, when the ground was buried deep in snow, and the lakes were locked up in a prison of ice; but buries the bell beneath the "*verdant* mould," where the lake "with its silver waters rolled." Yet since she set the church all ablaze, in opposition to history, which states that it was even unscathed by fire, and rolled the wheels of time back at the beginning to the amount of half a century, this is perhaps no matter.

Such is the story of St Regis's bell, which has spread itself all over the United States; and now, since we have seen what it is worth, let us inquire whence it came.

That a bell was actually carried away from Deerfield at the time of the massacre is not at all unreasonable, though the annals of the town do not mention any such occurrence; yet granting this to have been the case, St. Louis's Church, Caughnawaga, has a claim, represented, however, by a French manuscript in the parish. The substance is as follows:

Father Nicholas, the priest of that church, on one occasion assembled his congregation of red-skinned converts, and represented to them that a bell was quite as needful as a priest, and that it was their bounden duty to save a certain proportion of furs to buy one. The idea met with great favor, the furs were packed, and the bell ordered from Havre. In due time it was shipped in the Grande Monarque; but the vessel was captured by the English and carried as a prize to Salem, Massachusetts, when the bell was sold to the inhabitants of Deer-

field, who were then erecting a house of worship under the direction of the celebrated John Williams.

The news eventually reached Father Nicholas and his Indians, who lamented that the treasure was held by heretics, and the father declared that it would be a most praiseworthy enterprise to recover it. His appeal on this occasion, it is said, fell upon them like the eloquence of Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades. Yet nothing was done, though one of the Indians, who had listened to a French bell, declared that, "it could be heard above the murmur of the rapids. and that its voice was more melodious than that of the sweetest songster of the grove." The lost bell was thus invested with a mysterious charm.

But, at last, the hour came to strike a blow at Deerfield; for in the year 1704 the Governor of Canada sent an expedition against the English settlements, when the Indians joined the troops, marched at the close of winter through nearly three hundred miles of trackless woods, still buried in snow, and at daylight, on the morning of February 30th, fell upon the sleeping village. Torch, and the tomahawk soon did their work, and when the invaders began their retreat they carried with them as prisoners such of the inhabitants as survived. In that barbarous procession, the tradition relates, staggered half a dozen of the more devout savages, sinking to their knees at every step in the deep snow under the weight of the coveted bell, suspended from a strong pole. They did not, however, proceed far before they discovered that their strength was unequal to the task, when this invaluable treasure was buried in the snow and left, with the benedictions of Father Nicholas, to be recovered and carried to its destination at some more convenient season.

When spring returned, Father Nicholas assembled the faithful, selected a number of the most stalwart braves, who proceeded, with a yoke of oxen, to bring home the bell. Dr. Hough, in his translation of the legend, says that while the expedition was absent, "all the women and children of the Indian village, having been informed of the wonderful qualities of the bell, awaited its arrival with eagerness and impatience, and regarded its advent, as one of those events which but rarely mark the progress of ages. As the time approached when the curious object should arrive, they were assembled on the bank of the river and discoursing upon the subject, when far off in the stillness of the twilight there was heard from the depths of the forest a sound, which, from being feeble and scarcely audible, became every moment louder. Every one listened, when presently the cry arose, '*It is the bell! it is the bell!*' and in a moment after, the oxen were seen emerging from the woods, surrounded by a group of Indians, and bearing the precious burden on a pole between them. They had hung upon the beam and around the bell clusters of wild flowers and leaves, and the oxen were adorned with garlands of flowers. Thus marching in triumph, Father Nicholas entered his village, more proud of his success, and received with more heartfelt joy, than a Roman general returning in triumph from the conquest of nations."

Such is the story of St. Louis, which also pretends to hold the bell, now shown in the tower with the scar of the Catholic legend thereon formerly inscribed, and which, it is averred, was removed by Puritan zeal. Yet St. Regis has the tradition, which is more than manuscripts or even bells.

B. F. DE COSTA.

ROBERTSON, THE PLAY-WRIGHT.

LONDON people who take interest in new plays, very well remember the February evening in 1861, when the audience at the Strand Theatre was in convulsions over the first performance of the farce called the "Cantab." But how the critics all came down on the author next morning! He hadn't a spark of originality, and no taste in the world. Didn't he know that the chimney business, piano-tuning errors, and deaf servant-ism were already done to death—and that buffoonery was going out of fashion? Why, then, had he had the imprudence to write his play? But the audiences grew larger and laughed more, and Mr. T. W. Robertson began to be slightly known.

The "Cantab" was assuredly not an ambitious beginning. Who can't write a farce? There is a mine of golden invention in the French, and there is a useful volume called a dictionary—and if you have not the ability to put the one and one together, why—you are no arithmetician! But this "Cantab," trifling—possibly, of no account whatever—was nevertheless a success. An old theme, threadbare incidents and well-known characters, yet there was some dramatic skill and plenty of crisp dialogue. But how little did any one suspect that it was an earnest of almost excellence in the future!

Undoubtedly, Mr. Robertson is the best comedy-writer of to-day. Some people call him a Sheridan, and other people call him a Jerrold; but there is a third class—the most discerning of all—who hoot at such nonsense and call him—a Robertson. This for the reason that he is original in his way and very remarkably clever. Strange, we exclaim, that nobody before hit on the vein he has taken! Strange that nobody can do the things he does nearly as well! But there, as Tony Lumpkin says, is the cream of the whole correspondence: and, for that reason, we call Robertson a man of true talent.

What really good things some of his plays are! Put them on a small stage with a good company (including such artists as are at the "Prince of Wales," "Wallack's" or the "Fifth Avenue"), and we may enjoy them to the utmost. They are, in fact, hardly appreciable under any other circumstances. A large theatre, especially, will be ruinous: a parlor, I fancy, the best place of all. You need, for one thing, to catch every word of the dialogue and to be able to notice strictly the acting; you need a lack of taste for the sensational, otherwise these plays will be found the greatest bores in the world; you need, finally, appreciation.

It is very seldom that sparkling dialogue alone will carry a play safely through, even with the most appreciative audience. Douglas Jerrold's "St. Cupid" is an especial instance. It is a little comedy in three acts; it contains no action, no dramatic elements whatever; but it is full of felicitous language, such as came from its author's pen in his best moments. Still we all remember how it failed. They yawned over it at Windsor Castle, when it was first put on there; and the public actually slept through its representation at the Princess'. Now there are very few of Robertson's plays that are much better off in this matter of action than "St. Cupid," yet somehow they all take—the slowest perhaps best.

One reason of this is that their story is always a love-story, and told so prettily and naturally that it could not fail to interest the most unsentimental hunks that ever fed on the multiplication table; and the love scenes are inimitable. There are not many dramatists who have been able to write a love-scene. Sheridan could not; and for that reason, in the "School for Scandal," Charles and Maria never come together until the last act. But Robertson's are really masterpieces. They exist in everything he has written. There is Frank courting Rosie, in "Play;" there is Jack Poyntz courting Naomi, Beaufoy courting Bella, in "School;" there is D'Alroy courting Esther, Sam courting Polly, in "Caste;"

there is Ferne courting Eva, in "Progress;" all perfect. With this sort of thing the "blue-light and orange-peel" of Morton, the farcical bustle of Reynolds and O'Keefe have nothing to do—and it is good for art that it is so.

Robertson's reputation has been assured by five plays—"Caste," "Ours," "Society," "Play," and "School." So far he has done nothing to surpass these. "Caste" is interesting for more reasons than one. It deals in England with a question of vital importance to every grade of society, which is argued well and sensibly, and the conclusion is as satisfactory as possible. The characters are all original, true to nature, and well drawn—the best, perhaps, that of Major Hawtree. How many fops have we in the modern drama? Really, it would be hopeless to begin to count. But there is not one half so well sketched as this fellow with the drawled cynicism and eye-glass. He is as far removed from the Dundreary type as from the type exhibited by Congreve, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh. He is as far superior to Blount, in Bulwer's "Money" as he is to Fitzfoozle, in that choice production, "Dick Turpin." He is a cad just getting over his caddishness; he is as knowing and observant as a punter; he is without faith in anybody or anything; he is as stuck-up as a cotton earl. Yet who helps Esther in her need and shakes Sam's hand as the curtain is going to fall?

This is excellent. We never find him out—and perhaps he does not find himself out—until the last act. Then we know that he is as good-hearted a humbug as ever breathed, and are only too ready to forget his scraps of Mephistophilean philosophy in the past. Drunken old Eccles is drawn quite as well as Hawtree, and we are all ready to cheerfully contribute to that pound a week with which he has promised to drink himself to death.

But, however good "Caste" may be, it is inferior to "School." Some of the story in this beautiful comedy, it is said, was taken from the German. Robertson's hand is too surely visible to make us concerned about points of that kind. He took "Les Ganaches" for the groundwork of "Progress," yet they have scarcely anything in common beyond a thin plot over which to drape the dialogue. "School" is simplicity itself. It is only the history of a charming courtship—but what interest, what masterly characterization (with the exception, it may be, of Farintosh), what superb treatment!

Yet, for all Robertson's sympathy with the fresh, the tender and the true, he is master of the coldest cynicism of these cynical times. His men believe in nothing. Their wit is the sting of the bee; but alas! they have none of the redeeming honey. To hear them talk is like reading the bitterest pages of the "Saturday Review." But perhaps this is not absolutely the fault of the playwright.

It is to be hoped that a man who can write so well will not, for the sake of money, be led into writing too fast. So far, fortunately, he has not overtaxed himself, although in this one year of 1869 he has put three or four plays forward; but sometimes the hand grows weaker instead of stronger, and, what is worse, there is danger of an artist falling into the dreadful habit of copying himself. Coleridge was acute enough to discover that Kean was beginning to do this in his acting long before the brandy-madness. Dickens has been doing it in his latest novel-writing, and some are wicked enough to declare that the prophecy of the "Edinburgh Review" is coming true, and that he is falling down like the stick. Mr. Robertson is yet a young man, and nobody ever had a better chance than that which lies before him. Let him work slowly and always do his best. He will learn to remedy what faults he has—generally faults of dramatic construction—as that in "Play" and in "Progress," where the interest culminates in an early act and makes the rest of the story an anti-climax—and conscientious labor will certainly have its inevitable reward.

W. E. MCCANN.

DRIFT-WOOD.

GREEKS AND CUBANS.

CARLYLE speaks of a German prince, who, on being reproached for certain grammatical blunders, haughtily replied, *Ego rex Romanus sum, et super grammaticam:* for which reason the historian, who rescued him from oblivion, has called him "Sigismund *Super-grammaticam.*" One is reminded of this story in reading General Parker's account of the views taken by Secretary Rawlins on international law. The Secretary apparently held that, as he was an American citizen (and the equal, accordingly, of any *rex Romanus*) he was above international law; or, rather, that Americans in general, like the Gentiles whom the apostle speaks of, should be a law unto themselves. "He chafed," says his eloquent eulogist, "and fretted, whenever, in his attempts to befriend a people struggling for liberty, he found himself fettered by the vague generalities of international law. He claimed that, as a republican government, a model republic, it was our duty to insert such laws in the international code, at least for ourselves, as were in accord with our free institutions; that it was base in us to yield implicit obedience to laws enacted by governments founded on principles antagonistic to our own."

Perhaps, if put as a detached theory, this view of the superiority of America to international law might mislead; but, taken in its *true* sense, it is a grand and statesmanlike idea. We, of America, do not undertake to defy all princes or to champion all peoples; but we claim the right to interpret international law according to *our* view of the relations of prince and people, and not according to the views opposed to ours. Rawlins was right in believing that what is called international law may look differently when examined in the light of divine right of princes and in that of divine right of peoples.

In this sense, Gen. Rawlins said nothing which Mr. Webster did not assert or imply five-and-forty years ago. The case of the Greeks and that of the Cubans differ, it is true, in the all-important particular that the struggle of the latter has, as Gen. Grant briefly says, "at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." However, in 1824, the Greeks were struggling heroically against their Turkish oppressors, and Mr. Webster, as his biographer tells us, saw in the principles proclaimed by the allied governments in reference to this contest "great cause of danger to liberty throughout the world;" and he therefore determined to do or say something in Congress for the Greeks. What he said, however, in his famous 19th of January speech, was not in the way of rhetoric, but of reasoning, and it concerned less the Greeks than the principles announced by the "Holy Alliance" as the basis on which they intended to resist the efforts of any people to change their government. "He analyzed," says Mr. G. T. Curtis, "all the European Congresses, from that of Paris in 1814 to that of Laybach in 1821, and brought into prominent relief the doctrines which resulted from them—that all sovereigns have interest and a right to control all nations in any attempt which they may make against the government that is over them. *He denounced this principle as an infraction of the public law,* and maintained that the liberty of every civilized people on the globe was concerned in putting it down."

Here, then, we have a sentiment not unlike that of Rawlins put in another and better form. The American principle is not *above* international law, still less against it; but the anti-popular or monarchical principle as applied to revolt under popular grievances, is itself "an infraction of public law." And certain it is that there has grown up, in our day, a sentiment so general as to have almost the force of law, which maintains that the case of a people struggling against oppressors is not to be likened to that of outlaws, bandits, pirates or aimless rioters and robbers; and that, in lack of other way of helping such a people to acquire their proper *status*, onlooking nations will accord them the rights of belligerents. In the case of Cuba, as has been said, the *facts* to justify the tender of belligerency are declared by the President to be wanting. That does not, however, influence the general principle, either in his mind or in that of any sound

thinker. Indeed, at the very moment that Mr. Webster was announcing this modern principle in Congress, a great English statesman was suggesting a similar reflection to Parliament. Mr. Webster's view, we are told, was "that the enlightened part of mankind had very distinctly evinced a desire to take a share, at least, in the government of themselves; but there was an antagonistic principle at work which, if not resisted, would prostrate the liberties of the whole civilized world."

The analogy between Mr. Webster's ideas in 1824 and Secretary Rawlins's in 1869 is this: that both believed that America owed it to herself to declare sympathy with struggling nationalities, in perpetual rebuke of the "antagonistic principles" of European Powers. And hence, years after making his speech for the Greeks, Mr. Webster said his object was not to "make a speech responsive to the public sympathy for the Greeks," but "the real object was larger—it was to take occasion of the Greek Revolution, and the conduct held in regard to it by the great Continental Powers, to exhibit the principles laid down by those Powers." Rawlins had true instincts and ardent sympathies, and hence scorned those who, as Henry Clay said, "from some unknown dread, some indefinable danger, suppress all the noble feelings prompted by religion by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity." But while Rawlins was in favor of granting belligerent rights to Cespedes come what would, and let the facts be what they would, Mr. Webster confined his action to moral support—a hearty expression of sympathy. His ground was that "it is not by war that we were to propagate our sentiments in favor of the liberties of mankind—there is now a force in public opinion which, in the end, will outweigh all the physical force that can be brought against it."

The President's reference to Cuba in his Message has been severely criticised in some quarters (and praised, it is true, in others) on the ground that it gives a dole of barren sympathy instead of a declaration of belligerent rights; that the Cubans asked for bread and he has given them a stone. But it will be seen that, after all, Mr. Webster, in a much stronger case, expressly defended himself from the charge of menacing war, in the language just quoted. It was a stronger case, because the Greeks had already gained some great victories, and President Monroe had announced to Congress that "from the facts which have come to our knowledge, there is good cause to believe that their enemy *has lost* forever all dominion over them." Clearly the case was much stronger than in that of Cuba, on the facts. However, it must be admitted that Mr. Webster's proposition was much more decided, it being a resolution to empower the President to appoint an agent or commissioner to Greece, whenever he should deem that course expedient. And, though no vote was taken on this resolution, "his purpose," Mr. Curtis tells us, "was answered, in drawing the attention of the world to the *principles* on which the Holy Alliance was arrayed against the liberties of nations." President Grant's view is less direct and more cautious than that of President Monroe, it being phrased in a balanced form, in this way:

> As the United States is the first of all nations, so, too, the people sympathize with all peoples struggling for liberty and self-government. But, while so sympathizing, it is due to our honor that we should so abstain from forcing our views upon unwilling nations and from taking an interested part *without invitation*. . . . . The principle is maintained, however, that this nation is its own judge when to accord the rights of belligerency either to a people struggling to free themselves from a government they believe to be oppressive, or to independent nations at war with each other.

The chief difference, probably, between the views of the President and those of his late distinguished War Secretary was one of judgment as to what condition of facts in Cuba would justify the United States in throwing its influence, and, if need be, its sword, into the insurgent scale.

THE MERCHANTS AT RICHMOND.

SIGNIFICANT as is the spectacle of Northern and Southern merchants meeting for friendly business talk in that Richmond which, five years ago, was ribbed and girdled with parapets, athwart which eyes glared with hate and bloody bayonets crossed, yet more significant still is the conference itself.

The Board of Trade that met there early in December, called itself the "*National*" Board; and in that word it said everything. It was national in composition, representing commerce from Bangor to Galveston, and from Charleston to St. Paul. It was national in ideas, since of one-and-thirty subjects proposed to it by local boards, the country over, no less than twenty-three were national, and many of the rest concerned

that pledge of nationality, the Mississippi River; it was national in action, because the measures which most easily got audience were those of universal interest, while the objection most fatal to any other was being "local" or "sectional." All this in December, 1869, at Richmond, late a sectional capital of a jealous group of "anti-centralizing" States.

Whereas for eighty years the aim of North and South has been to fix and perpetuate State customs and local ideas, the aim of merchants now is to abolish them; to unify the commercial interests of the States; to overthrow sectional standards, and set up national standards. They seek to undo the work of so many years, not only through voluntary agreement and State laws, but through the intervention of Congress—invoking the central power to regulate the local. The demand of the Richmond Convention is for *uniformity* and *nationality* in commercial customs, in the making and interpretation of contracts, in mercantile laws, in legal forms.

The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce begs the National Board to put an end to local customs of inspecting flour, by establishing a "regular, uniform system and standard." The St. Paul Chamber demands "the adoption by all the States of an uniform rule and manner of grading wheat." One resolution is that "the number of pounds of any article required by law to constitute a bushel should be uniform in all the States." Another calls for uniformity in conveyances of lands, and for the abolition of all those State discrepancies as to what does and what does not constitute a seal, a lawful and valid witnessing, a proper affidavit of authentication, and similar technicalities, which lawyers and legislators have always preserved with jealous State pride. Another resolution calls for uniform practice in the United States courts "in the various States;" another condemns the "local license laws existing in nearly all the States," arraigns "merely municipal corporations assuming the sovereign prerogative of regulating trade and commerce in their several localities," and pronounces all local restrictions on commercial travellers to be "in a national point of view vicious and injurious, if not unconstitutional." Others call for "uniformity in the corporation laws of the several States;" for a Governmental department of commerce; for uniformity of coinage; for harmony in the tariff and revenue laws; for uniformity in the rate of interest, to be effected through "the passage of a law by Congress superseding the many laws of the several States;" for "a law by Congress regulating the freight tariffs of all railroads;" for the "location of all bridges by Government engineers," who shall forbid a certain sort of bridges being constructed.

Whither are we drifting, according to such signs of the times? We are not drifting but driving, straight at nationality—the natural centripetal reaction from the centrifugal struggle of secession. Local pride will never be lacking; and the sooner we get rid of that useless diversity in arbitrary State laws which trammels and vexes merchants complicates business, and has stood hitherto only on a silly vanity, the better for us all.

The merchants at Richmond pronouncing what local laws look like "from a national point of view," furnish an omen and pledge, that the Republic is no longer "a mere herd of States, hunting for their food in company," but a Union, strong and great, and an indivisible nation.

EDWIN BOOTH.

THAT the transmission of professional talent from father to son is more signal in the dramatic calling than in any other, is a truth which, however specially obvious in our day, really comes to us from antiquity. We see it freshly exemplified in the Booths, Kembles, Wallacks, Jeffersons, and other illustrious names, honored by our sires, or haply by our grandsires. Ancestral figure, face, voice, gesture, grace, expressional power or mimetic skill ever reappears in offspring, when artistic taste, reasoning power or what not of professional aptitude which law, music or trade demands, may be wanting; so that, for example, an actor's son will sometimes splendidly recite speeches which he could not write—or, in a word, the dramatic faculty usually gets itself reproduced, whatever becomes of the rest.

Edwin Booth is an example of how much the well-being of the drama owes to the fact just noted. Not that dramatic traditions are less dear to others, or their professional pride less; but, where professional pride is family pride and historical laurels are personal heirlooms, where in portrait galleries of great actors one sees the original of his own features, and in their annals reads his own name, a new spur is lent to ambition, and fidelity to ancestral fame either originates or helps to strengthen a purpose to keep the

standard of the dramatic profession ever high and ever honored. Clear it is, at all events, that to no great actor does the American stage owe more than to Edwin Booth. His new theatre is itself a magnificent contribution to dramatic art; and quite worthy of this temple were the two fine Shakesperian presentations which last year inaugurated it. Their success was hardly due more to Mr. Booth's consummate genius than to the conscientious fidelity with which, kept up by an honorable professional pride, he elaborated the details of each performance, at whatever cost of pains and money. His stage, instead of being a spectacle of ludicrous make-shifts in scenery and properties, and of anachronisms in costume and furniture, was made fit for the plays performed, insomuch that many an old play-goer, accustomed to enjoy a tragedy in part for the amusement its absurd settings and surroundings provided, was astonished to find these last calling for respect and admiration. By dint of care and cost, everything was made to help the illusion—the beautiful scenery, the costumes, and "stage properties" verified by antiquarian research; the strict attention of the company to the business in hand, in place of careless dawdling—all this was striking and unusual.

As Mr. Booth brought to his profession the spirit of an artist, so he infused it into his supporters, or fostered it where it existed. Even the very property-man put faithful work last winter where it was never seen, and never could be seen, by the audience, so that its main effect was that (and not an insignificant one) produced by suggesting to the actors themselves that the whole theatre was really in earnest to *reproduce the scene*, by all means of heightening the illusion and awakening the sentiment. Thus, for example, in "Romeo and Juliet,' the arms of the rival families were embossed even on the backs of the chairs, the tablecloths were fittingly embroidered, and so on. This play, again, was produced substantially as written, and not in the mangled text we are familiar with. When Mr. Booth announced his purpose to play the original text, the idea was scouted as impracticable, even by experienced critics. "It never will be endured," they said; but they were wrong. Mr. Booth's rendering of Romeo was, at least, his own; and, being such, he was unable, at request, to exchange it for somebody else's conception. He was faithful to his ideal, despite friendly and unfriendly adverse criticisms and suggestions; and it is only fair to own that his conception had the artistic merit of being a well-defined and consistent whole; that it took full account of the years of Romeo and those of Juliet as well as of the manners of the time; and that, while possibly a part with which the actor had little personal sympathy, it nevertheless left a distinct and harmonious impression of characterization on the spectator's mind. When he turned to "Othello," Booth's grand impersonation of the Moor and his matchless Iago silenced discussion of interpretation. His Iago was more consummate as a piece of acting last year than ever, and showed patient revision and candid study. There is no likelihood of these two performances being renewed, at least as the staple of the coming season, and what I have said is merely in retrospective tribute to performances which gave great pleasure to many people who like to see the drama made honorable and useful, as well as entertaining, and who refer with satisfaction to an evening or two in a month passed at a noble play, well and worthily acted.

As to Mr. Booth's Hamlet, it is hardly necessary to say how much his countrymen are indebted to him for it, now that he has played the part hundreds of times. It is true that the theatric representation of any great character in history or poesy is at best but a ladder to the imagination, which, thereupon, flings it away to climb to a higher appreciation by other means. A youth who has never seen acted the play of "Hamlet," or "Richelieu," or "Richard," will derive, I believe, from the stage, a better understanding of it, as a whole, than by simply reading it in his chamber. Once or twice or thrice seen, the imagination outruns the senses, and the student's ideal is raised altogether beyond the actor's power of expression. But it is none the less true that the actor gave him the help—the ladder; besides, for many, the stage furnishes a good part of the history and the literature that can find a place in their busy lives. It will be an additional zest to Mr. Booth's Hamlet that we are to have Mr. Fechter's to compare with it. I believe that it was originally the desire and proposition of Mr. Booth that, for a time, the two great contemporaries should play, at the same theatre, the same part (the one just spoken of) on alternate nights.

PHILIP QUILIBET

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE month has not been rich in books either here or on the other side of the Atlantic. Hardly a single book has appeared for which every one had been previously looking out with expectation: hardly a single book has made an echo. Perhaps this is not the season for great works of any kind. It is rather the time for bright and pleasant things, which make no strain on the Christmas intellect, which are a pleasure to meet with and no great grief to part from, as Henry Esmond says of his mistress, Lady Castlewood. We have not yet had William Morris's new volume, the third part of the "Earthly Paradise;" but we have seen that scrap of it which describes the death of Paris, and which contains some exquisite passages, conceived in the very spirit of true poetry. Nothing can be more faithful to the conception of Paris than the picture of his final agony and the return of his soul, which had struggled awhile with better promptings, to the memory of Helen and the days of sensuous gladness which were as heaven to him:

> Then as a man who, in a failing fight,
> For a long onset gathers suddenly
> All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
> And from his lips burst forth a mighty cry,
> Of "Helen, Helen, Helen!"—yet the sky
> Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
> And merry was the world, though he was dead!

This is like the self-slain Antony and his cry to Cleopatra, "I am dying, Egypt, dying;" or, in quite another way, like Consuelo returning to the influence of her southern lover. Full of peculiar pathos and appropriateness is the final line—"Merry was the world, though he was dead"—to Paris, the joyous one, who only lived for gladness, who could lament the loss of nothing but gladness; to whom a lost brother, cause, country would be nothing; lost joy all. Yes, it seems cruel to him that the world should be merry and he to die! Such thought would have troubled Hector little. What would he care whether the world laughed less or more over his dead body—he who loved life chiefly because it allowed him to defend his Ilium and his people? But Paris, the joyous one—can it be that the world is still to laugh, and dance, and gladden, and make love, while he lies there on the plain dead?

Mr. Morris has also published "The Story of Grettir the Strong," a translation from the Icelandic of the Grettis Saga, made by him in companionship with E. Magnusson, a Dane living in London, with whom, if we do not mistake, Mr. Morris worked in the translation of a volume of Icelandic legends some years ago. Mr. Morris is better employed than his friend Algernon Swinburne has been lately; for Swinburne's fierce outburst of lyrical exultation over the expected death of Louis Napoleon is unworthy of any man of heart and feeling. We read it with especial pain, for, despite all the abuse that has been heaped on him, and not a little of which has been deserved, Swinburne has the soul of a true poet, and is a devoted and passionate lover of liberty—a thing which can hardly be said of many English poets in our day. Swinburne's preface to the Bayard edition of Coleridge (a pretty little volume) is hyperbolical in one or two passages of praise, but is, nevertheless, artistically correct in its general appreciation of the poet, who was so great and achieved so little. *Apropos* of this Bayard edition, we are somewhat surprised that it should have been so long a time in making its way out here. Two years, we think, have passed since the publication of the series began in London; and it has been a very successful undertaking there. Somewhat resembling it in outward appearance is the small complete edition of Lowell's poems lately published by Fields, Osgood & Co., an edition which we cordially welcome; at least as cordially as we could welcome any book printed in very small type.

Tennyson's new poem is as yet only a promise. Matthew Arnold has been contributing to the "Academy" an admirable and characteristic eulogy of Sainte Beuve. It would not be Matthew Arnold's, of course, if it did not contain some sort of fling at the politicians. "It is an honor to an Englishman, we say" (this is Matthew Arnold), "to take part in political strife. Solomon says, on the other hand 'it is an honor to a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be

meddling,' and Sainte Beuve held with Solomon." Aye, marry, did he; and in other ways, too, besides the affirmation of such an opinion. Arnold's eulogy, however, is, on the whole, just, as well as eloquent.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL seems to be steadily sinking in literary credit. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that he is returning to his original position. For many years he was a vivacious, showy hack-writer. Suddenly he found a great opportunity, and he wrote letters which all the world read with profit and delight. At once he became famous. Nor did his "Diary in India" fall below the mark of his "Letters from the Crimea." It was full of good sense, good feeling, and good description. Thus, then, he stood upon a quite different footing from that of his earlier literary days. Since then he has been going back steadily. One magnificent piece of work, the description of the battle of Sadowa, alone reminded the world of his brief fame. The feeble, incoherent, pretentious novel, "Dr. Brady," made people stare; and now the "Diary in the East," published by Routledge, is likely to make people laugh. This Diary is an account of the eastern tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in which Russell accompanied the royal travellers as historiographer; and it is a flashy, flunkeyish piece of work, such as Russell's former friend, Thackeray, would have made cruel fun of. The descriptive passages are gaudy and extravagant, and the whole thing is in the worst possible taste.

POOR Alexander Smith! To have been once hailed as the great rising poet of the age, and then to be suddenly dropped down and consigned to a neglect as unmerited and unjust as the extravagance of praise had been. "The Early Years of Alexander Smith," is the name of a book by a Scottish clergyman, the Rev. T. Brisbane, which has just been published in England. The book is not badly done; but it seems almost a pity to have done it at all. Alexander Smith was himself so quiet and modest, and bore his fall, as he had borne his fame, so meekly, that one feels convinced he would have little relished the idea of being made the subject of much posthumous panegyric. But for his premature death Alexander Smith might have become a brilliant and powerful prose writer. He was coming to write flexible, fluent, admirable prose. Some of his published essays are charming, and some of the writings to which he did not append his name (such as his articles in the "London Morning Star," and the "London Review"—both publications now, like himself, dead) were full of splendid promise. But his life, on the whole, must be adjudged a failure; and we doubt whether anything is gained for his memory or for the world by laying another memoir on his untimely grave.

NOT much is to be said of the Rev. Newman Hall's book of travels "From Liverpool to St. Louis." Newman Hall never ought to write anything. He is an effective preacher of the rotund, popular, commonplace kind, but he has no originality, and no thinking power. His mind is thin; his faculty of observation is nothing above the ordinary level. Any kind-hearted, well-meaning country clergyman could write just as good a book of travels as this which the popular London preacher has wasted his time in writing. There is no harm in Newman Hall as a writer; that is the best we can say for him.

ANOTHER Newman; but a very different sort of being. Francis W. Newman has published a volume of "Miscellanies," being "chiefly addresses, academical and historical," on such subjects as Chief Forms of Ancient Nations, Logic, Elocution, Poetry, and so forth. Some of these are doubtless the lectures and addresses delivered by Newman while he filled a professor's chair at the University of London. Now Francis Newman's is essentially a pregnant and teeming mind. Nothing that comes from him can be valueless. Even his crotchets, and he has many such, have something to sustain them and make them suggestive at least of thought. His learning is varied and vast; his intellect is penetrating; his sentences are weighted with thought. Many of these Miscellanies are rich with the fruit of long years of patient study and research. Several of them bear date, we fancy, many years back; but there is no trace of obsoleteness about them. Such a book as this will influence the minds and the culture of countless scholars who may never, perhaps, open its own pages.

"WILD Sports of the World" is the title of a book by one of the most genuine of cockneys, an Englishman who, we fancy, never saw a wild animal except in a menagerie, and never visited any regions more savage

than those of Rotherhithe and Stepney. James Greenwood is the author of the book, which is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers; and James Greenwood is the famous amateur casual of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and author of the "Seven Curses of London," lately published. Greenwood is one of those hard-working, clever men, born for the daily press and the publisher, who can turn to any sort of literary task and do it well—whose name is a guarantee that it will be done well. He has written capital stories for boys, one or two tolerable novels, and any number of books descriptive of London life, besides which he has a decided taste for getting up articles about travel and adventures in Africa. He worked for years on the London press, unknown to all the world save editors and booksellers, until he made his famous "ten-strike" on the occasion of his visit to the vagrant sheds of a South-London workhouse. Since then he has written neither better nor worse than before, but he works in the light; he is named and known and criticized. He has more force in him, but much less grace and delicacy, than his brother Frederick, who edits the "Cornhill Magazine" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," and who wrote in the earlier numbers of the former periodical one or two essays which were at once assumed by the public to be Thackeray's. This present work of James Greenwood's does not call for much criticism. It seems to be very good hack work, and it aims at being nothing more. All about lions and tigers and elephants and the way to kill them; all about Dr. Livingstone and Paul du Chaillu and the once famous, now forgotten, Gordon Cumming, will be found here conscientiously and symmetrically worked up. The book is lavishly illustrated, and some of the illustrations are very tolerable.

PROFESSOR Schele de Vere's "Wonders of the Deep," published by Putnam, is too obviously and purposely sensational in its style for our taste. We don't much care about making science attractive in this way. There is far too common a tendency, just now, to assume that we can startle dull minds into learning something by a system of invitation such as that adopted by the travelling showman, who makes his fat lady or Ethiopian giant several times more fat or tall on the canvas outside his booth, than the reality will be found to justify. If there is no royal road to learning, there certainly is no road to it which lies through Bartholomew Fair. Nor do we care for such a biography as that of Christopher Columbus, published by the American News Company, and compiled, although not exactly translated, from M. Roselly de Lorgues' work, brought out some years since in Paris. The object alike of author and compiler is to prove that Columbus was not merely a great man but a saint; a regular, authentic enthroned saint. For ourselves we do not feel any particular interest in the study of Columbus's claim to the odor of sanctity. "Would she could make of me a saint, or I of her a sinner," was the rather profane and indeed ribald utterance of a classic English poet. We own that, as Columbus cannot make saints of us common men, we prefer still to regard him as a sinner like ourselves—a great man indeed, but still a man and a brother.

"SUSAN FIELDING," by Mrs. Annie Edwards, is now published in a volume by Messrs. Sheldon. We own to a strong prejudice in favor of anything done by Mrs. Edwards, for we can never forget the genial and delightful impression made upon us by little brown-faced Archie Lovell; or the sad, strange, whimsical blending of all the frivolities and all the sorrows of a certain kind of womanhood in Steven Lawrence's pretty, foolish, little wife. "Susan Fielding" is a more artistic piece of work, taken as a whole, than either "Archie Lovell" or "Steven Lawrence," certainly more so than "Archie Lovell," which was somewhat disfigured by an absurd underplot. On the other hand, there were, perhaps, points of keener, deeper interest in "Steven Lawrence," at least, than there are in "Susan Fielding." Mrs. Edwards has not anywhere tortured the minds of her readers with serious doubts as to Susan's ultimate happiness. The story flows on smoothly, and holds the attention delightfully engrossed without straining or saddening. "Susan Fielding" is a novel which may be called with emphasis, charming. There is not one of the characters in it which is not well-drawn and interesting. Certainly this is one of the very best of the season's novels. Take out of the list of living novelists just the three or four who are really first-class, and we do not know that there is any one left who can fairly claim a higher place than the authoress of "Susan Fielding," or who has been less favored by the big critics of her own country. The

"Saturday Review" spoke with contemptuous toleration of "Steven Lawrence" as a sort of thing to be endured by idle people at the seaside, wearying for any manner of amusement. But Mrs. Edwards has been making her way very quietly and steadily for all that, and will take her proper rank some day; for she is an artist, and knows how to perfect her work and to wait. Compare the finished, refined, quietly-effective workmanship of "Susan Fielding" with the slap-dash, commonplace, rough-and-ready hack-work of Edmund Yates, whose latest novel—he writes about one every fortnight—has just been brought out by Messrs. Harper. His novel is called "Wrecked in Port"—why, no man could say, except because the name sounds effectively. Nobody is wrecked in port that we could discover. The characters are the familiar London figures which Yates rearranges for every novel; the young man who is in love and terribly hard up; who tries to work his way on the London press, and at last succeeds by the sheer force of genius, and becomes a great leader-writer, and dines with lords; the beautiful and aristocratic lady who falls in love with the young writer; the Bohemians of the London journals; the club men; the "horsey" women, and al the rest—these are not badly done; on the contrary they are very well done, in their way; but we have had them too often; we know them too well; we are weary of them, as Hippolyta was of the Moor. One thing Mr. Yates has ventured on doing which really shows a courage bordering on the sublime; he has actually made his hero save one of the heroines—the fair young aristocrat—from drowning! The regular old business, plunge, bubble-and-squeak, long tresses just seen floating on the water's wild rush; leap and dive of the hero, and his reappearance with the fainting form clasped to his breast. We did not think there was a man or woman living who would just now have ventured to trot out this dreadful old incident. After this why not the missing will, the rightful heir, the strawberry mark on the right arm, the long-lost brother?

EDMUND YATES is a successful novelist, in the sense of having many readers, both here and in his own country. We do not suppose many people in the United States know anything about the works of the author of "Sir Thomas Branston," a novel just published in England. Yet William Gilbert is one of the most original and powerful writers of his class now living. He is a master of that kind of realism which Defoe carried to such perfection. His novel, "Shirley Hall Asylum," is, in many respects, not unworthy of Defoe. "Sir Thomas Branston" is more of a story than "Shirley Hall Asylum," but it is less remarkable as a work of art than the simple, truthful and painful study of human nature's aberrations which first won for Mr. Gilbert that European reputation which appears to have failed wholly to cross the Atlantic. Better known here is Miss Sarah Tytler, whose latest novel, "Noblesse Oblige," has all the pure, tender beauty and calm intellectual force which were first clearly displayed in her "Citoyenne Jacqueline." When we read "Citoyenne Jacqueline" first, we were inclined to believe that Miss Tytler would turn out a great novelist. We have no such hope now. Miss Tytler has since shown all that she can do: and it is not little; but she will never rank among the first. She is one of the most thoughtful and faithful of novelists, faithful to art as truly as to morals, and full of pure and exalted purpose. But she has not high imagination, and she has not passion; and, therefore, she must be content to rank in the second order. So, too, must Miss Thackeray, whose works Fields, Osgood & Co., are republishing in their Household Edition. We are compelled to say that the authoress of the "Village on the Cliff" has not shown, after many experiments, that she possessed—nay, has almost conclusively shown that she does not possess—the qualities which make a great novelist. She is a charming writer and story-teller, nevertheless; and, after all, who wants her to be as great an artist as her father? Likewise do we hold the claims of Miss Muloch to have been settled decisively. She is of the second order only; hardly even that, perhaps; and the manner in which some of our American contemporaries occasionally speak of her is not creditable to the literary judgment of our country. Only a few weeks ago the critic of a leading perodical declared Miss Muloch's novels to have a greater and more permanent value than George Eliot's, which made one feel a little ashamed of one's critical calling for the moment. "A Brave Lady," Miss Muloch's novel now nearly concluded in "Harper's Monthly," is a touching and beautiful story, good to read, and worth remembering, but it has nothing original or great in it.

A TRANSLATION of a German novel ought not, perhaps, properly to be introduced here; but we may, perhaps, say a passing word or two about Friedrich Spielhagen's "Through Night to Light," which has been translated by Professor Schele de Vere, and is published by Leypoldt & Holt. Our critics seem to have gone wild over the novels of this author, who is announced as certain to dethrone Auerbach in American popularity—a feat for which we at least should owe him no grudge, believing as we do that the extravagant admiration accorded in this country to Auerbach's recent novels is simply preposterous. But we own to a strong suspicion that if "Through Night to Light" were published here as an original novel by Mrs. Southworth the critics who rave about it now and tell us that it is quite equal to Goethe, and ever so much beyond Dickens or Thackeray, would pooh-pooh it or make fun of it. Considerable power of a rude, heavy kind it certainly has, and its deep colors, its blacks and crimsons and so-forth, are dashed vigorously and lavishly on; but we could say quite as much for several English and American novelists who don't expect to be ranked with Goethe and above Dickens and Thackeray. "Through Night to Light" is in fact a rather effective sort of novel, tremendous in its length and audacious in its ambition. The author is a man of decided talent, and shows it by the very manner in which he compels us to read through a story which often becomes tiresome to that degree that we positively are making up our minds to put it away when some bright glare, some sudden and startling passage arouses the drooping attention and makes us go eagerly onward again. But we must own that when we had got fairly through the huge volume we were relieved and felt glad. "Come, that's done," were the words of congratulation we felt inclined to utter.

ANOTHER translation we may here refer to is that of Björnstjerne Björnson's Norwegian tale of "The Fisher Maiden," by Miss Niles. This book will make American readers better acquainted with this young author, who seems likely to take a place in popular favor by the side of Hans Andersen. The strength and simplicity of the writings of these Norsemen appeal to every taste not vitiated by artificial style. The Fisher Maiden is a somewhat rude, but very graphic sketch of the development of an undisciplined and artistic nature. Through much harsh experience the heroine, Petra, is led to discover that the stage is the true channel of expression for the artistic impulses that sway her, and which have always made her an exceptional person. While her errors seem almost unpardonable, they are errors that grow naturally out of her character, and bring her under the discipline of great suffering. We regret that Björnson has not allowed us to go with Petra beyond the rising of the curtain. The work is well and smoothly translated from the author's German edition, and published by Leypoldt & Holt.

WE could no more have Christmas without pictures than without pudding or pantomime. Children expect their toy books, children of a larger growth their illustrated books; and were this pictorial holiday literature well done for either, we should heartily approve the custom, since worthy illustrations to a good book are like his gestures to an orator—they tell a story at a stroke. But the difficulty with many of our publishers is that, partly from want of knowledge, partly from want of taste, partly from want of means, partly from want of professional pride, and, perhaps, chiefly from lack of the right artistic and mechanical talent at disposal, their illustrated books are usually quite inferior to what they should be. It is rare to find a complete and creditable illustrated book. Now the paper is too cheap, now the typography lacks taste, now the binding is shabby, now (and most commonly) the drawing or the engraving, or both, are bad. Fields, Osgood & Co. generally make the most determined effort, and usually achieve the greatest success in this class of publications, and usually, also, illustrate the difficulty, just alluded to, of making that success complete; and this year they have formed no exception to the rule. Their leading book for illustration this year is, like those of the two years previous ("Snow Bound," and "Maud Muller"), taken from Whittier—the "Ballads of New England." This is perhaps the most attractive American book of its class this season. A second is the "red-line," illustrated "Building of the Ship," by Longfellow, brought out in the style of Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal." A third is the illustrated edition of "Gates Ajar," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The drawings, by Jessie Curtis, show much care and great feeling in conception, but they are all very stiff in execution, except perhaps the fron-

tispiece, which is the best in every way. Some of Mr. Fenn's illustrations in the "Ballads" are very well done.

Turning from these three American illustrated books of a single representative firm, we find in "The Desert World," the "Mysteries of the Ocean," and the "World at Home," published by Nelson & Sons (London and New York), some fine specimens of English work. The first two (by Arthur Mangin) are exceedingly creditable in most respects, though a writer (who is nothing if not nautical) has mercilessly criticised some professional inaccuracies in the "Independent." What we specially desire to note, however, is the binding of these volumes, which, though in cloth, is so substantial as to remind one of the best French binding. And no part of an illustrated book is more important, or generally more neglected or shabbily treated, than this.

We do not quite know whether we ought to class "Fair Harvard," published by Messrs. Putnam, among novels or not. It is a story of college life, with a dash of romance in it, and a charming heroine, and a love-affair made finally happy. But the story and the love-affair are so obviously put in merely to set off the descriptions of college life that "Fair Harvard" hardly seems to claim a place among genuine novels. In no case can it rank very high. It specially aims at being funny; it is a bastard imitation of a very bad school of English comic writing; there is hardly anything genuine and racy of the soil about it. Surely the life of "Fair Harvard" can be dealt with to better purpose than this. There is an elaborate determination to be boisterous and comic about this book which of itself tends to put the reader out of humor, just as a joke does when begun too noisily and carried too far. One of the young ladies in the story, the heroine, if we remember rightly, delivers a critical exposition in which she expresses her preference for Charles Kingsley as a novelist over Thackeray. "Fair Harvard" has evidently been written under her inspiration.

Mr. Kimball's "To-Day," which ran its course through "Putnam's Magazine," has been published in book form. To record the fact is probably enough to say about a novel which has no remarkable defects and just as few merits. Certainly the "native American" novels which have lately appeared do not by any means bear out the theory recently propounded by a contemporary that we can produce just as good novels as any of our neighbors if only the publishers here would be good enough to print them.

Let us not finish our record without mentioning the fact that the first part of Charles Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in his Place," has been published in a bound volume by Messrs. Sheldon.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

It will hardly be questioned that the published productions of intellectual Europe are at least as essential to literary culture in the United States as those of England. The number of talented writers in France and Germany was never so great as at the present day, and in many departments their writings are not only important to the scholar and to the reader of general cultivation, but superior to any we possess in the English language. Heretofore, Continental European literature has been brought to the notice of American readers slowly, irregularly, and generally through English channels. In view of these facts, of the growing interest manifested concerning foreign literature, and of the constantly-increasing number of our countrymen and countrywomen who successfully cultivate it, the editor of The Galaxy proposes to present its readers from month to month with such notices and reviews as will enable them to keep pace with the issue of works of salient interest and merit in *belles lettres* and general literature from the entire European press, and more especially from the presses of France and Germany.

When Goethe died, Heinrich Heine exclaimed, "*Les Dieux s'en vont*," and the eloquent regret was widely echoed. Yet the same words may be truly uttered at any given period concerning any national literature. As their idols pass away, successive generations of admirers become successive generations of mourners, mourning as those who have no hope. Montaigne, Rabelais, Racine, Moliere, Voltaire, and Chateaubriand, in turn disappearing, were followed to the tomb by regret for their loss, and fears that literature could never again be what they had made it. "*Les Dieux s'en vont!*" and now, say the sad ones, darkness must o'ershadow the earth. We are told of great

* Note.—Works herein noticed, may be had of F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller, No. 77 University place.

periods in literature; but they are not more definite than periods in chronology. The last hour of the eighteenth century struck with the first minute of the nineteenth; but its spirits, its traditions, its customs, did not, could not, change from one second to another as if under the magic influence of an enchanter's wand. A literary epoch may be baptized with the name of a king, but it does not on that account begin with his accession and end with his death, nor is it inspired by his usual lack of brain. In France, *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.* is a stereotyped phrase to designate the period of Descartes, Corneille, La Fontaine, Moliere, Pascal, and others. But these great men owed King Louis neither their genius nor their strength, and, chronologically, might as well be ascribed to the reign of Louis XIII., for Louis XIV. did not reach his thirteenth year until 1651, and these writers were born, in the order of their names, in 1596, 1606, 1621, '22, and '23. We are constantly told of the authors of the so-called Elizabethan era; and yet we know its queen to have been as innocent of its great minds as she was of sincerity and several other virtues.

As with periods, so also with schools of literature. Their assignment to certain names and to certain epochs is too generally arbitrary. It is not always easy to say where they begin, and yet more difficult to decide where they end. The French romantic school did not, as some think, arise with Victor Hugo, nor will it die with him. No more than in ordinary and every-day life do men in the republic of letters totally change their habits or cast away their traditions from one day to another. We usually speak of the school of Voltaire as one that died with the last century. This is far from being the case, as we are reminded by one of the very latest publications of the Paris press—"L'Art et la Vie de Stendhal"—the biography of a writer of that school who died as recently as 1844, and whose productions are by many incorrectly classed as belonging to the romantic period. After Voltaire himself, his school was long since sincerely mourned as extinct by those who could neither comprehend the grief of their ancestors who wept for Rabelais, nor possibly anticipate the contentment of a coming generation, who found ample compensation for the absence of Monsieur Arouet.

And thus the stream of literature, like the river of time, ever rapidly flows, wafting on its bosom new generations, but the same eternal hopes, fears, and regrets. Only the other day, the names of Lamartine and Ste. Beuve were blotted out from the list of living French authors. Nevertheless, French books will still continue to be written, talent to arise, style to charm, and genius to enchant. Even in our young American literature, we know that it did not utter its last words in the final pages of Cooper and Irving. It is not very clear to any of us what names are some day to replace those of Guizot, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Jules Janin, and Dumas the elder, when publishers shall advertise their works as complete; but we find, in a vague feeeling of "superfluous lags the veteran" concerning Alexander the Great and, perhaps, one or two others, a reassuring earnest of man's capacity to find consolation in the future for the losses of the past.

A BIOGRAPHY of Stendhal was just mentioned. His productions form a connecting link between the past and the present. In all literature we meet with names whose popularity does not seem justified. In French literature, Stendhal is such a name. Nevertheless, Balzac and Taine have said a good word for him and other writers have praised him. Some half dozen of his works still retain a hold on the reading public. Parisian publishers issue them in cheap editions, and even here in New York their sale is by no means inconsiderable. Among them are "Rouge et Noir," "La Chartreuse de Parme," "L'Amour," and "Promenades dans Rome." As remarked, Stendhal formed his style—in so far as he attained a style—on that of Voltaire. For the Romantic school he professed great contempt. High seasoning has preserved these books through so many years. The cloves and pimento of epicurianism and infidelity have not only kept them alive, but have maintained their piquant flavor. Not that Stendhal is totally without merit. Although, as Balzac admits, his style is poor, yet gayety, epigram, fondness of paradox, a tone of levity, and an apparent tinge of originality all combine to make his books pleasant reading for a large class who crave a certain kind of literary pabulum. The works named may be briefly characterized thus: "La Chartreuse de Parme" is an amalgam of "Gil Blas" and Casanova de Seingalt, with a slight flavor of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe. The hero of "Rouge et Noir" is an interesting young gentleman, at once egotis-

tical, ambitious, hypocritical, ungrateful and thoroughly corrupt. Neither Byron's Lara nor his Corsair would have suffered such a fellow about him, even as a menial. He vilely betrays hospitality and ends his pleasant little adventures by murdering the woman who loves him. "L'Amour," with its gay intrigues and festive adulteries was long since correctly described in France as *un livre immonde*, which, energetically translated, means, a beastly book.

Stendhal's most prominent and offensive trait is his outrageous and aggressive materialism. He is always impious to such a degree that, as Prosper Merimée says, you would take him for a personal enemy of Providence. For those whose "good book" is Voltaire, Stendhal is a charming writer. At every page religion is vilified by his sneers, and his *bête noire* is the Bible. Thus, it much troubles him that the great painters should not have chosen classical instead of scriptural subjects. But he knows the sound of his master's voice, and seems inclined to reverse his opinion on finding—where one would least expect to meet it—in the correspondence between Grimm and Diderot—a passage in which scriptural subjects are highly commended, for the reason that the Bible portrays men as we know them to be when moved by the most natural and the most exalted influences of our nature. "The Koran," says Beyle, for Beyle, not Stendhal, was his real name—"the Koran is far superior to *another book*," and "who to-day," he asks, "reads the Bible outside of England?" Mankind, for Beyle, was divided into two classes—it is from his personal friends we obtain this information—viz.: those who contributed to his pleasure, and those whom he found disagreeable. In his eyes, the man guilty of dulness and the man convicted of felony had committed offences of equal magnitude, and were alike criminal, neither more, neither less. Those who knew Beyle well, assure us that "he never could be made to believe that a devout person could possibly be sincere." And this is one of Beyle's most repulsive aspects. For himself he claims and takes the largest freedom, with a peremptory demand of respect for his sincerity. To others, he is willing to accord the precise amount of liberty granted by the French Republic of 1793, which generously gave all freedom except freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of conscience.

Amid so much distressing doubt and scepticism, it is consoling to find that there are some subjects here below capable of awakening M. Beyle's enthusiasm and captivating his faith. The gushing acknowledgment is taken from his own lips. Thus he discourses with effusion in his "Mèmoires d'un Touriste:" "I know of but one thing that is really well done in Lyons. You feed there admirably, and, in my opinion, better than at Paris. Vegetables there, especially, are divinely cooked."

Je ne connais qu' une chose que l'on fasse très bien à Lyons. On y mange admirablement, et selon moi, mieux qu' à Paris. Les légumes surtout y sont divinement apprêtés.

Ah! Here indeed we catch a glimpse of the divinity that stirs within him, even though we fail to appreciate the spiritual promptings of a religion whose highest manifestation was the worship of — leeks.

Not without reason do some of Beyle's admirers state that in physiology and psychology he belonged to the school of Cabanis, the philosopher who, as Carlyle tells us, placed the seat of the soul in the smaller intestines.

These divinely-prepared vegetables may be taken as the exponents of Beyle's spirituality. When man dethrones God in his heart he usually sets up an earthly idol in his place. Beyle had not far to go to find the being he considered most worthy of his homage, and, to do him justice, his devotion to his chosen deity never grew lukewarm, but with all his heart and soul he worshipped him to his dying day. Thus much is ascertained concerning Beyle from his works and from criticism in the main friendly, before receiving the confidences of his late anonymous biographer, whose art, polished style, and eloquent plausibility have not, after all, so effectually draped his satyr subject as to succeed in covering the cloven hoof. Even to this partial biographer Beyle is not a many-sided man—say rather a man of one instinct, and that one gross. He talks of analyzing what he calls "Stendhal's philosophy."

"And you will see," he adds, "that to penetrate to the innermost sanctuary of philosophy, pleasure is not the worst door by which to enter." A devoted biographer this. As author and as man he makes Beyle little short of perfection. If Beyle violates all morality, tramples on propriety, and outrages decency, biographer finds for it all a sufficient reason to which objection is impos-

sible. It is that Stendhal's senses, in other words, his passions, were "imperious."

But there is something more to be said concerning Beyle as an author, of which no mention is made by either his critics or his biographer. The expression, "apparent tinge of originality," in the early part of this article is used advisedly. Beyle's literary pilfering or, more properly speaking, his highway robbery was on so large a scale that one might be induced to find an explanation of his fierce hatred of the Bible in the fact that it has always said, "Thou shalt not steal."

The reader of Beyle's correspondence cannot but be struck with his constantly-recurring recommendation to his agent in Paris to send him the English Reviews. He is always in urgent need of them. Not in vain did he obtain them. From one--"The Edinburgh"—he took, without acknowledgment, for his "Rome, Florence and Naples," ten whole pages, body and soul, ideas, text and all. In another case he appropriated six pages, four in another, besides single pages here and there, and numerous shorter extracts.

Neither Balzac, Merrimèe, Houssaye, nor Beyle's latest biographer makes the slightest allusion to those interesting facts, which indeed, to do them justice, do not appear to have transpired on the continental side of the British Channel. They occurred before 1820, up to which time and for years later, the literatures of France and England had scarcely formed a speaking acquaintance. But here is another, and if possible a worse case. Readers musically cultivated will doubtless remember an interesting work on Haydn, translated from the French of L. C. A. Bombet. The book has been republished in this country. Bombet was Beyle's pseudonym, as was well known in Parisian literary circles when the book appeared. He had taken it from the original Italian without acknowledgement. The real author of the work was Carpani, a distinguished musician, who had been an intimate friend of Haydn. He denounced the plagiarism, and a controversy ensued, the result of which was not at all flattering to Beyle.

But, it may be objected, an authority as high as Taine has eulogized Beyle. Yes, Taine takes up Beyle very much as Froude strives for Henry VIII., exhibiting a prodigious *tour de force* in the effort to reverse a well-grounded verdict. Taine confesses that Beyle shocks us very much at first. He finds Beyle's raillery perpetual, and admits that he even makes fun of his heroes *avec une discretion charmante*. If Beyle's style is careless, Taine discerns in it the merit of intentional negligence (*negligence voulue*) and claims that it gives his writing *un naturel charmant*. On one point, though, Taine is rigid even to tyranny. He demands originality. Not merely freedom from plagiarism of ideas—literary theft—but from imitation of style or mannerism:—for in literature, he says, it is self-destruction to borrow—*c'est se ruiner qu'emprunter*. Wherefore it is that he immensely admires Stendhal. And therefore it is that we turn away and smile. For doubtless Taine had excused the Carpani performance on the ground of absence of malice, and had never heard the story of the English Reviews.

And now, having contemplated our subject as mirrored by his works, his friendly critics, and his biographer, it is neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to see how his physical lineaments answer to the mental features. Here is his portrait drawn by a friendly hand—that of Sainte Beuve.

"Stout, not tall, neck short and sanguine, a full face framed with whiskers and brown, curly hair, the latter replaced by a wig as he grew older [or, as Ste. Beuve more delicately expresses it '*artificiels vers la fin*'] fine forehead, a pug nose somewhat *à la Kalmouk*, the lower lip slightly protruding with an expression of mockery, the eye small and bright." Not much promise here either of the ascetic or the æsthetic. The Cossack feature has been noticed by others. Arsêne Houssaye speaks of Beyle's "*tête de Kalmouk*," and describes him in his old age, the very day before his death, still the gloved and perfumed would-be lady-killer, as *passant on plutôt roulant comme un tonneau sur le Boulevard des Italiens*.

One word more. Beyle, as may be imagined, was not an author of shrinking modesty. His fame was far from being commensurate with his own estimate of his merits, and with a *petit air de Sphinx* he frequently said, "I shall begin to be understood toward 1880." At which period, in the interest of true art, healthy literature, and sound morality, let us hope he may be entirely forgotten.

EUGENE CARLOS, a new writer, evidently had M. Louis Veuillot in his eye when he selected "Les Parfums de la Vie" as the title of his volume of miscellanies, a sort of cosmopolitan antidote to "Les Odeurs

de Paris." He maeks a pass or two at M. Veuillot in his opening chapter, but soon runs off into a *de rebus omnibus* medley. One chapter is somewhat original and decidedly French. It describes a "Conciliabule dans l'Eternité"—an indignation meeting over degenerate modern drama held in the spirit world by the shades of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Casimir Delavigne and — Shakespeare. Our English bard shines here with a novel lustre. The "Great Williams" makes a ghostly communication to Victor Hugo—who looks upon Shakespeare benignly and answers patronizingly, "I know it, brother." Concerning Offenbach and the "Grand Duchesse" the author of "Hamlet" speaks disparagingly, and is furthermore of the opinion that Mademoiselle Elise Picard is charming as Juliet in "my 'Romeo and Juliet,' which M. Emile Deschamps has illustrated by so perfect and true a translation. His verses are so beautiful that I am speechless with surprise and admiration, and I identify myself so fully with the illustrious translator that I sometimes imagine that M. Emile Deschamps and I are one and the same person."

Voltaire expresses himself shocked to see "Romeo and Juliet" driven from the French stage by modern novelties, and obliged to take refuge in England, where they are "*réconfortés par le rosbif et la pale ale britanniques.*"

THE name of La Comtesse Dash is familiar to the readers of modern French novels. The true name of this authoress is Madame la Vicomtesse de Saint Mars. She has written a score of novels which are high in favor with some classes of female readers. Her two last works reach us with the freshest importation. The first is entitled "La Vie Chaste et la Vie Impure"—what the French style a *titre de fantaisie*, for both chaste and impure may read the work without mental disturbance. It is merely a collection of some ten or a dozen graceful novelettes.

This trick of titles for effect is a very old one in French literature. "Le Serpent," by Frederic Soulié, and "Volupté," by Sainte Beuve, are instances. The Serpent turned out to be the village choir performer on the instrument of that name, and in Ste. Beuve's book the voluptuousness was not discoverable. The second is "Les Heritiers d'un Prince"—the story of Marcelle—a charming young girl—and her brother, wandering Bohemians gaining their livelihood by singing and playing, and who turn out to be of princely birth.

"LA Bonté," *par* Charles Rozan, comes to us in good company, being a volume of the "Bibliothèque d'Education et de Recreation," published by Hetzel, a series which includes the works of such authors as Macé, Erckmann—Chatrian, Jules Verne, etc.

It is an attractive and gracefully-written didactic book, with chapters on "Riches," "Egotism," "the Fear of Ridicule," "Love of Pleasure," "Wit," etc., which may be read by young people with profit, and by all with pleasure.

"LE Roman de Deux Jeunes Mariés," *par* Charles Joliet, a domestic novel, the interest of which turns on the struggle between husband and mother-in-law. Some well-executed chapters. M. Joliet is a practised writer, the author of some twenty novels.

"LA Fille à son Pere"—(Her Father's Daughter)—by Henry de Kock, who is, beyond question, his father's son and heir apparent of the renowned Paul de Kock, for so many years the Walter Scott and Bulwer of French *cuisinières*, *portières*, *concierges* and *grisettes*. People do say that he has been read in much higher social circles, and it is related of the Emperor Nicholas that he used to have the proof sheets of every new novel of P.de K. sent from Paris to St. Petersburg by special courier. On their arrival he would leave every thing and everybody to read "his dispatches from France." Like unto his father, the son Henry clings to the *bourgeois*, and especially the *bourgeois de Paris*, his fortunes, amours, marriages, and domestic life. Henry de Kock made his literary *début* in 1842, in "Berthe l'Amoureuse." No more than his father can we recommend Henry for elevation of either style or sentiment.

A VERY different work is "Mes Paysans Le Bouscassié," *par* Leon Cladel, with its pastoral odor of woods and fields. It is the story of a rustic wood-cutter—*le Bouscassié*, a poor foundling who struggles up into robust and ignorant manhood. The interest of the story turns on his love for Janille, a rustic maiden, whose life he twice saves, the intrigues of her friends to break off the match, his conscription, etc. The range of the work in action is very limited, and the author keeps up the interest by his admirable bits of description in psychology

and pastoral scenes. Leon Cladel has evidently not read George Sand in vain for his idyllic style; but it is to be regretted that in one scene he is so poverty-stricken in literary resources and so unscrupulous in his materialism as to compare the gratification of man's bestial instinct to the celebration of a venerated religious ceremony.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer says that there are many readers in France, fewer than there ought to be, but still sufficiently numerous to buy forty thousand copies of "Fanny," and a hundred thousand copies of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." And yet, he adds, a scientific work published in Paris is a great success for the publisher if, with the aid of German, English, and American buyers, it reaches an edition of fifteen hundred! In view of this statement, we wonder at the enterprise of the publisher (Paul Daffis) who gives us, in four large octavo volumes. "Les Supercheries Litteraires Dévoilèes," *par* J. M. Quérard. "Suivie du Dictionnaire des Anonymes," *par* Ant. Alex. Barbier.

Of all the literary sciences the most arid is that of bibliography, and it deserves all the merit of usefulness. Its services are mainly rendered to writers who are not generally book-buyers, and who are more likely to find their books of reference in public libraries than at home. To persons at all familiar with French literature, Quérard's name is a household word. He has given France and the world a book the like of which we are not fortunate enough to possess in English—"La France Littéraire"—a full list of all French authors, great and small, and of their works. Of this book, the "Supercheries" is the necessary complement. The appearance of the first edition of the "Supercheries" some twenty years ago was an epoch with literary people in France. Flood, earthquake, or revolution could not have produced greater excitement and consternation. Malicious fellows who for years had been safely sheltered behind their O. P. Q., their X. Y. Z., or some clever pseudonym, stood suddenly and without warning in the broad light of day, and did not find it a pleasant light. Others were gratuitously reminded of their obligations to antiquity or to their contemporaries. And yet others were found not to be as guilty as they had been represented; for the word *supercherie*, admirably chosen, admits of attenuations of meaning compatible with innocence. But Quérard also included in his literary investigation *supercheries* in titles, and authors who had announced themselves for years as "Baron de ——," or "Comte de ——," saw themselves, with inexpressible disgust, recorded by Quérard as "Mons. so and so, born at ——, son of a grocer"; or "*Mons. un tel*, formerly *valet de chambre* of the Duke of ——." Reclamations and lawsuits followed, but they never disturbed Quérard's equanimity. He not only felt his dignity as the architect of a great literary monument, but was animated with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer and collector. His occupation became a passion, and no gold-hunter was ever more enterprising and bold in the search for a vein than Quérard for the concealed name hidden by a pseudonym. Since Quérard's death a distinguished French artist relates that he happened one day, in Quérard's presence, to intimate that he knew the true name of an anonymous writer who at the time was attracting much attention. "After that unfortunate speech," he says, "my life was not worth having. Quérard fairly haunted me. He woke me up in the morning, he laid in wait for me at night. He said it was a mere trifle he wanted of me—the name of that author. He was the hunter—I the unfortunate game. Sometimes I lost patience and insulted him. He merely bowed in silence and went away. But he was sure to return next day. Death alone freed me from him." Only the first volume of the "Supercheries" has appeared. The remaining three are soon to follow.

J. F. M.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE strongest and most meritorious side of German literature still continues to be that which implies research and erudition. The race of scholars described by Byron as

> . . . deep and slow, exhausting thought
> And hiving wisdom with each studious year,

is far from being extinct in Germany. We know what they have accomplished in history, from Heeren down to Mommsen. By these men the mine of ancient lore has been thoroughly worked, and in their pages we live again in the remote past. Nevertheless, for the history of the later years of the Roman Empire, much remained to be done and the want of special works on the Emperors began to be felt. Indeed, since Gib-

* NOTE.—The works mentioned in this article may be had of E. Steiger, German bookseller, Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York.

bon wrote, but little has been accomplished anywhere in this most interesting period of Roman history, save by Merivale in England, and Augustin Thierry in France. Of late years fresh facilities for labor on these subjects have been constantly accumulating, in the great increase of materials for history, in the newly-acquired monuments, inscriptions, coins and medals gathered in modern excavations and discoveries, and in a more extended and precise knowledge of ancient geography. Into this new field of historic labor German scholars are now crowding. Among the most recent results of their labors may be mentioned, "The Western Empire under Gratian, Valentinian II., and Maximus," by Henry Richter; "The Political History of the Roman Empire from Valerian to the Accession of Diocletian," by Theodore Bernhardt; "The Overthrow of the Empire," by Huschke. A still later publication is "Kaiser Diocletian und seine Zeit," by Th. Preuss; and Theodore Bernhardt announces a more extended work on Diocletian as a continuation of his "Roman Empire."

GIBBON'S apology for Julian the Apostate has long been considered a masterpiece. But the English historian is here surpassed by Mücke in his "Flavius Claudius Julianus," the second volume of which, containing his life and writings, is just published by Perthes of Gotha. A thorough Protestant, M. Mücke, like his predecessor, Neander, relies firmly on Ammianus Marcellinus, and on the writings of Julian himself. Professor Stoll, whose Grecian history appeared a year or two since, now follows it up with what he wishes to be considered as a continuation of the same, viz., "Geschichte der Römen bis zum Untergange der Republik" (History of the Romans to the Fall of the Republic). C. Peter's new volume brings down the history of the Empire from the death of Nero to the death of Marcus Aurelius. His treatment of such events as the revolt of the Batavians, the fall of the Jews, and the expeditions of Agricola, are remarked as particularly successful. The so-called Golden Age of Rome he does not judge as favorably as most of his brother historians in Germany.

A UNIVERSAL History! Sixty years ago it might have been well enough to attempt one, but with the present formidable accumulation of historic material, such a task has become gigantic. Any one but a German scholar might well quail before it. Mr. J. B. Weiss, however, is not at all daunted, and has just completed the third volume of his "Lehrbuch der Weltgeschichte," 1,091 pages.

A MODERN historical work of peculiar interest is "Jacobaea Von Bayern und Ihre Zeit," von Franz Löher, 2 vols. in 8vo, a history of the celebrated Jacqueline, who Mr. Lothrop Motley tells us, is for the Netherlands what Joan of Arc is for France and Mary Stuart for England. The work was written at the request of the late King Maximilian of Bavaria. Löher's knowledge of mediæval archæology, architecture and costumes is profound, but he is more the poet than the historian. His book can best be judged in Holland by such historians as Groen van Prinsteren.

IN novels and light literature we have nothing specially new from Auerbach, Freytag, or Spielhagen. Karl Gutzkow is writing a serial, "Die Wittwe von Bologna." Ed. Hensinger gives us "Eines Königs Hand," the scene of which is laid in Spain during the Peninsular War. From his perfect familiarity with the country and its people, it is evident the author has been in Spain. Adelheid von Auer, an authoress of rising popularity, has written "Schwarz und Weiss," a novel with an interesting heroine. Löwenberg ventures on a "Woman's Emancipation" novel in four volumes, entitled "Verfehlte Ziele," which may be rendered by "Ends Unattained." Ferdinand Sonnenberg go to Italy for a subject. The result is "Madonna Sixtina," an excessively romantic affair, highly seasoned with stiletto and poison. Of poetry and the drama there is the usual supply.

J. F. M.

NEBULÆ.

— We Americans may proudly claim to have left all other nations far behind in the enterprise of advertising. It has found channels in this country which have been opened in none other. Along the Pacific railway, the rocks and mountains tell of somebody's Pain Paint and somebody else's Bitters. As the idyllic shepherds made the trees declare the names of their loves, so American advertisers make the stones of Echo Cañon and the peaks of the Sierra Nevada proclaim the praises of their nostrums and inventions. The groves that look upon Niagara Falls are equally turned to account of practical utility. The prairies have not yet been made available, but it would surely be possible, say by burning the shapes of gigantic letters out of the sage-grass which carpets the plains, to keep the names of certain patentees always before the eye of the traveler. If we had in this country the ruins of the Parthenon or of Baalbec, nothing on earth could protect them against the placard and the paint-brush of the advertiser. It would be useless to protest against all this; one can only be sorry for it and ashamed of it. A people without reverence never could be great in art. Well, what then? Dollars are not made by gazing at rocks and admiring marbles. Let that suffice. "I can't speak Latin," says the rude boy in *Punch*, to the gentler creature whose praises as a young scholar have been sung in his ears, "but I can punch your head." We can't make statues or pictures as other people can; but we can beat their heads off at the making of money.

— What a splendid chance of going down to history a *preux chevalier*, patriot, prince and hero of romance, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, forfeited! It cannot be said that he threw his chance away; for he probably never thought or cared or knew anything about it. But the chance was there. His was a glorious start in life. Gustavus Adolphus had not such a cause. Charles Edward Stuart never stood in so romantic and picturesque an attitude. History or legend avers that on the night after the fearful catastrophe of Novara, the young soldier, Victor Emmanuel, shook his sword, well fleshed in that day's fight, at the lines of the conquering Austrians, and exclaimed—"Italy shall make herself for all this!" When, after the abdication and death of his broken-hearted father, the young King Victor Emmanuel stood up before Europe as the heir of the lost cause, there was scarcely a free heart all the world over which did not yearn to him. Certainly those who were in England when he paid his visit there found their romantic ideas a little shaken by the personal appearance of the young hero—and the rumor was, that he used to shock terribly the weak nerves of staid Queen Victoria by coming into her presence with a cigar blazing between his lips, and by paying somewhat boisterous attentions to some of her court ladies. Anyhow, time has since washed all the heroic gilding off, and no more romance clings around the burly form of the King of Italy than around that of George the Second. Endowed, of course, with a fierce, animal courage, Victor Emmanuel is; but there is not a gleam of the hero of romance in his soul. When his biography comes to be fairly written, it will probably be found that his principal and best characteristic was a stout homespun common sense; which often served him instead of political wisdom. He had, after all, more to do with the making of One Italy than the world seems of late inclined to believe. But, oh! for the romance that is gone! Had Victor Emmanuel died the other day, nobody would have cared much. Well, Charles Edward died a tipsy lout, and Gustavus Adolphus was the most fortunate of kings to have perished in his prime on the splendid battle-field. If only Victor Emmanuel had been graced so far as to find a soldier's grave at Custozza, his death might have redeemed him, and caused new loyalty to blossom over his tomb.

— Are there any Pedants now extant? The race have wholly disappeared from literature and the stage. Through long generations they were always to the fore; the pedantic, twaddling old scholar, with his Latin, and his spectacles, and his scorn of all things modern, was one of the most familiar objects of fiction and the drama. He was as conventional and as well known as the stage

bully or the stage Irishman—and now we suddenly look up, and lo! he is gone altogether! Can it be that our age really produces no pedants? or has pedantry broken out in some quite new shape, which art has not yet learned to distinguish? Here in New York, at least, we fancy that the real pedants now are the men of the Stock Exchange and the gold speculations, with their dull jargon, and their one topic, and their quotations, which are far more wearisome than Dominie Sampson's. But there is not much fun to be made out of them in the way of literature or the drama. Curious to note how the favorite conventional figures disappear out of literature—and more curious still to find that no new figures seem to turn up in their places. Are we all sinking to a dull, dead level of external respectability? "They call it good society," says Goethe somewhere in a line or two of verse, "because one could find nowhere in it even the material of an epigram." Our very bores now don't seem to have characteristics marked enough to render them fitting subjects for the artist. Not one broad, distinct, organic character that we can now remember has been added to the humorous literature of the English tongue during the last dozen years. And yet the world has perhaps hardly ever undergone more rapid change than during that very time. Perhaps we are in an unlucky transitional period when we have grace enough to cease copying from the old patterns and not wit enough to take advantage of the new ones.

— ROBERT CONINGSBY, the Englishman (a working engraver, we believe) who visited the United States last year to report to the Society of Arts on the condition of the working classes here, was fortunate enough to meet with one of the traditional and celebrated American women. Coningsby is writing a series of letters to the London "Spectator" about education and labor in the United States, and in one of his epistles he says that at first, and when new to the country, he found it somewhat strange to be spiked out of his seat in a street car by a lady with a parasol, the lady briefly stating, in explanation of her aggressive performance, that she meant to sit "right there." This is, of course, the typical American woman. Everybody knows that who has read certain English narratives of travel in America. But still, few of us have ever been lucky enough to see her and to be speared by her resistless parasol, and of late even English travellers have begun to give her up. Coningsby is a lucky fellow. Doubtless he saw all the other typical Americans, too—the gentlemen who slap people on the back and call them "old hosses" and "festive cusses," and then point revolvers at them and bid them pass the mustard; the ladies who guess they are pretty crowded already when asked to take a little more chicken salad; and all the rest of the dear old familiar lot whom we have all read about. Probably Coningsby will give us all these in time. A sharp fellow, Coningsby, and a highly accurate and trustworthy reporter the Society of Arts and the "Spectator" must have in such an emissary. Coningsby is, in his way, a cleverish sort of fellow, but with a feather-headed restlessness and self-conceit about him which occasionally drive him into making a ridiculous figure of himself, as in this instance. He is specially remarkable, however, as one of a number (including many far abler men than himself) of Englishmen of the working class who are qualified, by talents and self-culture, to make quite a respectable figure as public speakers and writers. Many of these men, and some of the very best and ablest of them, are working, regularly, still at their handicraft, and only making speeches and writing books in the intervals of manual labor. Some few others have suddenly developed so distinct and unmistakable a capacity for literature that literature has naturally absorbed them into its professional ranks. The whole class is new, remarkable and in every way worthy of attention and observation.

— "WHAT is becoming of conversation?" inquiring minds are lately beginning to ask. Is it to be classed among the lost arts of which Wendell Phillips discourses? Certainly, society is every day growing less and less capable of conversation, more and more wearisome to itself. Now, the strange thing about this is that almost all Americans are fluent talkers: American women are generally gifted with a fluency far surpassing that of French women, whom they equally surpass in information and intelligence. Why, then, have we no conversation—in society at least? Well, for one reason, because society (we are speaking now of New York) is afflicted with a *tête à tête* practice, which seems absolutely to prohibit general conversation. Take a social gathering of New Yorkers, at which there are only six persons present, and what do you observe?

Not six persons engaged in conversation, but three couples, distinct and separate, each couple occupied in a *tête à tête*. Of course, if the six people were always three couples of lovers this would be delightful; and if general conversation suffered the lovers would not much care. But these things do not usually thus arrange themselves; and there are very few people who can carry on a long talk, *tête à tête*, without tiring each other. Moreover, such a dialogue makes it necessary that there shall be no pause. You know that the moment your partner stops you must go on; and an iron necessity of this kind is the death of all true conversation. But let the six people talk together, one throwing the ball to his neighbor, who flings it on in his turn, and it is marvellous how bright and animated becomes the conversation of even very ordinary persons. No one feels that he must speak at a certain moment whether he likes it or not; and he must be very dull indeed if the ideas flashing around him do not fire him with some ideas of his own. The splitting up of society into couples is a peculiarity which must strike a stranger very much in New York. People absolutely will not talk except in twos. A French lady, herself a mistress and a lover of good conversation, and for many years a resident of New York, has assured us that all her most strenuous and resolute efforts to introduce the system of general conversation in her own drawing-room, when only a social few are present, have proved an absolute failure. Even the experiment of gathering her guests round a circular table was unsuccessful. They would remain silent, or discourse in isolated couples. So she gave up the effort at reform. In the *salon* of her countrywoman, Madame Recamier, the rule was rigid that conversation must be general. Once, a young lady ventured on a remark in a low tone to a neighbor. Madame Recamier gently, but decisively, rebuked the offender. Some pitying friend came to the rescue, and pleaded that Mademoiselle was probably too modest to speak aloud in so distinguished a company. "But surely she is not too modest to listen," the hostess calmly replied. Now, we don't want all the rigor of the beautiful Recamier's rule; but a mild and modified application of it would be a great boon to New York. Of course, at "receptions" and in crowds of any kind, no one dreams of anything like conversation; but there is no reason whatever why a small and social gathering in New York should not develope a general conversation, in which ideas and intelligence, wit and thought, brains and heart, should have free play, and which should leave a bright and wholesome memory behind it.

— The editor of an influential paper in New York, representing a large religious body, recently received a letter from an inquiring and angry personage, who wanted to know whether it was true that he, the editor, had been seen to drink wine at dinner in one of the city *restaurants*. Such a report, the writer went on to say, had been promulgated, and he considered it detrimental to the character of the editor of such a paper. Therefore he gave the editor seven days within which to contradict the report, and warned him that if within that time the report was not contradicted, the whole facts should be published in a New England journal. The editor promptly replied, declaring that he had been in the habit of drinking wine at dinner, considered it an agreeable and healthful habit, and meant to continue it; and added that his catechiser was at full liberty to publish his letter in any paper he pleased, "provided that, to make the correspondence more interesting, you add the expression of my wonder as to whether you are a fool or a knave." As yet, it seems, the catechising moralist has not seen fit to publish the correspondence. But his letter was apparently written in the simple good faith of fanatical stupidity. A person of the same class lately remonstrated with a friend on the impropriety of his playing whist of evenings. The friend argued that the amusement was perfectly harmless. "I don't deny that it is harmless in itself," was the response; "but then consider the example you set!" "But if the thing be harmless how can the example be harmful?" As it was not easy to answer this logically, the stern moralist could only grow angry and exclaim as he turned away, "Why you might just as well attempt to justify dancing!" To justify dancing was evidently, in his mind, as audacious and wicked a presumption as to justify murder.

— It is odd enough that, during the whole of the Byron controversy, and while the subject of. "Manfred" was being cited as evidence, nobody seems to have remembered that one of the most celebrated of Scott's novels turns upon the belief of a

leading character in the story that he has committed a similar crime. "The Antiquary" is the novel in question. Some of the most striking scenes in it are made up of the remorse and agony of a nobleman, who, by means of a wicked plot, is made to believe that he is guilty of "Manfred's" sin. In fact, the hero (in the conventional sense) of the novel is the child of the love which is thus made to appear so wicked. True, that it is a cruel fraud that has been practised, and the girl whom the nobleman had loved and privately married (and who, if we remember rightly, kills herself in despair when the false revelation is made), is proved, in the end, not to have been "a little more than kin" to him; but the dark shadow of this supposed crime hangs over the book and disfigures painfully the wonderful humor and drollery of the Antiquary and his oddities. Now, if there should be any revelation to be made about Sir Walter Scott, let it not be forgotten that he has left stern evidence against himself, in the fact that he has introduced such a theme in his novel. His mind, you know, must have been haunted by it! But then, on the other hand, it is only fair to recollect that in his story the crime did not really take place. So, perhaps, the charge against him may be dismissed with the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

— A WRITER in an English magazine, "Belgravia," pointed out, not long since, what he considered a remarkable similarity between the story of "Esmond" and one of George Sand's shorter romances, "La Derniere Aldini." The writer had no idea of imputing plagiarism to Thackeray, whose novel is of course perfectly original in its construction; but he desired to show how unjust is the judgment which frequently condemns writers on such a charge, merely because the central idea of their work resembles that of somebody else's, previously published. The essay in "Belgravia" assumed that the resemblance was in this particular case purely a strange and accidental coincidence. Now, we do not quite think this; we are rather inclined to believe that Thackeray did take the leading idea, the *idée mère* of his story from George Sand's romance, and that he was perfectly justified in doing so. The resemblance could hardly be accidental. In both stories a youth, in the capacity of a page, grows up in the service of a fair, sweet, lovely and loving woman, who has had an unappreciative and neglectful husband, and is now a widow; and the widow loves the youth, and he feels tenderly toward her, but burns with warmer passion for her daughter, who is a dark-eyed, dazzling, lustrous, impetuous beauty. So far the resemblance is unmistakable. Bianca in George Sand's book becomes Lady Castlewood in Thackeray's; Nello (the hero called by a pet name) is Henry Esmond; Alexia Aldini is Beatrix. The same kind of atmosphere, sweet, gray, tender, melancholy, is over both stories. But "Esmond" is nevertheless a perfectly original work of art, for the treatment of the subject is entirely Thackeray's own. Probably he was struck with the central idea in George Sand's romance, and thought he could tell such a story in a different way; and he was just as free to make the attempt (a splendid success) as Goethe was to essay a new version of Faust, or Milton to tell the tale of Adam and Eve. It has always seemed to us that the central idea of "Vanity Fair" is to be found in a very unpleasant and almost worthless novel of Eugene Sue's. We cannot even remember the name of the novel; but it has two young school friends, girls who both get married, one to a handsome libertine, the other to a big, dull fellow; and the former girl is very pure and sweet and simple, while the other, who is under the deepest obligations to her, is crafty, deceitful, unscrupulous and wicked; and this latter attracts to herself the love of the other's husband; and, after many complications the faithless husband dies, and then the pure heroine marries at last a true and fond lover, whom before she had rejected. Now here, certainly, is something very like the skeleton of "Vanity Fair;" here are a French Amelia, and George Osborne, and Becky Sharp, and Dobbin, put into the world before their English counterparts. But, for all that, no work of art was ever more thoroughly original than "Vanity Fair." It is not in the story, but in the way of telling it that the originality lies. Lessing, one of the greatest of all critics, has made this clear in his incomparable "Lavenor." Take some one else's subject and treat it in your own way, and you have produced an original work of art; invent a subject of your own and treat it in somebody else's way, and you are a mere plagiarist. Otherwise, Shakespeare never was original, and Sir Walter Scott was one of the most servile of the *servum pecus*, the *imitatores*.